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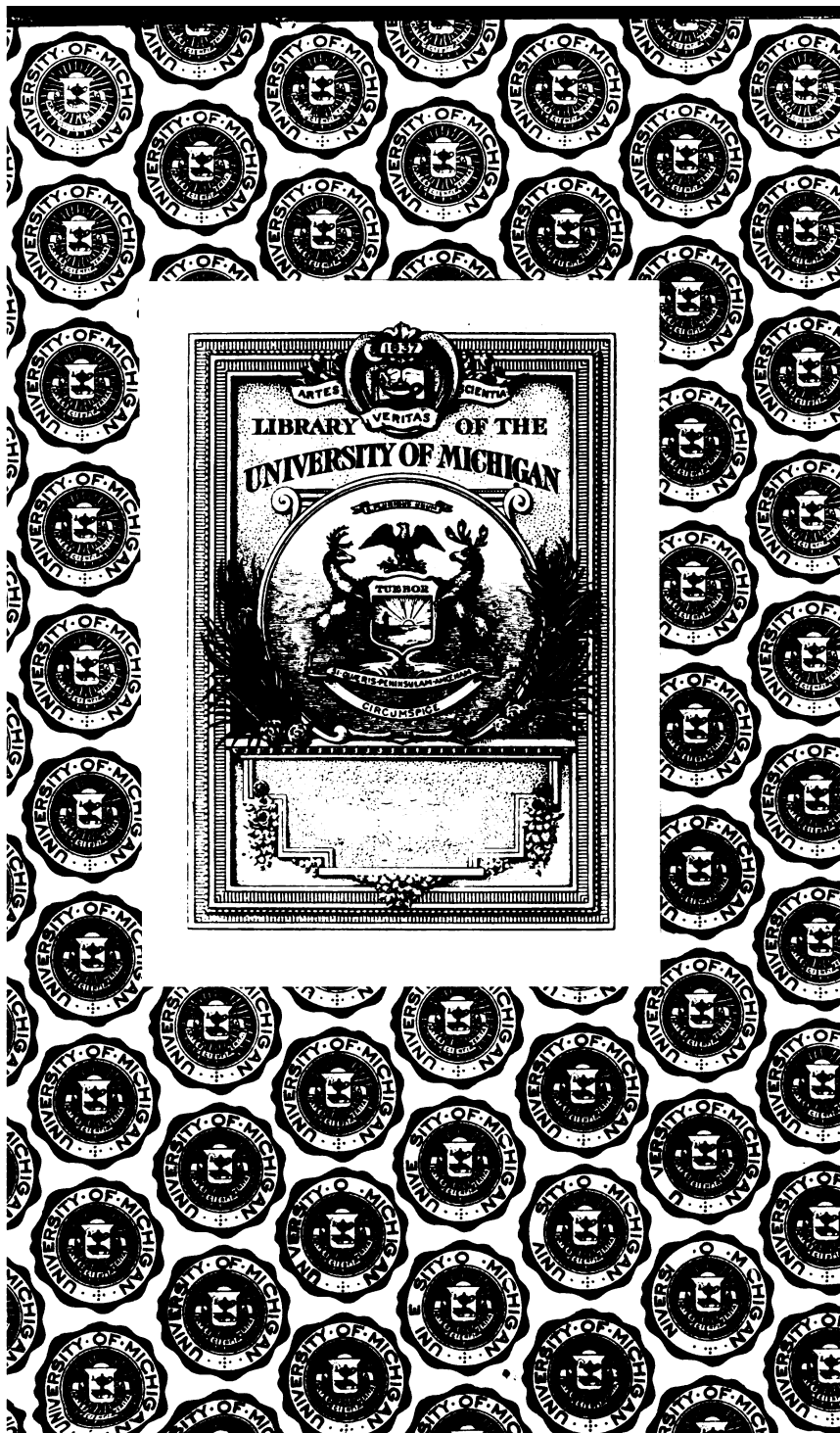
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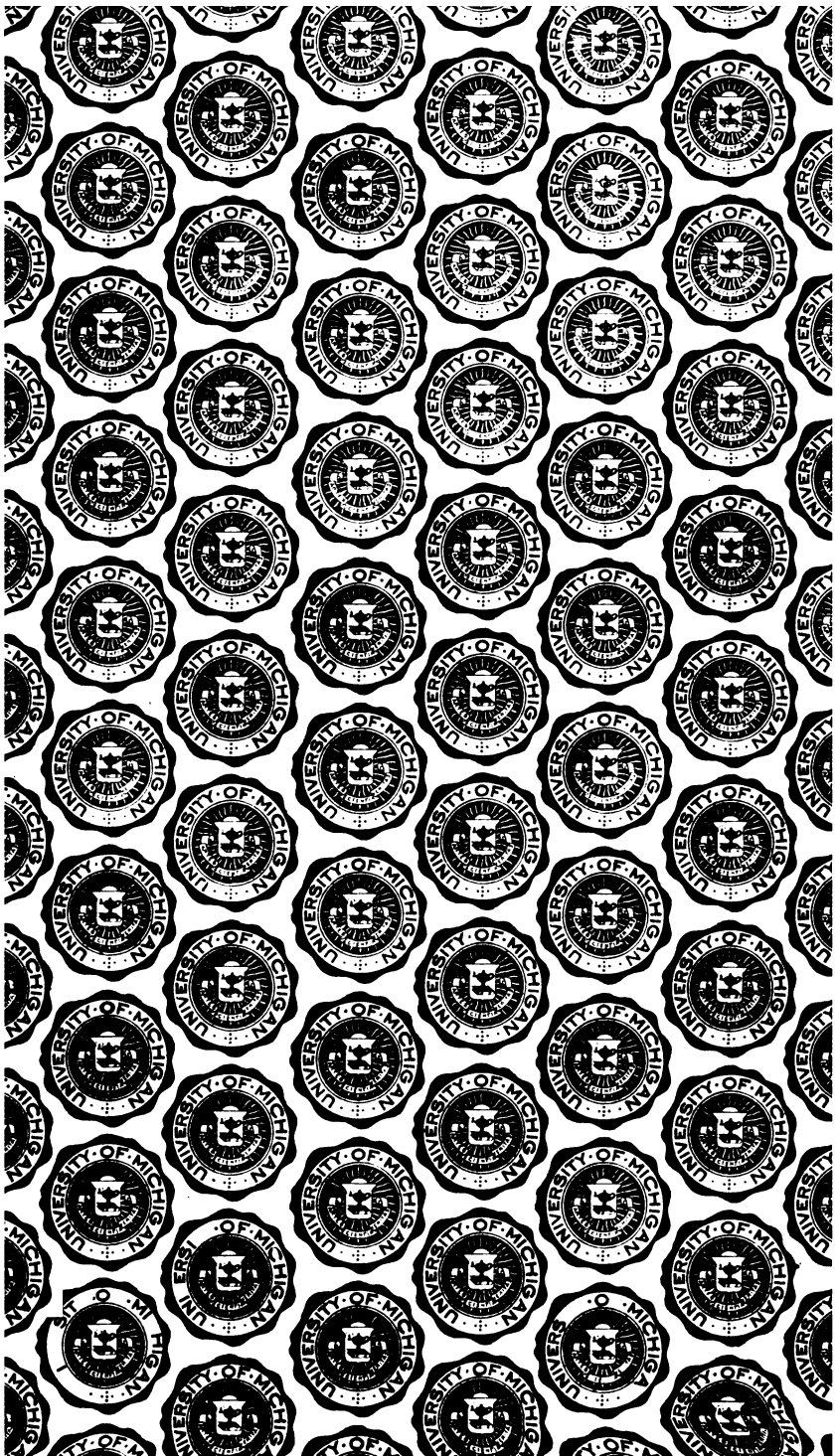
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# VIRGIL'S *Husbandry*,

OR AN

## ESSAY

ON THE

## GEORGICS:

Being the FIRST BOOK.

Translated into ENGLISH VERSE.

To which are added

The *Latin Text*, and Mr. *Dryden's* Version.

With NOTES Critical, and Rustick.

---

*Instruct the list'ning World how MARO Sings  
Of Useful Subjects, and of Lofty Things.*

*Of common. Essay on Translat. Verse.*

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# THE P R E F A C E.



THE single Note which Mr. *Dryden* has made on the First *Georgic*, begins thus ; “ The Poetry of this Book is more sublime than any Part of VIRGIL, if I have any Taste ; and if ever I have copied his Majestick Stile, ’tis here ”. This Passage has given Occasion to a Remark on the *Essay on the Second Georgic*, publish’d some Time since, that allowing what is there endeavour’d to be prov’d, namely, that the second *Georgic* is meanly translated by Mr. *Dryden* ; yet if the First is so very well done, that Mr. *Dryden* takes the Liberty to give it as high Commendations as he could with Decency bestow on any Thing of his own Writing ; this is sufficient to deter any one from undertaking a new Translation of the *Georgics*.

THE Design of the following Essay is to answer this Objection, by shewing how far Mr. *Dryden* is from copying the Majesty of VIRGIL’S Style in his Performance ; how little he understands VIRGIL’S Sence in many Places, or enters into the Manner, and Character of the Author.



## ii      The P R E F A C E.

I perswade my self this will appear frequently by comparing the two Translations together ; but to make it yet plainer, I shall here, examin a Passage or two more fully than I can the whole in a Work of this Nature. I shall begin with the first six Lines of Mr. Dryden's *Version*, which ought not to be suppos'd the worst :

*What makes a plenteous Harvest, when to turn  
The fruitful Soil, and when to sow the Corn ;  
The Care of Sheep, of Oxen, and of Kine ;  
And how to raise on Elms the weeping Vine :  
The Birth and Genius of the frugal Bee,  
I sing, MÆCENAS, and I sing to Thee.*

BEFORE I enter upon Mr. Dryden's Translation, I cannot but observe that this *Exordium* or *Proposition* in the Original, is embellish'd with all the Art and Beauty imaginable. First, The Poet lays down the Matter he intends to treat of, in the plainest Manner. He mentions his *Patron*, but without any Ostentation ; for he understood very well that it depended on his Success in the Work to shew that he deserv'd the Honour that was done him in being singled out by so great a Judge on such an Occasion. The Manner in which he lays down his Subject is with the greatest Modesty : *Quid faciat*, not *Quid facit* : *quo fidere conveniat*, et *qui sit cultus* ; and the first mention he makes of himself, *Hinc canere incipiam*, expresses a becoming Diffidence. He only says, He will begin, or He will try to write on these Subjects in Verse ; by which he suggests they are so difficult that he very much doubts how he may be able to go on with them. This is the *Tremor Oratoris* so much applauded by the Ancients.

# The P R E F A C E. iii

IN like manner, he rises gradually at the Beginning of each following Book: The *Exordium* of the Second Book is chiefly a Recapitulation of the First: And then, with great Art, he brings in his Patron to assist him in his farther Progress.

WHEN he comes to the Third Book, having now gone as far again as ever any one went before, he rises higher, and owns his Subject to be above the common Trifles which most Writers are amus'd with. Here he ventures to declare that it was *Mæneas* put him upon this Work; and, like a skilful Courtier, to enhance the Value of his Services, he observes the Difficulty of the Task that was set him, *tua Mæneas, haud mollia jussa*. But then he shews that nothing terrifies him under so great Protection: He promises yet nobler Things in the Conclusion of the Piece. *Mox tamen ardentes accingar dicere pugnas.* †

'Tis not till the Middle of the Third Book that he launches out in such a manner as other Poets have frequently begun with.

*Sed me Parnassi deserta per ardua dulcis  
Raptat amor; juvat ire jugis qua nulla priorum  
Castaliam molli devertitur orbita clipeo.*

And again,

*Nunc veneranda Pales, magno nunc ore sonandum.*

A 2

He

---

† This Passage the Commentators understand of the *Æneid*; but it is plainly meant of the Fourth *Georgic*. There he describes the *Ardentes Pugnas*, the Civil Wars betwixt the same People for the Sake of Rival Kings. In this Sence the Passage is very sublime, to promise to introduce such a matter in talking of Bees; but in one Poem to promise another is Low, and unworthy of *VIRGIL*, and what never enter'd into his Imagination.

## iv      The P R E F A C E.

He enters boldly upon the Fourth Book, having already made three Times as much of his Subject as the celebrated *Grecian*; and the strongest Expression he any where makes use of in relation to himself, is here

*In tenui labor : at tenuis non gloria ; si quem  
Numina laeva sinunt, auditque vocatus Apollo.*

a Passage not at all understood by the Commentators.

BUT to return to the *Exordium* of the First Book: If the Manner of it is so artful and judicious, the Style is equally so; which I shall demonstrate as I go along with my Remarks upon Mr. Dryden's *Version* of this Passage.

*What makes a plenteous Harvest,*

THIS Beginning is dogmatical, and vulgar, and mean, considering who it is address'd to. VIRGIL does not propose the Practice of Husbandry to *Mæneas* as if he was to get his Livelihood by it; but he represents Husbandry as an Embellishment of the Earth, as well as a necessary Labour. He declares it to have been the Decree of Heaven, in order to banish Sloth from amongst Mankind.

— *Pater ipse volendi  
Haud facilem esse viam voluit, &c.*

HE shews by many Instances in each of the *Georgics*, that it was the Employment of the Greatest Men amongst them, even of their Princes, and their Heroes, or Demi-gods.

WHOEVER looks over the Schedule of the Countryman's Tools in this Book, will find a God,  
a God.

## The P R E F A C E. v

a Goddess, and a Monarch, to have been the Inventers of several of them ; and upon this Account it is that VIRGIL introduces that Line, which, if I mistake not, he was the most delighted with of any one in all his *Georgics*.

*Si te digna manet diuina Gloria Ruris.*

THE real Sense of which Line is, *If you have a due Value for Husbandry as the most glorious of all Employments ; But Mr. Dryden has translated this Line in the same Way as the First.*

— *If Ploughmen hope lin. 247*  
*The promis'd Blessing of a bounteous Crop.*

BUT there is another Remark to be made upon this Hemistich.

*What makes a plenteous Harvest,*

HERE Mr. Dryden follows *Ruæus*, as *Ruæus* follows *Pentamus* ; but he might have learnt from several other Commentators, that *Segetes* in this Place does not signify the *Corn*, but the *Corn-Lands* ; though without the Help of any Commentator, it is easy to see that in a Discourse of Husbandry, the manuring and ploughing of the Ground must needs be mentioned before the Harvest : But this is still more evident, when we consider that VIRGIL would not pretend to instruct Husbandmen in any Thing but what is in their Power to perform. Now it is certain, and VIRGIL himself very finely shews it a little lower, that a *plenteous* Harvest does not depend upon Prudence or Labour, but many other Things besides : What absolutely depends upon every one's Diligence and Care, is *cultivating the Soil*, in order to make it capable of Great Increase :

Increase: and therefore *latus Segetes* plainly means *Campi fructuosos*. It ought to be observ'd likewise, how artfully the Poet chuses this Figurative Adjective *latus*: For no proper Epithet could have express'd his Sense. *Latus* is by *Servius*, and others, taken for *Pingues*; but that is very distant from the Author's Meaning. Some Lands are of themselves too *fat*, and by that means heavy and dull; and the Way to make them *latus*, *joyful*, is by Ploughing, and other Methods which the Poet mentions. Neither is it meant to express *putres* only; for tho' That would have been proper in relation to *heavy, rich* Soil, it would not have answered to the *lighter*, which this figurative Expression does to all alike.

I shall conclude this Remark with what may be of Use to our Observations throughout the whole Book. I shall take notice what it was that made Mr. *Dryden* mistake his Author in this Place, and so many others. This appears to have been the different Manner the *Latin*, and the *English* Poet wrote in, from very different Reasons. *VIRGIL*, who understood his Subject perfectly well, and had the strongest Ideas and fullest Impressions of what he treated about, takes Care to paint to the Life every Thing he meddles with, and to describe it strongly to the Imagination, without expressing the Thing it self in the common Phrases.

*Quid faciat latus Segetes.*

HERE the Poet gives Life and Sense to the Earth; and this Expression enlivens the Fancy of the Reader, and spreads before his Eyes vast Tracts of Ground covered with all Sorts of Grain. But the moment you pronounce

What

# The P R E F A C E. vii

*What makes a plenteous Harvest,*  
nothing rises to the Mind but a Farmer reaping  
his Corn, or carrying it to Market.

THE Meanness of Mr. *Dryden's* Style was owing to the Lowness of his Imagination on this Subject, of which he had but very slight Conceptions, or rather was perfectly ignorant. This made him frequently fall into the grossest of all Mistakes; which was to express the Thing spoken of in the most proper or vulgar Terms: He was fond of shewing his Learning in a manner that VIRGIL was ashamed of; and for the same Reason, when VIRGIL describes the matter in Hand by some remarkable Peculiarity, Mr. *Dryden*, ignorant of the Beauty of his Author, runs into a flat Account of the Thing itself. The Examples of this Kind are innumerable. I shall mention but one.

*Balanusque gregem fluvio mensare salubri.*

THIS Verse represents fully to the Life, a Flock of Sheep wash'd in a River; for the most remarkable Thing on that Occasion, is the prodigious Bleating which they make: But Mr. *Dryden* not acquainted with Nature, translates this Line thus,

*and sleep*

*In wholsom Water-falls the Woolly-Sheep.* lin. 366

By casting my Eye upon this Passage of Mr. *Dryden*, I find it follow'd by another just of the same Turn of Translation.

And

# viii      The P R E F A C E.

And oft the drudging Ass is driv'n with Toyl,  
To neighb'ring Towns with Apples and with Oyl:  
Returning late, and loaden Home with Gain  
Of barter'd Pitch, and Hand-mills for the Grain.  
(l. 367

*Sæpe oleo tardi costas agitator aselli,  
Vilibus aut onerat pomis : lapidemque revertens  
Incusum, aut atra massam picis urbe reportat.*

HERE VIRGIL paints in strong Colours a Man driving a poor Ass with bare Ribs, and a heavy Burden ; and the *incusum lapidem* is a very poetical Description of a Mill-stone. But Mr. Dryden has lost all the Beauties of the whole Passage.

IN like manner, in most of the Prognostics of the Weather, nothing can be wider from the Original than the Translation. The following Quotation will serve for one Instance amongst a Multitude.

*Solis et occasum servans de culmine summo  
Necquicquam seros exercet noctua cantus.*

VIRGIL embellishes this mean Subject in a very extraordinary Manner. When he is to say that the Hooting of Owls at Night is a Sign of fair Weather, he takes Occasion to make a delicate Reflection upon superstitious People. Owls were suppos'd by such Persons always to forebode some Calamity by their Noise ; but now, says he, they sing *necquicquam*, in vain ; for No-body is so weak as to expect bad Weather from their Music. Mr. Dryden, instead of giving the same Hint, introduces his *Noctua* with the Poetry of a City Bellman.

And Owls, that mark the setting Sun, declare  
A Star-light Evening, and a Morning fair. l. 547

THIS

# The P R E F A C E. ix

THIS I take to be as Low Writing as can be met with in any Poetical Performance.

WHAT is next to be examin'd, is the Remainder of the first Line, and the rest of the Couplet.

— *When to turn*  
*The fruitful Soil, and when to sow the Corn.*

HERE again Mr. *Dryden* unhappily follows *Ruæus*: For any one that attends to the Matter treated of in this *Georgic*, will perceive that *Syde* is not us'd here figuratively. The *Celestial Signs* to be observ'd by the Husbandman make a considerable Part of this Book; And this again shews that the Poet was not unmindful who he wrote to; and indeed he never loses Sight of his Patron. But Mr. *Dryden* is still lower than *Ruæus's* Interpretation; *When to turn the Soil*; and *When to sow the Corn*. Had *VIRGIL* put Two *Quandos* into his two first Lines, *Mæcenas* had never read any further.

How would it have stood in the *Latin*, if *VIRGIL* had begun

*Quid faciat letas Segetes, et vertere quando*  
*Terram, Mæcenas; ulmisque adjungere quando*  
*Vites, and so on?*

YET this *Latin* is really as Poetical as Mr. *Dryden's English*.

I need not observe that *fruitful* is a mere Expletive, and an improper one; for poor Soil must be turn'd as well as the *fruitful*; Or that  
\*
when



## X The P R E F A C E.

when to sow the Corn is perfectly for Rhyme Sake, and unknown to the Original ; Or how odly the Subject of the Third Book is plac'd before that of the Second. These Improproprieties lye obvious to every Eye : Nor is it less visible that the *Sheep, the Oxen, and the Kine* walk on as quietly and as regularly in the Metre as if they were going to a Fair. I shall now take Notice of the last Couplet.

*The Birth and Genius of the frugal Bee,  
I sing, Mæcenas, and I sing to Thee.*

*Quanta experientia* is very strangely translated *Birth and Genim*. Mr. Dryden did not at all enter into VIRGIL's Design of proposing the Wisdom, and Government, and Arts of that little Creature, for an Example to the *Romans* ; yet this Oversight is more excusable than the following Line ;

*I sing, Mæcenas, and I sing to Thee.*

WHICH is an empty Rant, and conveys no clear Idea at all to the Mind ; but the little that it does imply is directly opposite to VIRGIL's Sence, and Modesty ; And yet I am perswaded Mr. Dryden thought this an admirable Imitation of VIRGIL's *Majestick Style*.

IT is too apparent to admit of the least Doubt that Mr. Dryden did not sufficiently attend to his Author, when he is Majestic, and when his Style is on Purpose Low : And what is yet more extraordinary, he never once, as I can perceive, endeavours to imitate the Resemblance of VIRGIL's Numbers to the Thing describ'd.

THAT

## The P R E F A C E. xi

THAT Mr. Dryden did not attend to his Author's Style, the Passage just mention'd is a plain Instance. *Hinc canere incipiam* is very cool and sedate; but Mr. Dryden soars as high as ever his Wings could carry him. The Invocation is throughout very sublime, especially in this Passage.

—— *Vestro si munere tellus  
Chaoniam pingui glandem mutavit arista,  
Poculaque inventis Acheloïa miscuit uvis :*

Which Mr. Dryden translates,

*Who gave us Corn for Mast, for Water Wine : l. 10.*

THESE childish Antitheses, which VIRGIL ever avoids, Mr. Dryden continually affects. His Fancy was so over-run with this Low Kind of Epigrammatic Wit, that he has debas'd even *Ovid*, especially the finest Parts of the *Metamorphosis*; for a Proof of which I refer the Reader to the Deluge in the First Book; and yet this Fault is more inexcusable in the Book now before us.

*India mittit Ebur.*

*India black Ebon, and white Iv'ry bears l. 85*

And again the following Line is entirely his own.

*No rising Winds or falling Storms are nigh. l. 617*

BUT Mr. Dryden's Version of one of the most Majestic Passages of this First *Georgic* is very well worth observing. This is in the Description of the Thunder-Storm.

xii      The P R E F A C E.

— *media nimborum in nocte, corusca*  
*Fulmina molitur dextra.*

Which Mr. Dryden translates thus, speaking of Jupiter,

And from the middle Darkneſs ſaſting out,  
By Fits he deals his fiery Bolts about.      L. 446

THIS is very like *Hudibra's* Deſcription of an unfavory Shower that fell amongſt the Mob, but not at all reſembling VIRGIL'S.

WHY Mr. Dryden did not endeavour to imitate VIRGIL'S Numbers, where the Sound is ſtill a Comment on the Senſe, is not eaſy to imagin, unleſs it was occaſion'd by the Haſte he wrote in; for as this is one of the moſt agreeable, ſo it is certainly one of the moſt troubleſom Parts of Poetry. The Ingenious Editor of *Ovid's Metamorphoſis*, tranſlated, makes a Queſtion whether this Peculiarity of Metre was intended, or only accidental. If that Learned Gentleman had conſider'd VIRGIL, I mean this Part of his Works, the *Georgics*, as thoroughly as he had ſearch'd into *Ovid*, I am perſwaded he would not have had any Doubt on that Subject. If I miſtake not, at leaſt a Tenth Part of all the Lines of the Four *Georgics* are work'd up after this Manner. *Vida* is ſo explicit in Examples of this Kind from VIRGIL, that *Scaliger* treats that Part of his Poem as a kind of *Cento*. But indeed he does not ſeem to have done that Poem Juſtice in any reſpect. It is a great Pleaſure to ſee ſo valuable a Piece ſo excellently tranſlated of late: It cannot fail of being of particular Uſe to *Engliſh* Readers upon the Subject

# The P R E F A C E. xiii

Subject which I am now treating of ; no other Author having handled it so fully. The Lord *Roscommon*, in his invaluable Treatise, has not omitted it. The *Essay on Criticism* has gone something farther ; but another Writer, by Example, though not by Precept, I mean the Author of *Cyder*, has carry'd this Point higher than any one before him in our Language. That Piece every where abounds with this kind of Excellence, as it does with all Perfections ; which is not strange when we consider from whence the Plan of the Poem, the Digressions, and the Language it self are taken. In the Particular I am treating of, the *English* Poet has often come up to the Strength of the *Roman* Writer. I beg Leave to mention only one.

*Tellurem Borea rigidam spirante movere.* *Georgic* 2d.

— and *Boreas*' Spirit blusters frore,

HERE I cannot resist the Temptation of citing an Original Passage in that incomparable Piece which shews how capable our Language is of this kind of Beauty. 'Tis in the Description of a Frosty Morning.

————— Now the Fowler warn'd  
By these good Omens, with swift early Steps,  
*Treads the Crimp Earth,*

'Tis impossible any one should have a Poetical Ear, and not be sensible of the Power of these Four Monosyllables, *Treads the Crimp Earth*, which make the Reader hear the Frosty Ground crash under his Feet.

# xiv      The P R E F A C E.

It is no small Fault in Mr. *Dryden's* Translation that he has pass'd over all the Beauties of this nature, in the *Georgics*. One would have thought that He who profess'd he had a particular Art of Verifying would have exerted it on this Occasion. What this Art was I am not able to guess, but it seems probable that it was rather Poetical Genius than Art that Mr. *Dryden's* best Lines were owing to : At least 'tis plain to be perceiv'd, that he had not such a certain Method of Verification as is observable in several Writers since Mr. *Dryden's* Time. What I mean will be better explain'd by Example than by any thing I can say about it. For Instance, this following Line has Nothing of Verse in it.

*Begin, when the slow Waggoner descends.* 1. 318

THE Cæsure, or Pause, is said to be the chief Thing to be observ'd in the Mechanism of a Verse, and the Suspence which is occasion'd by some Transposition or other of the Phrase, is very properly call'd, by the best *French* Critick in Poetry I ever met with, *the Soul of the Verse*. In the Line above quoted, there is neither Cæsure nor Suspence ; and yet with the least Alteration possible, the same Words would make a very good Line ; as thus,

*Begin, when slow the Waggoner descends*

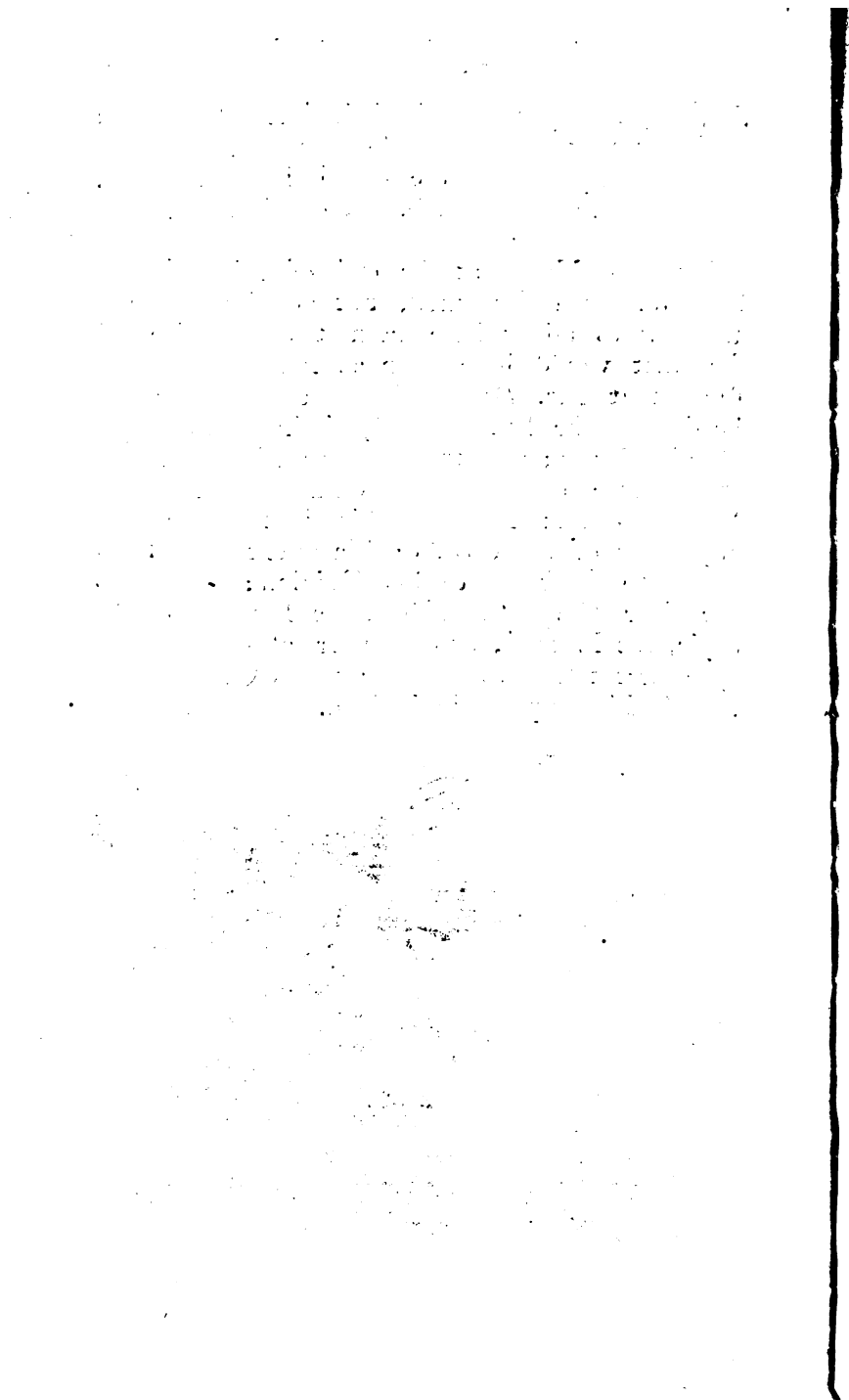
ALL the Alteration is only changing the Adjective into an Adverb, by which Means the Particle is brought near to its Relative, which remedys the Defect in the Cæsure ; and the Adverb being remov'd at some Distance from the Verb, causes the necessary Suspence. Mr. *Dryden,*

## The P R E F A C E. xv

*den*, not having made this little Alteration, shews evidently that he was not so great a Verifier as he frequently assured the World he was, and as the World was pleas'd to believe on his Word.

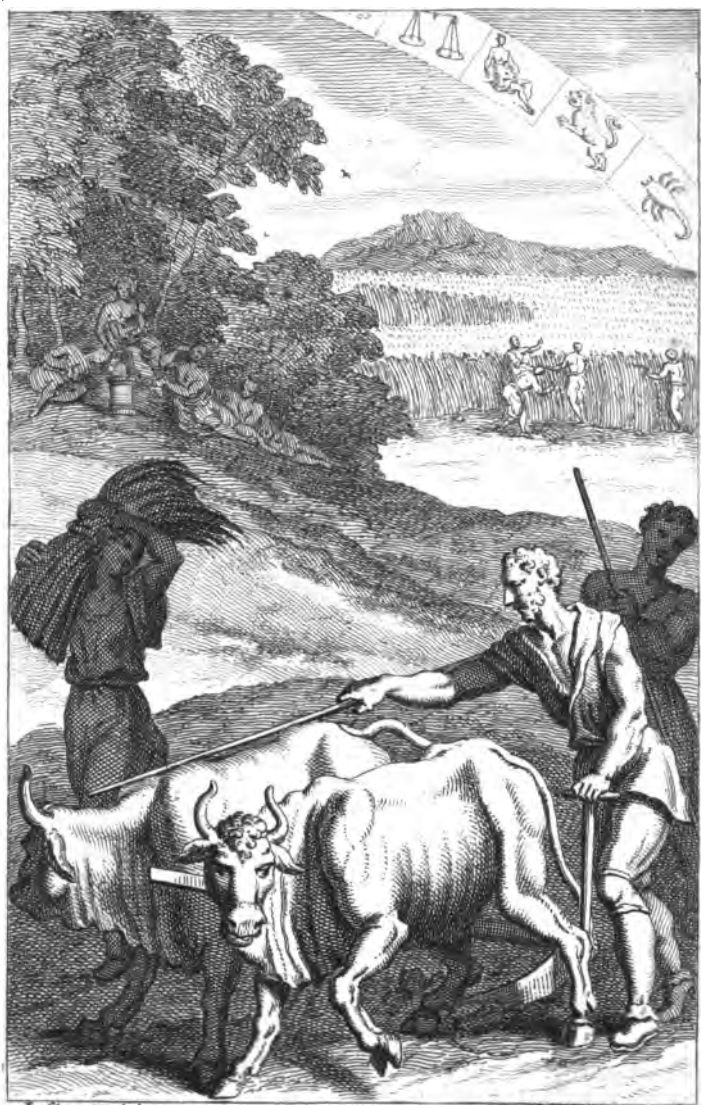
IN the Notes at the end of this Essay, I have further endeavour'd, but not by so many Instances as might have been taken Notice of, for that would have been an endless Task, to shew that Mr. *Dryden* mistook extremely, when he thought he had so nearly imitated the Style of this *Georgic*; not that I agree with Him that it is more sublime than any Part of VIRGIL'S Works. I cannot see that it is sublimer than any other of the *Georgics*: Those excepted, I am ready to subscribe to his Opinion; but as to the Four *Georgics* themselves, the Beauties of the Style, the Method, and Manner of each are very different from the others; and each is a most finish'd Master-piece in its kind.











L. Cheron del.

G. P. Goult Sculp.



# VIRGIL's HUSBANDRY.

\*\*\*\*\*

## BOOK I.

\*\*\*\*\*

WHAT may delight the *Plains*, beneath what *Signs*  
The Soil be turn'd, and joyn'd with Elms the *Vines*,  
What Care to *Herd*s, *Mæcenas*, and their Young,  
What mighty Arts to Thrifty *Bees* belong,  
Hence, will I try to raise the vent'rous Song. }

VIRGILII GEORGICON. Liber Primus,

QUID faciat *Lætas* Segetes, quo Sydere *Terram*  
*Vertere*; *MÆCENAS*, *Ulmisque* *adjungere* *Vites*  
*Conveniat*; *Quæ Cura* *Boum*, *qui cultus habendo*  
*Sit* *Pecori*, *Apibus* *quanta experientia* *Pæcis*,

Mr. DRYDEN's VERSION.

What makes a plenteous Harvest, when to Turn  
The Fruitful Soil, and when to Sow the Corn:  
The Care of Sheep, of Oxen, and of Kine,  
And when to raise on Elms the teeming Vine;  
The Birth and Genius of the frugal Bee,  
I sing, *Mæcenas*, and I sing to Thee,

B

Light

Lights of the World ! Ye brightest Orbs on high !  
 That lead the sliding Year around the Sky :  
*Bacchus* and foſt'ring *Ceres*, Heav'nly Pair,  
 If for *Chaonian* Maſt the ſhining Ear  
 Firſt did the Earth by your kind Gift produce,  
 And mix'd with Chryſtal Streams the Cluſter's Juice ;  
 And you bleſt Pow'rs, ſtill preſent to the Swain,  
 Hither ye *Fawns*, and you the *Dryad* Train,  
 Your Gifts I ſing : And *Thou*, whoſe Trident's Force  
 Firſt clave the Earth, and rais'd the neighing Horſe :  
 And *Thou* the Guardian of the Sylvan Toil,  
 Whoſe full Three Hundred Steers graze *Cæa's* Ile :  
 And *Pan*, if thy *Arcadia* be thy Care,  
 Hither, thou Guardian of the Flock, repair :

*Hinc canere incipiam. Vos ô clariffima mundi  
 Lumina, labentem cælo quæ ducitis annum :  
 Liber, & alma Ceres, veſtro ſi munere tellus  
 Chaoniam pingui glandem mutavit ariſta,  
 Poculaque inventis Acheloia miſcuit uvis ;  
 Et vos agreſtum præſentia numina Fauni ;  
 Ferte ſimul Fauniquæ pedem, Dryadesque puellæ ;  
 Munera veſtra cano. Tuque ô, cui prima frementem  
 Fudit equum, magno tellus percuffa tridenti,  
 Neptune : et cultor nemorum, cui pinguis Cæa  
 Ter centum nivei tondent dumeta juvenci ;  
 Ipſe nemus linquens patrium ſaltusque Lyçæi,  
 Pan ovium cuſtos, tua ſi tibi Mænala, curæ,  
 Adſis ô, Tægæ, favens ; oleæque Minerva*

Ye Deities ! who Fields and Plains proteſt,  
 Who rule the Seasons, and the Year direct ;  
*Bacchus* and foſt'ring *Ceres*, Pow'rs Divine,  
 Who gave us Corn for Maſt, for Water Wine :  
 Ye *Fawns*, propitious to the Rural Swains,  
 Ye Nymphs that haunt the Mountains and the Plains,  
 Join in my Work, and to my Numbers bring  
 Your needful Succour, for your Gifts I ſing :  
 And thou, whoſe Trident ſtruck the teeming Earth.  
 And made a Paſſage for the Courſer's Birth,  
 And thou, for whom the *Cæan* Shore ſuſtains  
 Thy Milky Herds, that graze the Flow'ry Plains.  
 And thou, the Shepherds tutelary God,  
 Leave for a while, O *Pan* ! thy lov'd Abode :  
 And if *Arcadian* Fleece be thy Care,  
 From Fields and Mountains to my Song repair.

*Minerva,*

*Minerva*, for by you the Olives flow ;  
 And you, *Fair Youth*, the Founder of the Plough ;  
 And you, *Sylvanus*, with your Cypress Bough :  
 Come all ye Gods, and Goddesses that hear  
 The Suppliant Swain, and make the Fields your Care :  
 You, who the Bloom of *Seedless* Fruits sustain,  
 And You, who on the *Sown* send down the kindly Rain :  
 And chiefly *Thou* : Whose future Seat on High,  
 (In what bright Council of the Starry Sky,)  
 Uncertain is ; whether, Great *Cæsar*, Thou  
 Wilt chuse to watch o'er Cities here below,  
 Or on the Fields thy gracious Looks bestow :  
 Parent of Fruits, and pow'rful of the Storm,  
 Mankind to thee shall Sacred Rites perform ;  
 Throughout the Mighty Orb thy Empire own,  
 And with thy Mother's Boughs thy Temples crown.

*Inventrix ; unciue puer monstrator aratri ;  
 Et teneram ab radice ferens, Silvane, cupressum :  
 Dijque Deæque omnes, studium quibus arva tueri,  
 Quique novas alitis non ullo semine fruges ;  
 Quique satis largum cælo demittitis imbrem.  
 Tuque adeo, quem mox quæ sint habitura deorum  
 Concilia, incertum est ; urbesne invisere Cæsar,  
 Terrarumve velis curam, et te maximus orbis  
 Auctorem frugum, tempestatumque potentem  
 Accipiet, cingens materna tempora myrto ;*

*Inventor, Pallas*, of the fat'ning Oyl ;  
 Thou Founder of the Plough and Ploughman's Toyl ;  
 And thou, whose Hands the *Shroud-like* Cypress rear ;  
 Come all ye Gods and Goddesses, that wear  
 The rural Honours and increase the Year.  
 You who supply the Ground with Seeds of Grain ;  
 And you, who swell those Seeds with Kindly Rain :  
 And chiefly thou, whose undetermin'd State  
 Is yet the Business of the Gods Debate :  
 Whether in After-times to be declar'd  
 The Patron of the World, and *Rome's* peculiar Guard,  
 Or o'er the Fruits and Seasons to preside,  
 And the round Circuit of the Year to guide.  
 Pow'rful of Blessings, which thou Strew'st around  
 And with thy Goddess Mother's Myrtle crown'd.

Or, God of Ocean, wilt thou fix thy Reign,  
 To *Thule's* utmost Shoar thy vast Domain?  
 To *Thee* alone the Mariner shall pray,  
 And *Thetis* all her Waves for thy Alliance pay :  
 Or in the Starry Regions wilt *Thou* shine,  
 Amid the lingring Months a new rose Sign ?  
 There where the op'ning Void attends thy Laws,  
 Betwixt the *Maid*, and the pursuing *Claws* ;  
 For *Thee*, his Arms the *Scorpion* now confines,  
 And his unequal Share of Heav'n resigns :  
 Whatever, in the Realms of Light, you'll be,  
 (For *Stygian* Deeps can't ask a King like thee,  
 Nor thou with such a direful Rule agree :  
 Tho' wond'ring *Greece Elysian* Fields admires,  
 Nor *Proserpine* at *Ceres* Prayer retires ;) }

*An deus immensi venias maris, ac tua nauta  
 Numina sola colant : tibi serviat ultima Thule,  
 Teque sibi generum Tethys emat omnibus undis :  
 An ne novum tardis fidus te mensibus addas,  
 Qua locus Erigonen inter Chelaeque sequentis  
 Panditur. Ipse tibi jam brachia contrahit ardens  
 Scorpions, et cali iusta plus parte relinquit.  
 Quicquid eris (nam te nec sperent Tartara regem ;  
 Nec tibi regnandi veniat tam dira cupido,  
 Quamvis Elysios miretur Græcia campos,  
 Nec repetita sequi curet Proserpina matrem)*

Or Wilt thou *Cæsar*, chule the watry Reign,  
 To smoothe the Surges, and correct the Main ?  
 Then Mariners in Storms to thee shall pray  
 Ev'n utmost *Thule* shall thy Pow'r obey ;  
 And *Neptune* shall resign the Falces of the Sea.  
 The watry Virgins for thy Bed shall strive,  
 And *Tethys* all her Waves in Dowry give.  
 Or wilt thou blest our Summers with thy Rays,  
 And seated near the Ballance, poise the Days ;  
 Where in the Void of Heaven a Space is free,  
 Betwixt the *Scorpion* and the *Maid* for thee.  
 The *Scorpion* ready to receive thy Laws,  
 Fields half his Region, and contracts his Claws,  
 Whatever part of Heav'n thou shalt obtain,  
 For let not Hell presume of such a Reign ;  
 Nor let so dire a Thirst of Empire move  
 Thy Mind, to leave thy Kindred Gods above.  
 Tho' *Greece* admires *Elysium's* best Retreat,  
 Tho' *Proserpine* affects her silent Seat,  
 And importun'd by *Ceres* to remove,  
 Prefers the Fields below to those above.

Thee

# VIRGIL'S HUSBANDRY.

5

*Thee* I invoke : Do *Thou* assist my Course,  
And to the bold Attempt give equal Force ;  
Pity with me th' unskillful Peasants Cares,  
Begin your Reign, and hear ev'n now our Pray'rs.

In early Spring, when from the whitening Hills  
The gentle Moisture silently distills ;  
When crumbling to the Zephyrs falls the Soil ;  
Then, let my Bullock groan beneath his Toil :  
Deep let the Plough within the Surface wear,  
And polish'd with the Furrow shine the Share :  
Those Plains, at last, the Peasant's Hopes compleat,  
Which twice the Cold have felt, and twice the Heat :  
Burst were the Barns with their luxuriant Freight.

}

*Da facilem cursum, atque audacibus annue captis,  
Ignarusque via mecum miseratus agrestis,  
Ingredere, et votis jam nunc assuesce vocari.*

*Vere novo, gelidus canis cum montibus humor  
Liquitur, et Zephyro putris se gleba resolvit,  
Depresso incipiat jam tum mihi taurus aratro  
Ingemere, et sulco attritus splendescere vomer.  
Illa seges demum votis respondet avari  
Agricolæ, his quæ solem, his frigora sensit :  
Illius immensæ ruperunt horrea messes.*

But thou propitious *Cæsar* guide my Course,  
And to my bold Endeavours add thy Force.  
Pity the Poet's and the Ploughman's Cares,  
Interst thy Greatness in our mean Affairs

60

}

And use thy self betimes to hear and grant our Pray'rs  
While yet the Spring is young, while Earth unbinds  
Her frozen Bosom to the Western Winds ;  
While Mountain Snows dissolve against the Sun,  
And Streams, yet new, from Precipices run.

65

Ev'n in this early Dawning of the Year,  
Produce the Plough, and yoke the sturdy Steer,  
And goad him till he groans beneath his Toil,  
Till the bright Share is bury'd in the Soil.

70

That Crop rewards the greedy Peasant's Pains,  
Which twice the Sun, and twice the Cold sustains,  
And bursts the crowded Barns, with more than promis'd Grains.

}

But

But e'er we launch into the Plain unknown,  
 The Winds, the various Heavens should be shown;  
 The Wills, the native Customs of the Fields,  
 And what each Clime resists, and what it yields;  
 The *Harvest* Here, There *Vines* more happy found,  
 Elsewhere the *Trees* with Golden Products crown'd,  
 And *Herbs* unbidden rise, and throng the Ground:  
 Do you not see how *Tmolus* his *Perfumes*,  
 Her *Iv'ry India*, soft *Sabæan's Gums*,  
 How *Pontus* heady *Castor* sends from far,  
 The *Spaniards Steel*, *Epirian Hills* the *Mare*,  
 Fierce to th' Olympic Palms, and rapid Car?

*At prius ignotum ferro quam scindimus æquor,  
 Ventos, et varium cæli prædiscere morem  
 Cura sit, ac patrios cultusque habitusque locorum,  
 Et quid quæque ferat regio, et quid quæque recuset.  
 Hic segetes, illic veniunt felicius uvæ:  
 Arborei fetus alibi atque injussa virescunt  
 Gramina. Nonne vides, croceos ut Tmolus odores,  
 India mittit ebur, molles sua thura Sabæi?  
 At Chalybes nudi ferrum, virosaque Pontus  
 Castorea, Eliadum palmas Epiros equarum?*

But e'er we stir the yet unbroken Ground, 75  
 The various Course of Seasons must be found;  
 The Weather, and the setting of the Winds,  
 The Culture suiting to the sev'ral Kinds  
 Of Seeds and Plants; and what will thrive and rise,  
 And what the Genius of the Soil denies 80  
 This Ground with *Bacchus*, that with *Ceres* suits;  
 That other loads the Trees with happy Fruits.  
 A fourth with Grass, unbidden decks the Ground:  
 Thus *Tmolus* is with yellow Saffron crown'd:  
*India* black Ebon, and white *Ivory* bears: 85  
 And soft *Idume* weeps her od'rous Tears.  
 Thus *Pontus* sends her Beaver Stones from far;  
 And naked *Spaniards* temper Steel for War,  
*Epirus* for th' *Elæan* Charlot breeds  
 (In hopes of Palms) a Race of running Steeds. 90

Nature

Nature, these Cov'nants, these Eternal Bands  
 Impos'd, immediate, on the sev'ral Lands,  
 When first *Deucalion* thro' the empty Space  
 The *Flints* dispers'd; Hence Man's laborious Race.  
 Come then, Begin. Strait let the vig'rous Steer  
 Turn the *Rich* Furrow in the New-born Year;  
 And Summer's Heat with rip'ning Suns pursue  
 The Sluggish Glebe, and all the Clod subdue.  
 But if not *fat* the Soil, it will suffice,  
 When bright *Arcturus* mounts the purple Skies,  
 To skim the Surface with a Gentle Share  
 And lift the Furrow lightly to the Air;  
*There*, lest the Weeds the smiling Blade withstand,  
 Lest Moisture, *Here*, desert the Barren Sand.

*Continuo has leges, aeternaque fœdera certis  
 Imposuit Natura locis: quo tempore primum  
 Deucalion vacuum lapides jactavit in orbem:  
 Unde homines nati; durum genus. Ergo age, terræ  
 Pingue solum primis extemplo à mensibus anni  
 Fortes inuvertant tauri, glebasque jacentis  
 Pulverulenta coquat maturis solibus affas.  
 At si non fuerit tellus fecunda; sub ipsum  
 Arcturum tenui sat erit suspendere sulco:  
 Illic, officians latis ne frugibus herba:  
 Hic, sterilem exiguis ne deserat humor arenam.*

This is th' Original Contract; these the Laws  
 Impos'd by Nature, and by Nature's Cause,  
 On sundry Places, when *Deucalion* hurl'd  
 His Mothers Entrails on the desert World:  
 Whence Men, a hard laborious Kind, were born.  
 Then borrow Part of Winter for thy Corn,  
 And early with thy Team the Glebe in Furrows turn.  
 That while the Turf lies open, and unbound,  
 Succeeding Suns may bake the Mellow Ground.  
 But if the Soil be *barren*, only scar  
 The Surface, and but lightly print the Share,  
 When cold *Arcturus* rises with the Sun:  
 Lest wicked Weeds the Corn thou'd over-run  
 In watry Soils; or lest the barren Sand  
 Shou'd suck the Moisture from the thirsty Land.

} 95

5.

100

105

So



# 8 VIRGIL'S HUSBANDRY.

So to *Shorn Plains* you'll Rest alternate yield,  
 And lasting Quiet to the *lingring Field*;  
 Or, There, you'll chuse to sow the *Golden Corn*,  
 Whence, pleas'd with rattling Husks, the *Pulse* was born;  
 Or where the *Vetches* little Offspring stood,  
 Or *Lupins* brittle Stalks, and founding Wood:  
 For *Flaxen Harvests* ever burn the Plain,  
*Oats* ever burn it with their husky Grain:  
 The hungry *Poppy* burns up all the Ground,  
 A gloomy Race, in Sleep *Lethean* drown'd.  
 But still alternate Tillage aids your Toil;  
 Only, don't blush to glut the craving Soil  
 With fat'ning Muck, nor o'er th' exhausted Sand  
 To spread vile Ashes with a friendly Hand:  
 Thus, with the Chang'd Produce, is eas'd the Field,  
 Nor undeserving is the Plain untill'd.

*Alternis idem terras cessare novatis,  
 Et seque patiēte sita durescere campum.  
 Aut ibi flava serēs mutato fidere sarrā,  
 Unde prius letum siliqua quassante legumen,  
 Aut tenuis fœtus vicia, tristisque lupini  
 Susculeris fragiles calamos, silvamque sonantem.  
 Urit enim lini campum seget, urit avena:  
 Urunt Lethæo persusa papavera somno.  
 Sed tamen alternis facilis labor: arida tantum  
 Ne saturare fimo pingui possent sola, neve  
 Effatos cinerem immundum jactare per agros.  
 Sic quoque mutatis requiescunt fatibus arua,  
 Nec nulla interea est inatata gratia terræ.*

Both these unhappy Soils the Swain forbears,  
 And keeps a Sabbath of alternate Years:  
 That the spent Earth may gather Heart again;  
 And, better'd by Cessation, bear the Grain.  
 At least where Vetches, Pulse, and Tares have stood, 110  
 And Stalks of Lupines grew (a stubborn Wood:)  
 Th' ensuing Season, in return, may bear  
 The bearded Product of the Golden Year.  
 For Flax and Oats will burn the tender Field,  
 And sleepy Poppies harmful Harvests yield. 115  
 But sweet Vicissitudes of Rest and Toyl  
 Make easy Labour, and renew the Soil.  
 Yet sprinkle sordid Ashes all around,  
 And load with fat'ning Dung thy Fallow Ground.  
 Thus Change of Seeds for meagre Soils is best; 120  
 And Earth manur'd not idle, though at rest.

It profits oft to fire the Fruitless Ground,  
And thirsty Stubble, crackling all around :  
Whether from thence by Nature's Secret Laws,  
Fresh Nourishment the Earth, and Vigour draws ;  
Or that the latent Vice is purg'd by Heat,  
And the redundant Humours waste in Sweat :  
Or that the Flames unusual Tracks explore,  
Relax the Grit, and open ev'ry Pore ;  
Whence genial Moisture hastens through the Earth,  
Slides to the Root, and cheers the tender Birth :  
Or that the Heat the hollow Glebe constrains,  
Braces each Nerve, and knits the gaping Veins ;  
Left piercing Wet, or the swift Power of Day  
More fierce ; or scorching Boreas urge his Way.

*Sæpe etiam sterilis incendere profuit agros,  
Atque levem stipulam crepitantibus urere flammis.  
Sive inde occultas vires, et pabula terre  
Pinguia concipiunt : Sive illis omne per ignem  
Excoquitur vitium, atque exsudat inutilis humor :  
Seu plaris calor ille vias et cæca relaxat  
Spiramenta, novas veniat qua succus in herbas  
Seu durat magis, et venas adstringit hiantis :  
Ne tennes pluvie, rapide potentia solis  
Acrior, aut Boreæ penetrabile frigus adurat.*

Long Practice has a sure Improvement found,  
With kindled Fires to burn the barren Ground ;  
When the light Stubble to the Flames resign'd,  
Is driv'n along, and crackles in the Wind. 129  
Whether from hence the hollow Womb of Earth  
Is warm'd with secret Strength for better Birth ;  
Or when the latent Vice is cur'd by Fire,  
Redundant Humours through the Pores expire ;  
Or that the Warmth extends the Chinks, and makes 130  
New Breathings whence new Nourishment she takes ;  
Or that the Heat the gaping Ground constrains,  
New Knits the Surface and new Strings the Veins ;  
Left soaking Show'rs shou'd pierce her secret Seat,  
Or freezing Boreas chill her genial Heat ; 131  
Or scorching Suns too violently beat.

Much too he helps the Field, who ev'ry Clod  
 With *Harrows* breaks, and drags the *Hurdle's* Load ;  
 Nor e'er on Him, with an ungracious Eye,  
 Looks yellow *Ceres* from the Lofty Sky ;  
 Who, the rough Backs he slices from the Plain  
 Affairs oblique, and thorough cuts again,  
 And plies the Soil, and makes the Furrow yield  
 Tame to the Coulter, and commands the Field.

The *Solstice* moist, serene the *Winter* Sky,  
 For this, ye Swains, intreat the Pow'rs on high ;  
 When Winter Dust by driving Winds is born,  
 Glad is the Glebe, most wondrous glad the Corn ;  
 So much, not *Myfia* from her Tillage boasts,  
 And *Gargarus* himself admires his Loaded Coasts.

*Multum adeo, rastris glebas qui frangit inertis,  
 Vimineasque trahit crates, juvat arva : neque illum  
 Flava Ceres alto necquicquam spectat Olympo,  
 Et qui, proscisso quæ suscitât aquore terga,  
 Rursus in obliquum verso perumpit aratro,  
 Exercetque frequens tellurem, atque imperat arvis.*

*Humida solstitia atque hiemes orate Serenas,  
 Agricolaë. Hiberno lætissima pulvere farra,  
 Lætus ager. Nullo tantum se Myfia cultu  
 Jactat, et ipsa suas mirantur Gargara messis.*

Nor is the Profit small, the Peasant makes,  
 Who smooths with Harrows, or who pounds with Rakes  
 The crumbling Clods : Nor *Ceres* from on high  
 Regards his Labours with a grudging Eye ; 140  
 Nor his, who plows across the Furrow'd Grounds,  
 And on the Back of Earth inflicts new Wounds :  
*For he with frequent Exercise Commands  
 Th' unwilling Soil, and tames the stubborn Lands.*

Ye Swains invoke the Pow'rs who rule the Sky, 145  
*For a moist Summer and a Winter dry :*  
 For *Winter* Drought rewards the Peasant's Pain,  
 And broods indulgent on the bury'd Grain.  
*Hence Myfia boasts her Harvests, and the Tops  
 Of Gargarus admire their happy Crops.* 150

*Why shou'd I tell of Him, who, sown the Grain,*  
*Flys, instant, on the Clod, enrich'd in vain,*  
*And then undams the Streams, and deluges the Plain ?* }  
*And when anon, scorch'd in the Blaze of Day,*  
*The Field lies gasping, and the Plants decay ;*  
*See ! how he labours on the Hanging Brow,*  
*Extends the Path, and tempts the Springs to flow ;*  
*Down the smooth Stones they make a murm'ring Sound,*  
*And with their bubbling Streams relieve the Ground.*

*Or why of Him, who, left the Stem should yield,*  
*Weak to the heavy Ears, feeds down the Field,*  
*Betimes, in all it's Infant Grassy Pride,*  
*Soon as the thick'ning Blades the Furrow hide ?*

*Quid dicam, jacto qui semine comminus arva*  
*Insequitur, cumulosque ruit male pinguis arenae ?*  
*Deinde satis fluvium inducit, rivosque sequentis ?*  
*Et cum exustus ager morientibus aestuat herbis,*  
*Ecce supercillo clivosi tramitis undam*  
*Elicit. Illa cadens raucum per levia murmur*  
*Saxa ciet, scatebrisque arentia temperat arva.*

*Quid, qui, ne gravidis procumbat culmus aristis,*  
*Luxuriam segetum tenera deposcit in herba,*

*When first the Soil receives the fruitful Seed,*  
*Make no Delay but cover it with Speed :*  
*So fenc'd from Cold ; the plyant Furrows break,*  
*Before the surly Clod resists the Rake.*  
*And call the Floods from high, to rush amain* 155  
*With pregnant Streams, to swell the seeming Grain.*  
*Then when the fiery Sun too fiercely play,*  
*And shrivell'd Herbs on with'ring Stems decay,*  
*The wary Ploughman, on the Mountain's Brow,*  
*Undams his wat'ry Stores, huge Torrents flow ;* 160  
*And rattling down the Rocks, large Moisture yield,*  
*Temp'ring the thirsty Fever of the Field.*  
*And lest the Stem too feeble for the freight,*  
*Shou'd scarce sustain the Head's unweildy weight,*  
*Sends in his feeding Flocks betimes t' invade* 165  
*The rising Bulk of the luxuriant Blade ;*  
*E'er yet th' aspiring Off-spring of the Grain*  
*O'ertops the Ridges of the furrow'd Plain :*

Or else of Him, who leads from Oozy Lands  
 The Stagnate Pool, and drains the guzzling Sands;  
 Chiefly in dubious Months, when forth the Flood  
 Imperuous goes, and drives abroad the Mud ;  
 The hollow'd Dikes confess the raging Stream ,  
 Tepid the Wave, and nauseous is the Steam.  
 Yet, after all this Care, and endless Toil  
 Of Men, and Steers, in labouring the Soil ;  
 Not nothing hurt lewd Geese, and Thracian Cranes,  
 And Weeds with bitter Roots, or Shade that Veils the Plains.

Th' Eternal Sire's immutable Decrees  
 Would not that Tillage shou'd be trac'd with Ease ;  
 He wou'd that Art might first the Field prepare,  
 And whetted Human Minds with needful Care ;  
 Nor that his Reign should rust in Sloth could bear.

*Cum primum sulcos aequant sata ? quique paludis  
 Collectum humorem bibula deducit arena ?  
 Prasertim incertis si mensibus omnis abundans  
 Exit, et obducto late tenet omnia limo ;  
 Unde cava tepido sudant humore lacuna.  
 Nec tamen (hæc cum sint hominumque boumque labores  
 Versando terram experti) nihil improbus anser,  
 Strymoniaque græves, et amaris intuba fibris,  
 Officiunt, aut umbra nocet. Pater ipse colendi  
 Haud facilem esse viam voluit, primusque per artem  
 Movit agros, curis acuens mortalia corda,  
 Nec torpere gravi passus sua regna veterno.*

And drains the Standing Waters, when they yield  
 Too large a Bev'rage to the Drunken Field. 170  
 But most in Autumn, and the flow'ry Spring,  
 When dubious Months uncertain Weather bring ;  
 When Fountains open, when imperuous Rain  
 Swells hatty Brooks, and pours upon the Plain ;  
 When Earth with Slime and Mud is cover'd o'er, 175  
 Or hollow Places spue their wat'ry Store.  
 Nor yet the Ploughman, nor the lab'ring Steer,  
 Sustain alone the Hazards of the Year :  
 But glutton Geese, and the Strymonian Crane, 180  
 With foreign Troops, invade the tender Grain :  
 And tow'ring Weeds malignant Shadows yield ;  
 And spreading Succy choaks the rising Field.  
 The Sire of Gods and Men, with hard Decrees,  
 Forbids our Plenty to be bought with Ease :  
 And wills that Mortal Men inur'd to Toil, 185  
 Shou'd exercise, with Pains, the grudging Soil.  
 Himself invented first the shining Share,  
 And whetted Humane Industry by Care :  
 Himself d.d Handy-Crafts and Arts ordain ;  
 Nor suffer'd Sloth to rust his active Reiga 190

Before

Before Great Jove no Swains subdu'd the Ground,  
 The Fence was lawless, and unjust the Mound.  
 They rang'd the Whole : And unrequested bore  
 Earth, from her ample Womb, a lavish Store ;  
 He lodg'd the Venom in the Serpent's Breast ;  
 Bade Ocean swell, and Wolves the Fold infest ;  
 He spoil'd the Forests of their Golden Dew,  
 And shook the Honey from the bending Bough ;  
 He made the Fire withdraw his gentle Beams,  
 And stopp'd the Wine that purl'd in careless Streams ;  
 That thoughtful Toil might various Arts devise ;  
 Make Wheat from Grass in labour'd Furrows rise ;  
 And beat from Flints, with unextinguish'd Pains,  
 The Seeds of Flame conceal'd in stubborn Veins.

*Ante Jovem nulli subigebant arva coloni :  
 Nec signare quidem aut partiri limite campum  
 Fas erat. In medium quærebant : ipsaque tellus  
 Omnia liberius nullo poscente ferebat.  
 Ille malum virus serpentibus addidit atris,  
 Prædarique lupos jussit, pontumque moveri,  
 Mellaque decussit folijs, ignemque removit,  
 Et passim rivis currentia vina repressit :  
 Ut varias usus meditando extunderet artes  
 Paullatim, et sulcis frumenti quæreretur herbam ;  
 Ut silicis venis abstrusum excuderetur ignem.*

E'er this, no Peasant vex'd the peaceful Ground ;  
 Which only Turfs and Greens for Altars found :  
 No Fences parted Fields, nor Marks nor Bounds  
 Distinguish'd Acres of litigious Grounds :  
 But all was common, and the fruitful Earth  
 Was free to give her unexact'd Birth. 195  
 Jove added Venom to the Viper's Brood,  
 And swell'd, with raging Storms, the peaceful Flood :  
 Commission'd hungry Wolves t' infest the Fold,  
 And shook from Oaken Leaves the liquid Gold, 200  
 Remov'd from Humane reach the chearful Fire,  
 And from the Rivers bade the Wine retire :  
 That studious Need might useful Arts explore ;  
 From furrow'd Fields to reap the foodful Store :  
 And force the Veins of clashing Flints t' expire 205  
 The lurking Seeds of their Celestial Fire.

Then

Then first the hollow'd Alder press'd the Stream ;  
 Then Sailors quarter'd Heav'n, and found a Name  
 For ev'ry fixt, and ev'ry wandring Star,  
 The Shining Bull, and Arctos' Beamy Car ;  
 Now Snares for Beasts the wily Hunters place,  
 With viscous Twigs deceive the feather'd Race,  
 And wide surround with Dogs the Echoing Chace ;  
 He with the Lashing Net the Stream divides,  
 And They wet Lines pull up from briny Tides ;  
 Then th' Edge of Iron, and the Saw's shrill Blade,  
 (For with the Wedge the First did Wood invade,)  
 Then various Arts successively ensu'd ;  
 Incessant Toil all Obstacles subdu'd,  
 Whilst Want and hard Necessity pursu'd.

*Tunc alnos primum fluvij sensere cavatas :  
 Navita tum stellis numeros et nomina fecit,  
 Pleiadas, Hyadas, claramque Lycaonis Arcton,  
 Tum laqueis captare feras, et fallere visco,  
 Inventum ; et magnos canibus circumdare saltus.  
 Atque alius latum funda jam verberat amnem,  
 Alta petens : pelagoque alius trahit humida linea.  
 Tum ferri rigor, atque arguta lamina ferræ ;  
 (Nam primi cuneis scindebant fissile lignum.)  
 Tum variae venere artes. Labor omnia vicit  
 Improbis, et duris urgens in rebus egestas.*

Then first on Seas the hollow'd Alder swam ;  
 Then Sailers quarter'd Heav'n, and found a Name  
 For ev'ry fix'd, and ev'ry wandring Star :  
 The Pleiads, Hyads, and the Northern Car. 210  
 Then Toils for Beasts, and Lime for Birds were found,  
 And deep-mouth'd Dogs did Forrest Walks surround :  
 And casting Nets were spread in Shallow Brooks,  
 Drags in the Deep, and Baits were hung on Hooks,  
 Then Saws were tooth'd, and sounding Axes made ; 215  
 (For Wedges first did yielding Wood invade.)  
 And various Arts in order did succeed,  
 (What cannot endless Labour urg'd by Need ?)

With

With piercing Steel to turn the stubborn Land  
 Propitious *Ceres* Mortals first ordain'd;  
 When scanty Food the Sacred Groves supply'd,  
 And all relief *Dodonean Oaks* deny'd;  
 But soon new Toil the Foodful Glebe requir'd,  
 Eat with an evil Rust the Grain expir'd;  
 Fierce in the Field the lazy *Thistle* stood,  
 And *Burrs*, and *Brambles* rose, a cruel Wood!  
*Darnel* unblest'd the shining Plain o'erspreads,  
 And high exalt the *Fruitless Oats* their Heads.  
 So that unless, with unextinguish'd Toil  
 Of lab'ring *Harrow*, you pursue the Soil,  
 Fright off the *Birds*, and thin the *Shady Plain*,  
 And with repeated Vows call down the *Rain*;  
 Ah! bootless on another's Heaps you'll look,  
 And comfort Hunger with the shaken *Oak*.

*Prima Ceres ferro mortales vertere terram  
 Instituit: cum jam glondæ atque arbuta sacra  
 Deficerent silva, et vltum Dodona negaret.  
 Mox et frumentis labor additus: ut mala culmos  
 Effet rubigo, segnisque horreret in arvis  
 Carduus. Intereunt segetes: Subit aspera silva  
 Lappæque tribulique; interque nitentia culta  
 Infelix solium et steriles dominantur avenæ.  
 Quod nisi et assiduis terram insectabere rastris,  
 Et sonitu terrebis aves, et ruris opaci  
 Falce premebras, votisque vocaveris imbrem:  
 Heu! magnum alterius frustra spectabis aceruum:  
 Concussa que famem in silvis solabere quercu.*

First *Ceres* taught, the Ground with Grain to sow,  
 And arm'd with Iron Shares the crooked Plough;  
 When now *Dodonian Oaks* no more supply'd  
 Their Mast, and Trees their Forrest-Fruit deny'd.  
 Soon was his Labour doubl'd to the Swain,  
 And blasting Mildews blackned all his Grain.  
 Tough Thistles choak'd the Fields, and kill'd the Corn,  
 And an unthrifty Crop of Weeds was born.  
 Then Burrs and Brambles, an unbidden Crew  
 Of graceless Guests, th' unhappy Fields subdue:  
 And Oats unblest, and *Darnel* domineers,  
 And shoots its Head above the shining Ears.  
 So that unless the Land with daily Care,  
 Is exercis'd, and with an *Iron War*  
 Of Rakes and Harrows, the proud Foes expell'd,  
 And Birds with Clamours frightened from the Field;  
 Unless the Boughs are lopp'd that shade the Plain,  
 And Heav'n invok'd with Vows for fruitful Rain,  
 On other Crops you may with Envy look,  
 And shake for Food the long abandon'd Oak.

220

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Now



Now must be told, in all his painful Wars,  
 What various Arms the drudging Peasant bears ;  
 Vain without which, and impotent were Hope,  
 Nor could be sown, nor rise the joyful Crop :  
 The *Share*, and Solid *Beam* lead up the Train,  
 And slowly roll'd along the Pond'rous *Wain*,  
 The *Plank*, the *Sled*, the *Drag*'s incumbring Weight,  
 And th' *Ofter-Ware*, of old, a Monarch's State,  
 The *Mystic Van*, and *Hazle-woven Grate* ;  
 These all, beforehand long, will you prepare,  
 IF HEAV'NLY TILLAGE IS YOUR GLORIOUS CARE.

*Dicendum, et quæ sint duris agrestibus arma,  
 Quis sine nec potuere feri, nec surgere messes.  
 Vomis, et inflexi primum ævae robur aratri,  
 Tardaque Eleusina matris volventia plaustra,  
 Tribulaque, strabeaque, et iniquo pondere rastro :  
 Virgea præterea Celei vilisque supellex,  
 Arbuteæ crates, et mystica vannus Iacchi.  
 Omnia quæ multo ante memor provisâ repones ;  
 Si te digna manet divini gloria ruris.*

Nor must we pass untold what Arms they wield,  
 Who labour Tillage and the Furrow'd Field : 240  
 Without whose Aid the Ground her Corn denys,  
*And Nothing can be sown and Nothing rise.*  
 The crooked Plough, the Share, the tow'ring height  
 Of Waggon, and the Carts unwieldy weight ;  
 The Sled, the Tumbrel, Hurdles and the Flail 245  
 The Fan of Bacchus with the flying Sail.  
*These all must be prepar'd, if Ploughmen hope*  
*The promis'd Blessing of a Bounteous Crop*

When

When bent betimes, and tam'd the stubborn Bough,  
Tough *Elm* receives the Figure of the *Plough* ;  
Eight Foot the *Beam*, a trailing Length, appears ;  
The *Earth-Boards* double, double are the *Ears* ;  
Light to the *Yoke* the *Linden* feels the Wound,  
And the tall *Beech* lies stretch'd along the Ground ;  
They fall for *Staffs* that wrest the plunging Course ;  
And Heat, and thick'ning Smoak explore their genuin Force.  
I many ancient Precepts can declare ;  
Unless you fly the Things of lesser Care.

*Continuo in silvis magna vi flexa domatur  
In burim, et curvi formam accipit ulmus aratri.  
Huic a stirpe pedes temo protentus in octo,  
Binæ aures, duplici aptantur dentalia dorso,  
Cæditur et tilia ante jugo levis, altaque fagus,  
Stivaque, quæ cursus a tergo torqueat imos,  
Et suspensa focis explorat robora fumus.  
Possum multa tibi veterum præcepta referre:  
Ni refugis, tenuisque piget cognoscere curas.*

Young Elms with early Force in Copses bow,  
Fit for the Figure of the crooked Plough, 250  
Of eight Foot long a fastned Beam prepare,  
On either Side the Head produce an Ear, }  
And sink a Socket for the shining Share,  
Of Beech the Plough-Tail, and the bending Yoke ;  
Or softer Linden harden'd in the Smoke. 255  
I could be long in Precepts, but I fear  
So mean a Subject might offend your Ear.

# VIRGIL'S HUSBANDRY.

To smooth the *Floor* the Roller runs the Round,  
 And binding Chalk consolidates the Ground;  
 Left Weeds arise, lest Dust possess the Place,  
 And gaping Clefts the baffled Toil disgrace;  
 Then ev'ry Plague exults. The little *Mouse*  
 Oft makes her Garners, and erects her House  
 Deep in the Soil: The *Mole*, depriv'd of Sight,  
 There digs her Lodging, and abhors the Light;  
 In hollow Caverns sculks the speckled *Toad*,  
 The Earth-bred Monster, and the Vermin Brood;  
 Whole Heaps consumes the *Weavell*; and the *Ant*  
 Fearful of helpless Age, and pinching Want.

*Area cum primis ingenti æquanda cylindro,  
 Et vertenda manu, et creta solidanda tenaci:  
 Ne subeant herbae, neu pulvere vitta fatiscat;  
 Tum variæ illudunt pestes. Sæpe exiguus mus  
 Sub terris posuitque domos atque horrea fecit:  
 Aut oculis capiti fodere cubilia talpæ.  
 Inventusque cavis bufo, et quæ plurima terræ  
 Monstra ferunt: populatque ingentem farris acervum  
 Curculio, atque inopi metuens formica senectæ.*

Delve of convenient Depth your Threshing Floor;  
 With temper'd Clay then fill and face it o'er:  
 And let the weighty Rowler run the round, 260  
 To smooth the Surface of th' unequal Ground;  
 Lest crack'd with Summer Heats the *Flooring flies*,  
 Or sinks, and through the Crannies Weeds arise.  
 For sundry Foes the *Rural Realm* surround:  
 The Field-Mouse builds her Garner under Ground, 265  
 For gather'd Grain the blind laborious Mole  
 In winding Mazes works her hidden Hole.  
 In hollow Caverns Vermin *make abode*,  
 The hissing Serpent, and the swelling Toad:  
 The Corn-devouring Weezel *here abides*, 270  
 And the wise Ant her wintry Store provides.

Mark

Mark likewise, when the *Almonds* in the Wood  
 Put on their Bloom, and fragrant Branches load :  
 If crowded Fruit o'ercomes the bending Trees,  
 Such on the Glebe ensues the vast Increase ;  
 Then pil'd up Sheaves will call for mighty Toil,  
 And mighty Heat subdue the thirsty Soil :  
 But if a wanton Shade of Leaves appears,  
 In vain the Floor shall bruise the chaffy Ears.  
 Some have I seen, the Seed, through prudent Care,  
 With Nitre, and thick Lees of Oyl prepare,  
 That flatt'ring Husks might yield the full Produce ;  
 And though slow Flames the quick'ning Pow'r infuse,

*Contemplator item, cum se nux plurima silvis  
 Induet in florem, et ramos curvabit olentes :  
 Si superant fetus, pariter frumenta sequentur,  
 Magnaque cum magno veniet tritura calore.  
 At si luxuria foliorum exuberat umbra,  
 Necquicquam pinguis palea teret area culmos.  
 Semina vidi equidem multos medicare ferentes,  
 Et nitro prius, et nigra perfundere amurca,  
 Grandior ut fetus siliquis fallacibus esset.  
 Et quamvis igni exiguo properata maderent ;*

Mark well the flow'ring Almonds in the Wood ;  
 If od'rous Blooms the bearing Branches load,  
 The Glebe will answer to the *Sylvan Reign*,  
 Great Heats will follow, and large Crops of Grain. 275  
 But if a Wood of Leaves o'ershade the Tree,  
 Such and so barren will thy Harvest be :  
 In vain the Hind shall vex the Thrashing-floor,  
 For empty Chaff and Straw will be thy Store.  
 Some steep their Seed, and some in Cauldrons boil, 280  
 With vigorous Nitre, and with Lees of Oyl,  
 O'er gentle Fires ; th' exuberant Juice to drain,  
 And swell the flatt'ring Husks with fruitful Grain.

Yet have I seen much labor'd, specious Grain  
 Starve, and Degenerate in the fairest Plain ;  
 Unless the Seeds were yearly counted o'er,  
 And ev'ry largest cull'd from all the Store.  
 'Tis thus by Fate that all Things here below  
 Rush into worse, and ever downwards go ;  
 Not otherwise, than when against the Course  
 Of some fierce Stream, one strives with all his Force  
 Through the strong Tide to urge the Vessel on,  
 If once He slacks his Arms, He's instant gone,  
 And headlong hurry'd with the Torrent down. }

*Vidi læta diu, et multo spectata labore  
 Degenerare tamen : ni vis humana quotannis  
 Maxima quaque manu legeret. Sic omnia fatis  
 In pejus ruere, ac retro sublapsa referri.  
 Non aliter, quam qui adverso vix flumine lembum  
 Remigijs subigit ; si brachia forte remisit,  
 Atque illum in præceps prono rapit æveus amni.*

Yet is not the Success for Years assur'd,  
 Though chosen is the Seed, and fully cur'd ; 285  
 Unless the Peasant, with his annual Pain,  
 Renews his Choice, and calls the largest Grain :  
 Thus all below, whether by Nature's Curse,  
 Or Fates Decree, degen'rate still to worse.  
 So the Boat's brawny Crew the Current Stem, 290  
 And, slow advancing, struggle with the Stream.  
 But if they slack their Hands, or cease to strive,  
 Then down the Flood with headlong Haste they drive.

Besides,

Besides, we should as much *Arcturus*' Stars,  
The *Kids* observe, and when the *Snake* appears,  
As those, who homewards steer the vent'rous Way  
Through *Pontus*, and the Jaws of th' Oyster-breeding Sea.

When *Libra* weighs the Hours of Toil and Night,  
And parts alike the Globe to Shades and Light.  
Then in the Field, Ye vig'rous Swains appear,  
Put forth your Strength, and exercise the Steer ;  
Sow hardy Grains : The miry Task perform  
To Winter's last impracticable Storm :  
Nor is it not the Time to cover o'er  
Or *Ceres*' Poppy, or the *Flaxen* Store :  
Nor should the Harrow's Labour ever end,  
Whilst dry the Glebe, whilst Clouds as yet impend.

*Præterea tam sunt Arcturi sidera nobis,  
Hædorumque dies servandi, et lucidus Anguis :  
Quam, quibus in patriam ventosa per aquora vectis  
Pontus, et ostriferi fauces tentantur Abydi.  
Libra die somnique pares ubi feceris horas,  
Et medium luci atque umbris jam dividit orbem :  
Exercete, viri, tauros ; serite hordea campis,  
Usque sub extremum brumæ intractabilis imbrem.  
Necnon et lini segetem et Cereale papaver  
Tempus humo segere, et jam dudum incumbere rastris,  
Dum sicca tellure licet, dum nubila pendent.*

Nor must the Ploughman less observe the Skies,  
When the *Kids*, *Dragon*, and *Arcturus* rise, 295  
Than Sailors homeward bent, who cut their Way  
Thro' *Helle*'s stormy Streights and Oyster-breeding Sea.  
But when *Astræa*'s Ballance, hung on high,  
*Betwixt the Nights and Days divides the Sky,*  
Then Yoke your Oxen, sow your Winter Grain ; 300  
Till cold *December* comes with driving Rain  
Linseed and fruitful Poppy bury warm,  
In a dry Season, and prevent the Storm.

Sown in the *Spring* are *Beans*: The crumbling Soil  
 Then, *Thee* receives, *Thee*, *Media's* flow'ry Spoil;  
 And *Miller* still succeeds, an Annual Care,  
 When with his Horns the *Bull* unbars the Year;  
 And frighten'd flies the *Dog*, and shuns the adverse Star. }

But if to vig'rous Crops you'll urge the Plain,  
 Insisting solely on the bearded Grain;  
 First, let the *Sisters* in the Morn go down,  
 And from the Sun retire the *Gnosian Crown*,  
 E'er in the Trench you lodge the Seed; and e'er  
 To Earth you trust the Hopes of all the Year.  
 Begun have some, before the early Stars  
 With *Maja* sunk; but their untimely Cares  
 The fancy'd Harvest mock'd with empty Ears. }

*Vere fabis satio. Tum te quoque, Media, putres  
 Accipiant sulci: Et mille vomis omnis cura,  
 Candidus auratis aperit cum cornibus annum  
 Taurus, et adverso cedens Camis occidit astro.  
 At si triticum in messen robustaque sarra  
 Euercebis humum, folisque insatis arists:  
 Ante tibi Eae Atlantides obscondantur,  
 Cnosiaque ardentis decedat palla Corona,  
 Debita quam sulcis committas semina, quomque  
 Inuita properes anni spem credere terra.  
 Multi ante uocatum Maja ceptis: Sed illos  
 Expectata seges vanis elusit avenis.*

Sow Beans and Clover in a rotten Soil,  
 And *Miller* rising from your Annual Toil;  
 When with the Golden Horns, in full Career,  
 The *Bull* beats down the Barriers of the Year;  
 And *Argos*, and the *Dog* forsake the Northern Sphere. }

But if your Care to Wheat alone extend,  
 Let *Maja* with her Sisters first descend,  
 And the bright *Gnosian Diadem* downward bend:  
 Before you trust in Earth your future Hope;  
 Or else expect a listless lazy Crop,  
 Some Swains have sown before, but most have found  
 A husky Harvest, from the grudging Ground. }

305

310

315

Bus

But if the *Vetch* you'll plant, or meaner *Tare*,  
Nor shall disdain th' *Egyptian Lentils* Care :  
*Signs* scarce obscure *Bootes* setting yields ;  
Begin, and sow, thro' half the Frosts, the Fields.

For this, his *Orb* the World's Great Light divides,  
And by twelve Stars his certain Passage guides :  
Five *Zones* the Heav'n's infold : With constant Sun  
Still *Red*, still scorch'd in *Torrid* Heat the *One* :  
Round *This* on either Hand wind distant Coasts  
Regions of Storm, and everlasting Frosts :  
Betwixt the *First*, and *These*, by bounteous Heav'n  
To feeble Mortals *Two* are kindly giv'n :  
Across them both a Path oblique inclines,  
Where in successive Order turn the *Signs*.

*Si vero viclamque seras vilemque fasalam,  
Nec Pelusiaca curam aspernabere lentis ;  
Haud obscura cadens mittit tibi signa Bootes.  
Incipe, et ad medias semontem extende pruinas.*

*Idcirco certis dimensum partibus orbem  
Per duodena regis mundi Sol aureus Astra.  
Quinque tenent calum zona. Quarum una corusco  
Semper sole rubens, et torrida semper ab igni :  
Quam circum extrema dextra laevaue trabuntur,  
Cerulea glacie concreta atque imbris atris.  
Has inter mediamque dua mortalibus agris  
Munere concessa diuum. Via secta per ambas,  
Obliquus qua se signorum verteret ordo.*

*Will Vetches wou'd you sow, or Lentils lean.  
The Growth of Egypt, or the Kidney-bean !  
Begin when the slow Waggoner descends ;  
Nor cease your sowing till Mid-winter ends :  
For this, through twelve bright Signs Apollo guides  
The Year, and Earth in sev'ral Climes divides.  
Five Girdles bind the Skies, the torrid Zone  
Glow's with the passing and repassing Sun.  
Far on the Right and Left, th' Extrems of Heav'n,  
To Frosts and Snows, and bitter Blasts are giv'n ;  
Betwixt the midst and these, the Gods assign'd  
Two habitable Seats for Humane Kind :  
And cross their Limits cut a sloping Way,  
Which the twelve Signs in beauteous Order sway.*

320

325



As, steep, to *Scythian* Heights the World ascends,  
 Downwards the Ball to *Libyan* Tempests bends :  
 This Cove to Us is still sublimely High,  
 And That below, *Styx*, and the *Ghosts* descry :  
 Here, the vast *Snake* in winding Circles glides,  
 And either *Arctos*, like a Stream, divides :  
 There, as they say, Or rests the soft, still Night,  
 And Shades for ever thick'ning veil the Light :  
 Or when from hence *Aurora* leads the Way,  
 Thither she hastens, and restores the Day ;  
 And whilst on us the Morn's swift Courfers breathe,  
 There the Nocturnal Tapers lights the *Eve*.

*Mundus ut ad Scythiam Riphæasque arduus arcis  
 Consurgit ; premitur Libya devexus in austros.  
 Hic vertex nobis semper sublimis : At illum  
 Sub pedibus Styx atra videt, Manesque profundi :  
 Maximus hic flexu sinuoso elabitur anguis  
 Circum, perque duas in morem fluminis Arctos.  
 [Arctos Oceani metuentis æquore tingui.]  
 Illic, ut perhibent, aut intempesta filet nox ;  
 Semper et obstita densentur nocte tenebræ :  
 Aut redit a nobis Aurora, diemque reducit :  
 Nosque ubi primus equis Oriens adflavit anhelis,  
 Illic sera rubens accendit lumina Vesper.*

Two Poles turn round the Globe ; one seen to rise 330  
 O'er *Scythian* Hills, and one in *Libyan* Skies,  
 The first sublime in Heav'n, the last is whirl'd  
 Below the Regions of the nether World.  
 Around our Pole the Spiry Dragon glides,  
 And like a winding Stream the Bears divides ; 335  
 The less and greater, who by Fate's Decree  
 Abhor to dive beneath the Southern Sea :  
 There, as they say, perpetual Night is found  
 In silence brooding on the unhappy Ground.  
 Or when *Aurora* leaves our Northern Sphere, 340  
 She lights the downward Heav'n, and rises there.  
 And when on us she breaths the living Light,  
 Red *Vesper* kindles there the Tapers of the Night.

Hence in the fickle Sky we Storms foreknow,  
 The Days of *Harvest*, and the Time to *sow* ;  
 And when with Oars to cut the shining Way,  
 And backwards drive a Length of faithless Sea ;  
 When to the Main to lead the floating War,  
 And timely on the Mountain fell the Fir.  
 'Tis not in vain that we explore the Skies,  
 Mark when the Stars *descend*, and when they *rise* ;  
 With all the different Seasons that appear ;  
 Though still the same, still constant is the Year.

*Hinc tempestates dubio prædiscere cælo  
 Possumus, hinc messisque diem, tempusque serendi :  
 Et quando infidum remis impellere marmor  
 Conveniat : Quando armatas deducere classis,  
 Aut tempestivam silvis evertere pinum.  
 Nec frustra signorum obitus speculamur et ortus ;  
 Temporibusque parem diversis quatuor annum.*

From hence uncertain Seasons we may know ;  
 And when to reap the Grain, and when to sow ; 349  
 Or when to fell the Fuzes ; when 'tis meet  
 To spread the flying Canvass for the Fleet.  
 Observe what Stars arise or disappear ;  
 And the four Quarters of the rolling Year.

Whenever it befalls, that pow'ring Rain,  
 And Storms of Sleet withhold the eager Swain;  
 Then is it given to compleat with Care  
 Works done in Haste, when now the Skies are clear;  
 The Ploughman hammers out the Share obtuse,  
 Trees hollows into Troughs for various Use,  
 Or stamps the Mark upon the fleecy Race,  
 Or different Numbers on the Fields Increase:  
 Others the Fork, or Setters point: Or twine  
 Light Osier-Bands to stay the feeble Vine:  
 Now with the Bramble weave the Basket's Round;  
 Now parch the Grain, and now incessant pound.

*Frigidus agricolam siquando continet imber,  
 Multa, forent quæ mox calo properanda sereno,  
 Maturare datur. Durum procudit arator  
 Vomeris obtusi dentem: cavat arbore lintres:  
 Aut pecori signum, aut numeros impressit acervis.  
 Exacuunt alij vallos, furcasque bicornis,  
 Atque Amerina parant lentæ retinacula vitæ.  
 Nunc facilis rubea texatur fiscina virga:  
 Nunc torrete igni fruges, nunc frangite saxo.*

But when cold Weather, and continu'd Rain, 350  
 The lab'ring Husband in his House restrain;  
 Let him forecast his Work with timely Care,  
 Which else is budded, when the Skies are fair:  
 Then let him mark the Sheep, or whet the shining Share, }  
 Or hollow Trees for Boats, or Number o'er 355  
 His Sacks, or measure his increasing Store;  
 Or sharpen Stakes, or head the Forks, or twine  
 The Sallow Twigs to tye the stragling Vine;  
 Or wicker Baskets weave, or aire the Corn,  
 Or grinded Grain betwixt two Marbles turn. 360

Thus too, the Laws of Man, and Gods above,  
 Ev'n on the *sacred Days*, some Works approve ;  
 To lead the Torrent o'er the Thirsty Plain,  
 Religion never has forbid the Swain ;  
 Or with the Fence to guard the rising Grain ;  
 Birds to insnare ; to fire the prickly Wood ;  
 Or plunge in healthy Streams the bleating Crowd :  
 Oft the Belab'rer of the slow-pac'd As  
 With Oyl, or with the Apple's large Increase,  
 His Ribs surcharges ; and the furrow'd Stone,  
 Or pitchy Mass, brings drudging from the Town,

}  
}

*Quippe etiam festis quedam exercere diebus  
 Fas et jura sinunt. Rivos deducere nulla  
 Religio vetuit, segeti pretendere sepem,  
 Insidias avibus moliri, incendere vepres,  
 Balantumque gregem fluvio mersare salubri.  
 Sape oleo tardi costas agitator aselli,  
 Vilibus aut onerat pomis : lapidemque revertens  
 Incusum, aut atra massam pictis urbe reportat.*

No Laws, Divine or Humane, can restrain  
 From necessary Works the lab'ring Swain :  
 Ev'n Holy-days and Feasts Permission yield,  
 To float the Meadows, or to fence the Field,  
 To fire the Brambles, snare the Birds, and keep  
 In wholesome Water-falls the woolly Sheep.  
 And oft the drudging As is driv'n, with Oyl,  
 To neighb'ring Towns with Apples and with Oyl :  
 Returning late, and laden home with Gain  
 Of barter'd Pitch, and Hand-mills for the Grain.

365

270

For various Labours each revolving Moon  
 Gives *Happy Days*; the *Fifth* be sure to shun :  
 Then, the relentless *Furies* bears the *Earth*,  
 And pale fac'd *Pluto* at an impious Birth :  
 Then, from her Womb the Rebel Brethren rise,  
 In desp'rate League combin'd to storm the Skies :  
 On *Pelio* thrice to heave they all essay'd  
*Ossa*, and thrice on *Ossa's* tow'ring Head  
 To roll *Olympus* up with all his shade :  
 Thrice whirl'd th' Omnipotent his Thunder round,  
 And dash'd the pil'd-up Mountains to the Ground.

*Ipsa dies alios alio dedit ordine Luna  
 Felices operum, Quintam fuge: pallidus Orcus,  
 Eumenidesque sata. Tum partu terra nefando  
 Caumque Japetumque creat, sævumque Typhœa,  
 Et conjuratos celum rescindere fratres.  
 Ter sunt conati imponere Pelio Ossam.  
 Scilicet atque Ossa frondosum involvere Olympum ;  
 Ter pater exstructos dissecit fulmine montes.*

The *lucky Days*, in each revolving Moon,  
 For Labour chuse : The *Fifth* be sure to shun ;  
 That gave the *Furies* and pale *Pluto* Birth,  
 And arm'd against the Skies, the Sons of Earth.  
 With Mountains pil'd on Mountains, thrice they strove, 375  
 To scale the *steep* Battlements of *Jove* :  
 And thrice his Lightning and red Thunder play'd,  
 And their demolish'd Works in Ruin laid.

Happy

Happy the *Seventh*, next the *Tenth*, to joyn  
Steers in the Taming Yoke, to fix the Vine,  
And o'er the Loom extend the quiv'ring Twine; }  
The *Ninth* by Flight the Captive oft relieves;  
But adverse are her Beams to proling Thieves,

Some Toils to Cool of *Night* more freely yield,  
Or when the *Morn* bedews the pearly Field:  
By *Night* parch'd Meads are cut, and Stubble light,  
Distilling Moisture ne'er deserts the *Night*:  
Thus by the Wintry Light of sparkling Fire  
One splits the Match, till late the Flames expire:  
Mean while the Dame sings in the glimm'ring Room,  
To cheer the Labour of the rattling Loom;  
Or from the Must, by *Vulcan* thickned, skims  
The frothy Surges on the brazen Brims.

*Septima post decumam felix, et ponere vitem,  
Et pressos domitare boves, et licia tela  
Addere. Nona fugæ melior, contraria furtis.  
Multa adeo gelida melius se nocte dedere,  
Aut cum sole novo terras irrorat Eous.  
Nocte leves melius stipulæ. Nocte arida prata  
Tondentur: noctes lentus non deficit humor.  
Et quidam seros biberni ad luminis ignes  
Pervigilat, ferroque faces inspicat acuta.  
Interea longum cantu solata laborem  
Arguto conjux percurrit pectine telas:  
Aut dulcis musti Volcano decoquit humorem,  
Et folijs undam trepidi despumat æni.*

The Sev'nth is, nexth the Tenth, the best to joyn  
Young Oxen to the Yoke, and plant the Vine. 386  
Then Weavers stretch your Stays upon the West:  
*The Ninth is good for Travel, bad for Theft.*  
Some Works in dead of Night are better done;  
Or when the Morning Dew prevents the Sun,  
Parch'd Meads and Stubble mow, by *Phæbe's* Light; 385  
Which both require the Coolness of the Night;  
For Moisture then abounds, and Pearly Rains  
Descend in silence to refresh the Plains.  
The Wife and Husband equally conspire,  
To work by Night, and rake the Winter-Fire: 390  
He sharpens Torches in the glim'ring Room,  
She shoots the flying Shuttle through the Loom:  
Or boils in Kettles Must of Wine, and skims  
With Leaves, the Dregs that overflow the Brims.  
*And till the watchful Cock awakes the Day,*  
She sings to drive the tedious Hours away. 395  
But

But bound is *Ceres* at the Noon of Heat ;  
 And the dry Floor tears out the glowing Wheat ;  
 Plough naked, Hinds, and naked sow the Plain ;  
 Still slothful proves the Winter to the Swain :  
 'Tis then their Stores the Peasants oft employ  
 In mutual Feasts, and give a Loose to Joy ;  
 The genial *Winter* all their Minds prepares  
 To sprightly Mirth, and burys anxious Cares :  
 So joy the Sailors, ev'ry Danger past,  
 Safe in the Port the Ship, and crown'd the Mast.

*At rubicunda Ceres medio succingitur aestu,  
 Et medio tostas aestu terit area fruges.  
 Nudus ara, sere nudus. Hiems ignava colome.  
 Frigoribus parvo agricola plerumque fruuntur,  
 Mutuaque inter se lati convivio carant ;  
 Invitat genialis hiems, curasque resolvit :  
 Ceu pressa cum jam portum tetigere catinae,  
 Puppibus et lati nauta imposuere cœnas.*

But in warm Weather, when the Skies are clear,  
 By Day-light reap the Product of the Year :  
 And in the Sun your Golden Grain display,  
*And thrash it out, and winnow it by Day,* 400  
 Plough naked Swain, and naked sow the Land,  
 For lazy Winter nuns the lab'ring Hand.  
 In Genial Winter, Swains enjoy their Store,  
 Forget their Hardships, and recruit for more.  
 The Farmer to full Bowls invites his Friends, 405  
 And what he got with Pains, *with Pleasure spends.*  
 So Sailors, when escap'd from stormy Seas,  
 First crown their Vessels, then indulge their Ease.

Yet is it *Then* the Time to strip the Wood  
Of *Acorns*, or the *Olive's* shining Food,  
The *Laurel's* Freight, and *Myrtle* stain'd in Blood :  
Then *Toils* for *Stags*, for *Cranes* to fix the *Snare*,  
And trace the *Mazes* of the long-ear'd *Hare* :  
*Then*, with the Whirling *Sling* to stay the *Doe*,  
When *Streams* push on the *Ice*, when tow'ring mounts the  
Snow.

Why, should I *Autumn's* Storms, and Signs relate ?  
Why, when more short the *Day*, and mild the *Hear*,  
The tedious *Labours* of the watchful *Swain* ?  
Or when moist *Spring* falls pouring o'er the *Plain* ?  
Or when the *Harvest* bristles into *Ears*,  
And in the swelling *Grain* the *Milk* appears ?

*Sed tamen et quernas glandes tum stringere tempus  
Et lauri baccas, oleamque, cruentaue Myrta.  
Tum gruibus pedicas et retia ponere cervis,  
Auritosque sequi lepores : Tum figere damas,  
Stuppea torquentem Balearis verbera funde,  
Cum nix alta jacet, glaciem cum flumina trudent.*

*Quid tempestates Autumni et sidera dicam ?  
Atque ubi jam breviorque dies, et mollior aestas,  
Que vigilanda viris ? vel cum ruit imbriferum ver ;  
Spicea jam campis cum messis inhorruit, et cum  
Frumenta in viridi stipula latentia turgent ?*

Yet that's the proper Time to thrash the Wood  
For Malt of *Oak*, your *Father's* homely Food, 410  
To gather *Laurel-berries*, and the *Spoil*  
Of bloody *Myrtles*, and to press your *Oyl*.  
For *Stalking* *Cranes* to set the guileful *Snare*,  
T' inclose the *Stags* in *Toyls*, and *Hunt the Hare*.  
With *Balearick* *Slings*, or *Gnosfian* *Bow*, 415  
To persecute from far the flying *Doe*.  
Then, when the *Fleecy* *Skies* new cloath the *Wood*,  
And *Cakes* of rustling *Ice* come rolling down the *Flood*.

Now sing we stormy *Stars*, when *Autumn* weighs  
The *Year*, and adds to *Nights*, and shortens *Days* ; 420  
And *Suns* declining shine with feeble *Rays* :  
What *Cares* must then attend the toiling *Swain* ;  
Or when the low'ring *Spring*, with lavish *Rain*  
Beats down the slender *Stem* and bearded *Grain* :  
While yet the *Head* is *Green*, or lightly swell'd 425  
With *Milky* *Moisture*, over-looks the *Field*.



Oft, when the Reaper on the yellow Plain  
 The Hind had enter'd, and now bound the Grain,  
 I've seen the Winds, in dreadful Fight engage  
 From ev'ry Quarter, with resistless Rage ;  
 They from the lowest Roots aloft wou'd tear  
 The pond'rous Corn : So would a Tempest bear }  
 Or Chaff, or empty Straw, and whirl it thro' the Air. }  
 Oft from above descends a Troop of Floods ;  
 Oft gather from the Deep the thick'ning Clouds ;  
 Down rush the Skies, and with impetuous Rain  
 Wash out the Ox's Toil, and sweep away the Grain :

*Sæpe ego, cum flavis messorum induceret arvis  
 Agricola, et fragili jam stringeret bordea culma,  
 Omnia ventorum concurrere prælia vidi :  
 Quæ gravidam late segetem ab radicibus imis  
 Sublime expulsam eruerent. Ita turbine nigro  
 Ferret hiems culmumque levem stipulasque volantis.  
 Sæpe etiam immensum cælo venit agmen aquarum,  
 Et fadam glomerant tempestatem imbris atris  
 Collectæ ex alto nubes. Ruit arduus æther,  
 Et pluvia ingenti sata lata boumque labores*

Ev'n when the Farmer, now secure of Fear,  
 Sends in the Swains to spoil the finish'd Year :  
 Ev'n while the Reaper fills his greedy Hands,  
 And binds the Golden Sheaves in brittle Bands : 430  
 Oft have I seen a sudden Storm arise,  
 From all the warring Winds that sweep the Skies :  
 The heavy Harvest from the Root is torn,  
 And whirl'd aloft the lighter Stubble born ;  
 With such a Force the flying Rack is driv'n, 435  
 And such a Winter wears the Face of Heav'n :  
 And oft whole Sheets descend of slucy Rain,  
 Suck'd by the spongy Clouds from off the Main :  
 The lofty Skies at once come pouring down,  
 The promis'd Crop and golden Labours drown. 440

The Dikes are fill'd : No Bounds the Torrents keep :  
 And with the breathing Surges boils the Deep :  
 Amidst a Night of Clouds his glitt'ring Fire,  
 And rattling Thunder hurls th' Eternal Sire :  
 Far shakes the Earth : Beasts fly : And mortal Hearts  
 Pale Fear dejects : He with refulgent Darts,  
 Or Rhodope, or Athos' lofty Crown,  
 Or steep Ceraunia's Cliffs strikes headlong down :  
 The Rains condense : More furious Auster roars :  
 Now with vast Wind the Woods, now lashes He the Shoars,

*Diluit. Implentur fossæ, & cava flumina crescunt  
 Cum sonitu, ferocesque fretis spirantibus æquor.  
 Ipse pater, media nimborum in nocte, corusca  
 Fulmina molitur dextra. Quo maxuma motu  
 Terra tremis : Fugere feræ ; & mortalia corda  
 Per gentes humilis stravit pavor. Ille flagrant  
 Aut Atho, aut Rhodopen, aut alta Ceraunia telo  
 Dejicit. Ingeminant austri, & densissimus imber ;  
 Nunc nemora ingenti vento, nunc litora plangit.*

The Dykes are fill'd, and with a roaring Sound  
 The rising Rivers float the nether Ground ;  
 And Rocks the bellowing Voice of boyling Seas rebound. }  
 The Father of the Gods his Glory shrouds,  
 Involv'd in Tempests and a Night of Clouds 445  
 And from the middle Darkness flashing out  
 By fits he deals his fiery Bolts about.  
 Earth feels the Motions of her angry God,  
 Her Entrails tremble and her Mountains nod ;  
 And flying Beasts in Forests seek Abode : }  
 Deep Horror seizes ev'ry Humane Breast, 450  
 Their Pride is humbled, and their Fear confess'd :  
 While he from high his rowling Thunder throws,  
 And fires the Mountains with repeated Blows :  
 The Rocks are from their old Foundations rent ; 455  
 The Winds redouble and the Rains augment :  
 The Waves on Heaps are dash'd against the Shoar,  
 And now the Woods, and now the Billows roar.

In fear of this, observe the Monthly Signs ;  
 And how each Planet's ruling Course inclines ;  
 Mark whither *Saturn's* frigid Beams retire,  
 And to what Orbs *Cyllenius* points his Fire :  
 But, above all, the Heav'nly Pow'rs adore ;  
 Great *Ceres'* Aid with annual Rites implore,  
 And raise the Altar on the grassy Floor ;  
 When Winter ends, and Spring serenely shines ;  
 Then fat the Lambs, and mellow are the Wines ;  
 Then soft the Slumbers on the verdant Ground ;  
 Then with thick Shades the lofty Mountains crown'd :

*Hoc metuens, cali mensis, & sidera seroa,  
 Frigida Saturni sese quo stella receptet,  
 Quos ignis calii Cyllenius erret in orbes.  
 In primis venerare deos, atque annua magnæ  
 Sacra refer Cereri latis operatus in herbis,  
 Extremæ sub casum hiemis, jam vere sereno.  
 Tum pingues agni, & tum mollissima vina :  
 Tum somni dulces, densaque in montibus umbra.*

In fear of this, observe the Starry Signs,  
 Where *Saturn* Houses, and where *Hermes* joyns. 460  
 But first to Heav'n thy due Devotions pay,  
 And Annual Gifts on *Ceres'* Altar lay.  
 When Winter's Rage abates, when chearful Hours  
 Awake the Spring, the Spring awakes the Flow'rs,  
 On the green Turf thy careless Limbs display, 465  
 And celebrate the mighty Mother's Day.  
 For then the Hills with pleasing Shades are crown'd,  
 And Sleeps are sweeter on the silken Ground :  
 With milder Beams the Sun securely shines ;  
 Fat are the Lambs, and luscious are the Wines. 470

Let all Thy Rustic Youth, at *Ceres'* shrine,  
 With bended Knees confess the Pow'r Divine:  
 Mix you the fragrant Combs, with Milk, and gentle Wine.  
 Round the new Fruits thrice let the Victim go:  
 Let shouting Crowds attend the solemn Show,  
 Home to the Doors on *Ceres* call: Nor e'er  
 Let one presume beneath the ripen'd Ear  
 To thrust the Sickle; 'till with Temples bound,  
 (Of supple Oaken Twigs the sacred Round)  
 He Gestures uncouth yields to *Ceres'* Praise,  
 And sings of *Ceres* in resounding Lays.

*Cuncta tibi Cererem pubes agrestis adores.  
 Quoi tu laete favos, & miti dilue Baccho.  
 Terque novas circum felix eat hostia fruges;  
 Omnis quam chorus, & socij comitentur ovantes;  
 Et Cererem clamore vocent in tellus; neque ante  
 Falcem maturis quisquam supponat aristas,  
 Quam Cereri, torta redimitus tempora quercu,  
 Det motus incompósitos & carmina dicat.*

Let ev'ry Swain adore her Pow'r Divine,  
 And Milk and Honey mix with sparkling Wine:  
 Let all the Choir of Clowns attend the Show,  
 In long Processions shouting as they go;  
 Invoking her to bless their yearly Stores  
 Inviting Plenty to their crowded Floors.  
 Thus in the Spring, and thus in Summer's Heat,  
 Before the Sickles touch the ripening Wheat,  
 On *Ceres* call; and let the lab'ring Hind  
 With Oaken Wreaths his hollow Temples bind:  
 On *Ceres* let him call, and *Ceres* praise,  
 With uncouth Dances, and with Country Lays;

475

480

But that by certain Signs we might be told  
 Of Heat, and Rains, and Winds that urge the Cold ;  
 Th' Eternal Sire, *What* monthly might advise  
 The Moon, has fix'd : *When* Southern Tempests rise :  
*What*, oft observing, the sagacious Swain  
 His Herds might nearer to their Stalls retain :  
 E'er Winds arise ; Or, swells the working Flood ;  
 Or a harsh Crash is heard throughout the Wood ;  
 Or, mingling, sound the Coasts from distant Seas,  
 And gathering Murmur rustles in the Trees :  
 Then, scarce the Wave from bended Skiffs abstains,  
 When Cormorants forsake the wat'ry Plains,  
 And scream along the Shore : When swift to Land  
 The Sea Gulls haste, and sport around the Strand :  
 Or When the *Hern* prepares his lofty Flight,  
 Quits the known Marsh, and mounts th' *Ætherial* Height.

*Atque hac ut certis possimus discere signis,  
 Æstusque, pluviasque, & agentis frigora ventos ;  
 Ipse pater statuit, quid menstrua Luna moneret,  
 Quo signo caderent austri : quid sæpe videntes  
 Agricola, propius stabulis armenta tenerent.  
 Continuo ventis surgentibus aut freta ponti  
 Incipiunt agitata tumescere, & aridus altis  
 Montibus audiri fragor ; aut resonantia longe  
 Litora misceri, et nemorum increbrescere murmur.  
 Jam sibi tum curvis male temperat unda carinis,  
 Cum medio celeres revolvant ex aquore mergi,  
 Clamoreque ferunt ad litora ; Cumque marina  
 In sicco ludunt fulicæ : Notasque paludes  
 Deserit, atque altam supra volat ardea nubem.*

And that by certain Signs we may presage  
 Of Heats and Rains, and Wind's impetuous Rage,  
 The Sov'reign of the Heav'ns has set on high 485  
 The Moon, to mark the Changes of the Sky :  
 When Southern Blasts should cease, and when the Swain  
 Shou'd near their Folds his feeding Flocks restrain.  
 For e'er the rising Winds begin to roar,  
 The working Seas advance to wash the Shoar: 490  
 Soft Whispers run along the leafy Woods,  
 And Mountains whistle to the murmur'ing Floods :  
 Ev'n then the doubtful Billows scarce abstain  
 From the toss'd Vessel on the troubled Main :  
 When crying Cormorants forsake the Sea, 495  
 And stretching to the Covert Wing their Way:  
 When sportful Coots run skimming o'er the Strand;  
 When watchful Herons leave their wat'ry Strand ;  
 And mounting upward with erected Flight,  
 Gain on the Skies, and soar above the Sight.

Oft too you'll see, when *furious Winds* impend,  
Precipitate, the Stars from Heav'n descend :  
And far behind, thro' gloomy Shades of Night,  
Glitter and whiten the long Trails of Light :  
Oft whirl in Air dry Straw, and wither'd Leaves,  
And Feathers wanton on the simm'ring Waves.

But when from *Boreas*' part the Thunder pours,  
'And *Eurus*' House, and *Zephyr*'s adverse roars ;  
Then with the swelling Dikes swims all the Plain ;  
Then ev'ry Seaman on the foamy Main  
Quick gathers up the Sails all drench'd with Rain ;

*Sæpe etiam Stellar, vento impendent, videbis  
Precipites cælo labi, noctisque per umbram  
Flammæ longos a tergo albescere tractus :  
Sæpe levem paleam & frondes volitare caducas,  
Aut summa nantis in aqua colludere plumas.  
At Boreæ de parte trucis cum fulminat, & cum  
Eurique Zephiriue tonat domus ; omnia plenis  
Rura natant fossis, atque omnis navita ponto*

And oft before tempestuous Winds arise,  
The *seeming* Stars fall headlong from the Skies ;  
And, shooting through the Darkness, gild the Night  
With sweeping Glories, and long Trails of Light :  
And Chaff with eddy Winds is whirl'd around,  
And dancing Leaves are lifted from the Ground ;  
And floating Feathers on the Waters play,  
But when the winged Thunder takes his Way  
From the cold *North*, and *East* and *West* ingage,  
And at their Frontiers meet with equal Rage,  
The Clouds are crush'd, a Glut of gather'd Rain,  
The hollow Ditches fill, and floats the Plain,  
And Sailors furl their dropping Sheets amain.

505

510

None

None, uninform'd, e'er did the Show'r assail ;  
*Cranes*, as it rose, flew downwards to the Vale :  
 Or gazing on the Heav'ns stood the *Steer*,  
 And with wide Nostrils snuff'd the humid Air :  
 Or *Swallows*, chattering, round the Lake have flown ;  
 And miry *Frogs* sung out their ancient Moan :  
 And oftner has the *Ant* with busy Tread,  
 Up from the Nether-Cells her Eggs convey'd ;  
 Deep drank the mighty *Bow* : And foodless rose  
 Loud, with their rustling Wings, a Host of *Crows*.

*Humida vela legit. Numquam imprudentibus imber  
 Obsuit. Aut illum surgentem Vallibus imis  
 Aeris fugere grues : aut bucula celum  
 Suspiciens, patulis captavit naribus auras :  
 Aut arguta lacus circumvolitavit hirundo :  
 Et veterem in limo ranæ cecinere querelam.  
 Sæpius & tectis penetralibus extulit ova  
 Angustum formica terens iter, & bibit ingens  
 Arcus : Et e pastu decedens agmine magno  
 Corvorum increpuit densis exercitus alis.*

Wet Weather seldom hurts the most unwise,  
 So plain the Signs, such Prophets are the Skies : 515  
 The wary Crane foresees it first, and sails  
*Above the Storm, and leaves the lowly Vales :*  
 The Cow looks up, and from afar can find  
 The Change of Heav'n, and snuffs it in the Wind.  
 The Swallow skims the *Rivers watry Face*, 520  
 The Frogs renew the Croaks of their *loquacious Race*,  
 The careful Ant her secret Cell forsakes,  
 And drags her Eggs along the narrow Tracks,  
 At either Horn the Rainbow drinks the Flood,  
*Huge Flocks of rising Rooks forsake their Food,* 525 }  
 And, crying, seek the Shelter of the Wood.

Now may you see wide Ocean's various Fowls ;  
 Or those that haunt *Cayster's* well-lov'd Pools ;  
 In wanton Strife the Silver-Flood divide,  
 And lave their Shoulders with the sparkling Tide ;  
 Now with their downy Breasts the Torrent Stem,  
 Now plunge their Heads, now run upon the Stream :  
 With endless Labour ply the Wat'ry Plain,  
 And dive, and wash, and proudly wash in vain :  
 Then with full Voice the *Rook* the Show'r demands,  
 And solitary Stalks along the scorching Sands :  
 Nor is unskilful of impending Storms  
 The Virgin, nightly, that her Task performs :  
 When *sparkle* in the Lamp the Oyl she sees,  
 And *fungous Balls* around the Wick increase.

*Jam varias pelagi volucres, & quæ Asia circum  
 Dulcibus in stagnis rimantur prata Caystri,  
 Certatim largos humeris infundere rores ;  
 Nunc caput objectare fretis, nunc currere in undas,  
 Et studio incassum videas gestire lavandi.  
 Tum cornix plena pluviam vocat improba voce,  
 Et sola in sicca secum spatiatur arena.  
 Nec nocturna quidem carpentes pensa puella  
 Nescivere hiemem ; testa cum ardente viderent  
 Scintillare oleum, & putris concreescere fungos,*

Besides, the several Sorts of watry Fowls,  
 That swim the Seas, or haunt the standing Pools :  
 The Swans that sail along the Silver Flood,  
 And dive with stretching Necks to search their Food, 530  
 Then lave their Backs with sprinkling Dews in vain,  
*And stem the Stream to meet the promis'd Rain.*  
 The Crow with clam'rous Cries the Show'r demands,  
 And single Stalks along the Desert Sands.  
 The nightly Virgin, while her Wheel she plies, 335  
 Foresees the Storms impending in the Skies,  
*When sparkling Lamps their sputt'ring Light advance,  
 And in the Sockets Oily Bubbles dance.*



Nor from less certain Signs, the Swain descrys  
 Unshow'ry Suns, and bright, expanded Skies;  
 For Then, nor blunt a Star, nor rising seems  
 The Moon a Debtor to her Brother's Beams;  
 Nor fleecy Webs fly round in wavy Streams:  
 Not to the tepid Sun their Wings expand  
 The Sea-lov'd *Halcyons*, basking on the Strand;  
 Nor mindful are the Swine, with Jaws display'd  
 To gripe the Straw, and toss their rustling Bed;  
 But downwards glides the *Mist*, and lodges on the Mead:  
 And *Owls*, still waiting on the Sun's Retreat,  
 In vain their Midnight Songs aloft repeat.

*Nec minus eximbris soles & aperta serena  
 Prospicere, & certis poteris cognoscere signis.  
 Nam neque tum stellis acies obtusa videtur,  
 Nec fratris radijs obnoxia surgere Luna,  
 Tenuia nec lanae per caelum vellera ferri.  
 Non tepidum ad solem pennas in litore pandunt  
 Dilectæ Thetidi Alcyones: non ore soluto  
 Immundi meminere sues jactare maniplos.  
 At nebulae magis ima petunt, campoque recumbunt:  
 Solis & occasum servans de culmine summo  
 Necquicquam seros exercet noctua cantus.*

Then after Show'rs, 'tis easy to descry  
 Returning Suns, and a Serener Sky: 540  
 The Stars shine smarter, and the Moon adorns,  
 As with unborrow'd Beams her sharpen'd Horns.  
 The filmy Gossamer now sits no more,  
 Nor *Halcyons* bask on the short sunny Shore:  
 Their Litter is not toss'd by Sows unclean, 545  
 But a blue drougthy Mist descends upon the Plain.  
 And *Owls*, that mark the Setting-Sun, declare  
 A Star-light Evening, and a Morning fair.

*Nisus* appears sublimely high in Air,  
 And *Scylla* suffers for the Purple Hair ;  
 Wherever She her trembling Pinions plys,  
 See, the Blood-thirsty Foe pursuing flies,  
 Infatiate *Nisus*, whizzing thro' the Skies :  
 Wherever *Nisus* rises to the Day,  
 Swift, thro' the liquid Air she cuts her Way,  
 Then, thrice, or four Times, firmly prest the Throat,  
 The *Rooks* redouble ev'ry clearer Note :  
 Gay, with I know not what unusual Joys,  
 They crowd the Trees, and chatt'ring is their Noise :  
 But sweet Delight possesses ev'ry Breast,  
 When each beholds, soon as the Storms are ceas'd,  
 Her tender Young once more, and pleasing Nest.

*Apparet liquido sublimis in aere Nisus,  
 Et pro purpureo pennis dat Scylla capillo.  
 Quacumque illa levem fugiens secat aethera pennis,  
 Ecce inimicus atrox magno stridore per auras  
 Insequitur Nisus : Qua se fert Nisus ad auras,  
 Illa levem fugiens raptim secat aethera pennis.  
 Tum liquidas corvi presso ter gutture voces  
 Aut quater ingeminant : Et saepe cubilibus altis,  
 Nestio qua praeter solitum dulcedine lati,  
 Inter se folijs strepitant. Juvas imbribus actis  
 Progeniem parvam dulcisque revifere nidos.*

Tow'ring aloft, avenging *Nisus* flies,  
 While dar'd below the guilty *Scylla* lies ;  
 Wherever frighted *Scylla* flies away,  
 Swift *Nisus* follows, and pursues his Prey ;  
 Where injur'd *Nisus* takes his Airy Course,  
 Thence trembling *Scylla* flies and thuns his Force ;  
 This Punishment pursues th' unhappy Maid,  
 And thus the Purple Hair is dearly paid.  
 Then, thrice the Ravens rend the liquid Air.  
 And croaking Notes proclaim the settled fair.  
 Then, round their airy Palaces they fly,  
 To greet the Sun ; and seiz'd with secret Joy,  
 When Storms are over-blown, with Food repair  
 To their forsaken Nests, and callow Care.

550

555

560

Not that I think the Gods to them dispense  
 Of Things in Fate a more discerning Sense ;  
 But when the Storm, and moist inconstant Skies  
 Alternate change ; When Southern Tempests rise,  
 Condense what's Thin ; and what's Condens'd more Rare  
 By Warmth becomes, They vary with the Air :  
 Now one Impression in their Bosoms dwells,  
 Another when the Wind the Clouds dispels :  
 Hence from the *Birds* that warbling Concert flows ;  
 Hence *Herd*s exult, and hoarsely shout the *Crows*.

*Haud equidem credo, quia sit divinitus illis  
 Ingenium, aut rerum fato prudentia major.  
 Verum, ubi tempestas et calis mobilis humor  
 Mutavere vias, et Juppiter uvidus austris  
 Denset, erant quæ rara modo, et quæ densa, relaxat ;  
 Vertuntur species animorum, et pectora motus  
 Nunc alios, alios, dum nubila ventus agebat,  
 Conciunt. Hinc ille avium concentus in agris,  
 Et lætæ pecudes, et ovantes gutture coros.*

Not that I think their Breasts with Heav'nly Souls  
 Inspir'd, as Man, *who Destiny controuls*.  
 But with the changeful Temper of the Skies, 565  
 As Rains condense, and Sun-shine rarifies ;  
 So turn the Species in their alter'd Minds,  
 Compos'd by Calms, and *discompos'd* by Winds.  
 From hence proceeds the Birds harmonious Voice :  
 From hence the Cows exult, and frisking Lambs rejoice. 570

But to the rapid Sun if you attend,  
 And how the *Moons* their following Courses bend :  
 You'll ne're be taken by th' ensuing Day,  
 Nor shall Fair Nights, insidious, Thee betray :  
 When first the *Moon* collects the coming Rays,  
 If She thick Air in her dark *Horn* displays,  
 Vast Show'rs invade the Peasant, and the Seas :  
 But if a Virgin Blush her Face o'erspread,  
 Winds blow ; with Wind still *Phæbe's* Cheeks are red :  
 But at her *fourth* Ascent, if pointed rise  
 The Silver Horns, and bright she trips the Skies :  
 That Day entire, and all its foll'wing Race,  
 Till fully She compleats her Monthly Space,  
 (Safe by this Sign) nor Storms shall know, nor Rain ;  
 And Sailors, rescu'd from the boistrous Main,  
 Their promis'd Vows shall pay to all the Watry Reign.

*Si vero solem ad rapidum lunasque sequentis  
 Ordine respicies ; numquam te crastina fallat  
 Hora, neque insidijs noctis capiere serena.  
 Luna revertentes cum primum colligit ignis,  
 Si nigrum obscuro comprehenderit æra cornu,  
 Maxumus agricolis pelagoque parabitur imber.  
 At, si virgineum sustulerit ore ruborem,  
 Ventus erit. Vento semper rubet aurea Phæbe.  
 Sin ortu in quarto (namque is certissimus auctor)  
 Pura, neque obtusis per calum cornibus ibit ;  
 Totus et ille dies, et qui nascentur ab illo  
 Exactum ad mensem, pluvia ventisque carebunt :  
 Votaque servati solvent in litore nautæ  
 Glaucæ, et Panopææ, et Inoæ Melicertæ.*

Observe the daily Circle of the Sun,  
 And the short Year of each revolving Moon :  
 By them thou shalt foresee the following Day ;  
 Nor shall a starry Night thy Hopes betray.  
 When first the Moon appears, if then She throws  
 Her silver Crescent, tip'd with sable Clouds ;  
 Conclude She bodes a Tempest on the Main.  
 And brews for Fields impetuous Floods of Rain.  
 Or if her Face with fiery Flushing glow,  
 Expect the rattling Winds aloft to blow.  
 But four Nights old, (for that's the surest Sign )  
 With sharpen'd Horns if glorious then she shines :  
 Next Day, nor only that, but all the Moon,  
 Till her revolving Race be wholly run,  
 Are void of Tempests, both by Land and Sea,  
 And Saylor's in the Port their promis'd Vow shall pay.

And thus the *Sun*, as *Rising* he appears,  
 Or dipt in *Ocean*, various *Signs* declares ;  
 Unerring *Signs* his circling Course attend,  
 Or in the Morn, or when the Stars ascend :  
 When e'er he mottles o'er his new-born Light,  
 Or masks in Clouds, or half retires from Sight,  
 Suspect the Show'r : For, fatal to the *Sown*,  
 And *Trees*, and *Herd*s, the *South* comes pow'ring down ;  
 If, at the Purple Dawn, his struggling Rays  
 Strike thro' the thick'ning Skies a scatter'd Blaze ;  
 If, o'er her Cheeks a livid paleness shed,  
*Aurora* springs from *Tithon's* Saffron Bed ;  
 Ah ! what can Leaves to guard the Grapes avail ?  
 So rattling bounds on Roofs the horrid Hail !

*Sol quoque et exoriens, et cum se condet in undas,  
 Signa dabit. Solem certissima signa sequuntur,  
 Et quæ mane refert, et quæ surgentibus astris.  
 Ille ubi nascentem maculis variaverit ortum  
 Conditus in nubem, medioque refugerit orbe ;  
 Suspecti tibi sint imbres. Namque arguet ab alto  
 Arboribusque satisque notus pecorique sinister.  
 Aut ubi sub lucem densa inter nabilia sese  
 Diversi erumpens radij, aut ubi pallida surget  
 Tithoni croceum linquens Aurora cubile ;  
 Heu ! male tum mites defendet pampinus uvas :  
 Tam multa in tectis crepitans salit horrida grando.*

Above the rest, the Sun, who never lies,  
 Foretells the Change of *Weather* in the Skies :  
 For if he rise, unwilling to his Race,  
 Clouds on his Brow, and Spots upon his Face ; 590  
 Or if thro' Mists he shoots his sullen Beams,  
 Frugal of Light, in loose and straggling Streams :  
 Suspect a drizzling Day, with Southern Rain,  
 Fatal to Fruits, and Flocks, and promis'd Grain.  
 Or if *Aurora*, with half open'd Eyes, 595  
 And a pale sickly Cheek salute the Skies ;  
 How shall the Vine, with tender Leaves, defend  
 Her teeming Clusters when the Storms descend ?  
 When ridgy Roofs and Tiles can scarce avail  
 To barr the Ruin of the rattling Hail. 600.

But

But from *Olympus*, just as he slides down,  
 'Twould profit more to have observ'd the *Sun*.  
 Oft o'er his Face are diff'rent Colours spread ;  
 Thick *Rains* the *Azure*, *Winds* denotes the *Red* :  
 But intermingled if the Spots appear  
 With shining Flame, then Winds and Clouds prepare }  
 With equal Rage, an universal War :  
 That Night let none to venture on the Sea,  
 Or to untie the Cable, counsel me.  
 But if his Orb all lucid shines, and gay,  
 When forth he leads, and when he hides the Day,  
 Fear not the Storm : You'll see the Northern Breeze  
 Slide thro' the Grove, and gently move the Trees.

*Hoc etiam, emenso cum jam decedet Olympo,  
 Profuerit meminisse magis. Nam saepe videmus  
 Ipsius in vultu varios errare colores.  
 Cæruleus pluviæ denunciat, igneus euros.  
 Sin maculae incipient rutilo immiscerier igni ;  
 Omnia tunc pariter vento nimisque videbis  
 Fervere. Non illa quisquam me nocte per altum  
 Ire, neque a terra moneat convellere funem.  
 At si, cum referetque diem, condetque relatum,  
 Lucidus orbis erit, frustra terrebere nimbis,  
 Et clare silvas cernes aquilone moveri.*

But more than all, the Setting Sun survey,  
 When down the steep of Heav'n he drives the Day.  
 For oft we find him finishing his Race,  
 With various Colours erring on his Face;  
 If fiery red his glowing Globe descends, 605  
 High Winds and furious Tempests he portends :  
 But if his Cheeks are swoln with livid blue  
 He bodes wet Weather by his watry Hue :  
 If dusky Spots are vary'd on his Brow,  
 And, streak'd with red, a troubled Colour show, 610  
 That sullen Mixture shall at once declare  
 Winds, Rain, and Storms, and Elemental War.  
 What desp'rate Madman then wou'd venture o'er  
 The Frith, or haul his Cables from the Shoar ?  
 But if with purple Rays he brings the Light, 615  
 And a pure Heav'n resigns to quiet Night ;  
 No rising Winds, or falling Storms, are nigh :  
 But Northern Breezes through the Forest fly :  
 And drive the Rack, and purge the ruffled Sky.

Lastly ;

Lastly ; to what the Ev'ning is inclin'd,  
 From whence shall come the Cloud-dispelling Wind, }  
 And of the humid South the Secret Mind,  
 The Sun to you repeated Tokens gives ;  
 And who dares say that e'er the Sun deceives ?  
 He, even giddy Tumults oft declares,  
 And treach'rous Falshood, and audacious Wars :  
 He too, when CÆSAR fell, was touch'd for ROME  
 With tender Pity, and bewail'd her Doom :  
 In Rust obscure he veil'd his Beamy Light,  
 And th' impious Age fear'd an eternal Night :

*Denique, quid vesper serus vebat, unde serenas  
 Ventus agat nubes, quid cogitet humidus Auster,  
 Sol tibi signa dabit. Solem quis dicere falsum  
 Audeat ? ille etiam cacos instare tumultus  
 Sæpe monet, fraudemque et operta tumescere bella.  
 Ille etiam extincto miseratus Cæsare Romam,  
 Cum caput obscura nitidum ferrugine texit,  
 Impiaque aternam timuerunt sæcula noctem.*

Th' unerring Sun by certain Signs declares, 620  
 What the late Ev'n, or early Morn prepares :  
 And when the South projects a stormy Day,  
 And when the clearing North will puff the Clouds away.

The Sun reveals the Secrets of the Sky ;  
 And who dares give the Source of Light the Lye ? 625  
 The Change of Empires often he declares,  
 Fierce Tumults, hidden Treasons, open Wars.  
 He first the Fate of Cæsar did foretel,  
 And pity'd ROME when ROME in Cæsar fell.  
 In Iron Clouds conceal'd the Publick Light : 630  
 And impious Mortals fear'd Eternal Night.

Tho'

Tho' at that Time *Earth* too, and spacious *Seas*,  
 And *Dogs* obscene, and *Birds* the dire Decrees  
 Of Fate presag'd : How oft have we beheld  
 Fierce *Ætna* deluge the *Cyclopi*an Field,  
 Burst all her Furnaces, and melted Stone,  
 And Globes of Flame immense roll headlong down ?  
 A Noise of Arms, and Clashing of the War  
*Germania* heard, all round the frightened Air :  
 Then did the *Alps* with unknown Tremblings move ;  
 And doleful Cries ran thick thro' ev'ry Grove :  
 Ghosts, wondrous pale, in Dusk of Eve appear'd,  
 And Cattle ut'ring Humane Sounds were heard :  
 Streams, horrid ! stop ; Earth yawns ; with Tears all wet  
 Stand Iv'ry Shrines ; and Brass runs down with Sweat :

*Tempore quamquam illo tellus quoque et æquora ponti  
 Obscenæque canes, importunæque volucres  
 Signa dabant. Quoties Cyclopium effervere in agros  
 Vidimus undantem ruptis fornacibus Ætnam,  
 Flammærumque globos, liquefactaque volvere saxa !  
 Armorum sonitum toto Germania cælo  
 Audijt : Insolitis tremuerunt motibus Alpes.  
 Vox quoque per lucos volgo exaudita silentis  
 Ingens, et simulacra modis pallentia miris  
 Visa sub obscurum noctis, pecudesque locutæ,  
 Infandum ! Sistunt amnes, terræque debiscunt,  
 Et mæstum illacrimat templis ebur, æraque sudant.*

Nor was the Fact foretold by him alone :  
 Nature herself stood forth, and seconded the Sun.  
 Earth, Air and Seas, with Prodigies were sign'd,  
 And Birds obscene, and howling Dogs divin'd.  
 What Rocks did *Ætna's* bellowing Mouth expire  
 From her torn Entrails ! And what Floods of Fire !  
 What Clanks were heard, in German Skies afar  
 Of Arms and Armies, rushing to the War !  
 Dire Earthquakes rent the solid *Alps* below,  
 And from their Summits shook th' Eternal Snow.  
 Pale Specters in the close of Night were seen,  
 And Voices heard of more than Mortal Men.  
 In silent Groves, dumb Sheep and Oxen spoke,  
 And Streams ran backward, and their Beds forsook :  
 The yawning Earth disclos'd th' Abyss of Hell :  
 The weeping Statues did the Wars foretell ;  
 And Holy Sweat from Brazen Idols fell.

635

640

645

2  
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10



In furious Gulphs absorbs the whirling Woods  
 Imperial Po, the Sov'reign of the Floods :  
 And pouring onwards with resistless Sway,  
 Bears, with their ruin'd Stalls, the Herds away :  
 Nor were the Victims wanting to forebode  
 Impending Fate ; Or Wells to spring with Blood ;  
 Or Towns with hideous Howlings to resound,  
 Whilst grizly Wolves walk'd their Nocturnal Round :  
 Ne'er did such Lightning flash along the Sky,  
 Or baleful Comets blaze so thick on high :  
 For this, a second Time, *Philippi's* Field  
*Romans* engag'd in equal Arms beheld ;  
 And twice *Emathia* did just Heav'n think good,  
 And *Hæmus'* Wafts to fatten with our Blood :

*Proluit insano contorquens vortice silvas  
 Fluviorum rex Eridanus, camposque per omnis  
 Cum stabulis armenta tulit. Nec tempore eodem,  
 Tristibus aut exstis fibræ apparere minaces  
 Aut puteis manare cruor cessabit : Et alie  
 Per noctem resonare, lupis ululantibus, urbes.  
 Non alias cælo ceciderunt plura sereno  
 Fulgura : Nec diri toties arsere cometa.  
 Ergo inter sese paribus concurrere telis  
 Romanas acies iterum videre Philippi :  
 Nec fuit indignum superis bis sanguine nostro  
 Emathiam, et lætos Hæmi pinguescere campos.*

Then rising in his Might, the King of Floods  
 Rush'd thro' the Forests, tore the lofty Woods ; 650  
 And rowling onward, with a sweepy Sway,  
 Bore Houses, Herds, and lab'ring Hinds away.  
 Blood sprang from Wells, Wolves how'd in Towns by Night,  
 And boding Victims did the Priests affright.  
 Such Peals of Thunder never pour'd from high 655  
 Nor forked Lightnings flash'd from such a sullen Sky.  
 Red Meteors ran across th' Etherial Space ;  
 Stars disappear'd, and Comets took their Place.  
 For this th' *Emathian* Plains once more were strow'd  
 With *Roman* Bodies, and just Heav'n thought good 660  
 To fatten twice those Fields with *Roman* Blood.

Nay, and the Time will come, when lab'ring Swains  
Shall plough up rusty *Piles* within those Plains ;  
Or hollow *Casques* with clashing Harrows raise,  
And at huge Bones dug up, astonish'd gaze.

*Vesta*, and *Romulus*, ye Heav'nly Pow'rs,  
Who *Tuscan* Tyber guard, and *Roman* Tow'rs ;  
Stay not the Succour which we all implore,  
But let this *Touth* the sinking Age restore.  
Well may our Blood, which has so oft been spilt ;  
Wash out *Laomedon's* perjurious Guilt ;  
All Heaven, *Cæsar*, envy us thy Reign,  
And of your Triumphs upon Earth complain ;  
Where impious Mortals Right, and Wrong confound ;  
Wars rage ; and Vice in ev'ry Shape is crown'd :

*Scilicet et tempus veniet, cum finibus illis  
Agricola, incurvo terram molitus aratro,  
Exesa inveniet scabra rubigine pila :  
Aut gravibus rastrois galeas pulsabit inanis,  
Grandiaque effossis mirabitur ossa sepulchris.  
Di patrij Indigetes, et Romule, Vestaque mater,  
Quæ Tuscum Tiberim et Romana Palatia servas,  
Hunc saltem everso juvenem succurrere sæclo  
Ne prohibete. Satis jam pridem sanguine nostro  
Laomedontea luimus perjuria Troia  
Jam pridem nobis cæli te regia, Cæsar,  
Invidet atque hominum queritur curare triumphos,  
Quippe ubi fas versum atque nefas ; tot bella per orbem  
Tam multa scelerum facies : Non ullus aratro*

Then after Length of Time the lab'ring Swains,  
Who turn the Turfs of those unhappy Plains,  
Shall rusty Piles from the plough'd Furrows take  
And over empty Helmets pass the Rake. 669  
Amaz'd at Antick Titles on the Stones,  
And mighty Relicks of Gigantick Bones.

Ye home-born Deities of Mortal Birth !  
Thou Father *Romulus*, and Mother *Earth*,  
Goddeſs unmov'd ! whose Guardian Arms extend 670  
O'er *Tuscan* *Tiber's* Course, and *Roman* Tow'rs defend ;  
With youthful *Cæsar* your joint Pow'rs ingage,  
Nor hinder him to save the sinking Age.  
Oh ! let the Blood, already spilt, atone  
For the past Crimes of curst *Laomedon* ! 675  
Heav'n wants thee there ; and long the Gods we know  
Have grudg'd thee, *Cæsar*, to the World below :  
Where Fraud and Rapine, Right and Wrong confound ;  
Where impious Arms from ev'ry Part resound,  
And monstrous Crimes in ev'ry Shape are crown'd. 680

50 VIRGIL'S HUSBANDRY.

The Plains no Honour from the Plough receive ;  
 The ravish'd Hinds their Toils unfinish'd leave :  
 A ghastly Sight the squallid Field affords,  
 And bending Scythes are hammer'd into Swords :  
 Here moves *Euphrates*, fierce *Germania* there ;  
 Towns against Towns perfidious Arms prepare ;  
 Throughout the ruin'd World reigns impious War. }  
 As when the Carrs, swift pow'ring thro' the Race,  
 Encounter furious on the dusty Space :  
 The Charioteer is hurry'd o'er the Plain,  
 And headlong fly the Steeds, nor will they hear the Rein.

*Dignus bonos. Squalent abductis arva colonis,  
 Et curvæ rigidum falces constantur in enses.  
 Hinc movet Euphrates, illinc Germania bellum :  
 Vicinæ ruptis inter se legibus urbes  
 Arma ferunt. Sævis toto Mars impius orbe.  
 Ut cum carceribus sese effudere quadrigæ,  
 Addunt se in spatia, et frustra retinacula tendens  
 Fertur equis auriga, neque audit currus habenas.*

The peaceful Peasant to the Wars is prest ;  
 The Fields lye fallow in inglorious Rest :  
 The Plain no Pasture to the Flock affords,  
 The crooked Scythes are streightned into Swords :  
 And there *Euphrates* her soft Off-spring arms, } 685  
 And here the *Rhine* rebellows with Alarms :  
 The neighb'ring Cities range on sev'ral Sides,  
 Perfidious *Mars* long plighted Leagues divides, }  
 And o'er the wasted World in Triumph rides, } 690  
 So four fierce Coursers starting to the Race,  
 Scow'r through the Plain, and lengthen ev'ry Pace :  
 Nor Reins, nor Curbs, nor threatening Cries they fear  
 But force along the trembling Charioteer.





# NOTES.

The Reader will observe, that P. *Page* refers to the new Translation, L. *Line*, to Mr. *Dryden's*.

*Rueus* justly challenges a Seat amongst the most applauded Editors of the Classics, for the Service of the *Dauphin*; but it is not the *Georgic* which gives him this Rank. Here the Remarks are not so judicious as in the preceding or following Parts of the Learned Critic's Labours upon *VIRGIL*. I have already observed in the Preface, that there are two Errors in the two first Lines of his Interpretation; there is another which has not yet been taken Notice of, and that is the explaining *Hinc* by *Deinceps*, which quite destroys the Sence of the Poet. *Hinc* relates to what goes before, as if he had said, *ab his rebus incipiam scribere*, and not *deinceps scribam*; a Manner of speaking which was never seen in any *Exordium* whatever.

Mr. *Dryden* follows *Rueus* in almost every one of his Mistakes; for indeed his Translation is rather a Version of *Rueus's* Interpretation, than of *VIRGIL's* Poetry. The Obligation which the Learned World has to the French Writer, is, his having abstracted, generally with Judgment, most of the Commentators, and put the whole into a better Method than ever any one had done before him.

'Tis pleasant to see with what Forehead a late Writer of his Country assumes the Port of a very great Critick, chiefly upon the Strength of having turned the Notes of *Rueus* into his Mother Tongue. Those Remarks which are of that Writer's own Growth are, generally, the greatest Trifles imaginable. I beg the Reader's Patience as to one of 'em, which is under the first Page of his Translation of the *Georgics*: *Rueus* in his Edition has writ,

*Sit pecori, ATQUE apibus quanta experientia parvis.*

*Catrou* has left out *atque*; and the Note he makes upon this wonderful Emendation, which is to be found in twenty Editions before his Lucubrations appeared in the World, is as follows,

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follows, *J'ai corrigé*, &c. " I have corrected the Text in this Place, which was depraved by the scrupulous Exactness of the Grammarians. I have rescinded the Word *atque* after *pecori*.

By this single Passage we may frame a very right Judgment of this Writer, who, I am mighty apt to think, is not only a *Frenchman*, and of the *Society of Jesus*, but likewise a *Native of Gascony*.

P. 1. Hence, will I try to raise the vent'rous Song.]

I think this Translation to be sufficiently justify'd, as to so much of it as is not directly in the Original Text, by what follows in the Invocation,

——— *Audacibus annue captis,* —— p. 5.

P. 2. This Invocation has been found Fault with for it's Length: Indeed a long Invocation before an Epic Poem, when our Expectation is raised to something sublime in the Subject it self, would be justly blameable; but on this Occasion where the Subject was supposed to be mean and low, the contrary was necessary; and I believe they that first saw this Piece which begun

*Quid faciat letas segetes,* ——

were very much surpris'd to find forty three such Lines before they came to

*Vere novo* ——

L. 7. Ye Deities! who Fields and Plains protect,  
Who rule the Seasons, and the Year direct.]

This Passage, which, in the Original, is only applicable to the Sun and Moon, Mr. Dryden, for the Sake of his Metre, has interpreted at large of all the Deities that preside over Country Affairs. He begins where *VIRGIL* ends.

*Dique deaque omnes, studium quibus arva tueri.*

And by this Means he is forced into a disagreeable Tautology in his Translation, as the Reader will see by comparing the Lines above with Lines 26, 27, in this Invocation.

Several Commentators have made a Difficulty in the Original, by joining *Vos O clarissima mundi*, &c. with *Liber & alma Ceres*, as if they were called the brightest Lights of the World; and thus indeed it is no easy matter to under-  
stand

## N O T E S.

stand the Poet; but his Sense seems to be very plain without this forced Construction. *VIRGIL* begins with invoking the *Sun* and *Mom*, because they, says he, *govern the Year*, that is, give favourable Seasons.

Then he goes on to *Bacchus* and *Ceres*, because they, says he, *taught the Earth how to produce Corn and the Vine*; and then he proceeds to the Tutelar Deities of the Husbandman, &c.

Nothing can be more intelligible than this in the Original, and I wish this were the only Passage which the Commentators have obscured by their Expositions.

L. 25. *And thou, whose Hands the shrowd-like Cypress rear.*]

'Tis very strange that Mr. *Dryden* should make *VIRGIL* talk of Shrowds; and yet this Expression he has repeated, I think, three or four times in the *Georgics*.

P. 3. *You, who the Bloom of Seedless Fruits sustain,  
And you, who on the Sown send down the kindly Rain:*]

The Learned differ very much whether we ought to read *non ullo semine*, or *nonnullo semine*: I must confess, I am not able to determine which is preferable to the other; and therefore the Translation might as well have been, in my Opinion,

*You, who the Fruits from genuine Seed sustain,  
And you, who on the Sown send down the kindly Rain:*

P. 5. *Begin your Reign, and hear ev'n now our Pray'rs.*

I have interpreted this Passage differently from all the Commentators. *Rueus* substitutes *viam*; but this makes the Sense very low, or rather no Sense at all.

The Interpretation I have given it, seems to be justify'd by considering that this is the Summing up, or Conclusion of the whole Invocation: After having called upon the other Deities, he comes at last to *Augustus*, to whom Divine Honours had been decreed, and therefore he says to him, *Ingrederis*, i. e. Enter upon your Cæstrial Charge, and accustom your self to the First Honours that are paid to Divine Beings, which is *voctis vocari*.

## N O T E S.

- L. 72. That Crop rewards the greedy Peasant's Pain,  
*Which twice the Sun, and twice the Cold sustains,*  
*And bursts the crowded Barns, with more than pro-*  
*mis'd Grains.* }

Here Mr. Dryden again interprets *Seget* the Crop: But this Place cannot admit of any Dispute, for there is no Crop that stands two Winters, and two Summers. *Ruens*, who found the Difficulty of the Passage, has recourse, in his Interpretation, to the same Word, and explains *Seget* by *Seget*, but in his Note, he makes a great deal of Confusion, and sometimes speaks of the Ground, and sometimes of the Corn sown in the Ground. The Passage in it self has no Difficulty at all in it, and means neither more nor less than only that a Field which has lain still *two* Years together, instead of *one*, (which last is the Common Method) will bear a much greater Crop.

- L. 90. Epirus for th' Elæan Chariot breeds  
*(In hopes of Palms,) a Race of running Steeds.]*

Mr. Dryden would not have pardoned such Poetry as this in *Ogilby*.

Epirus breeds  
*A Race of Running Steeds.*

The next Couplet is much of the same Strength.

*This is th' Original Contract; these the Laws*  
*Imposed by Nature, and by Nature's Cause,]*

The *Original Contract* is a very unpoetical Expression, and *imposed by Nature* is by no Means right; for *VIRGIL* makes Nature here very active; but what follows, *and by Nature's Cause*, is merely expletive.

- L. 103. Left wicked Weeds the Corn shou'd over-run  
*In watry Soils; or left the barren Sand*  
*Shou'd suck the Moisture from the thirsty Land.]*

These are some of the Lines that any one who understands the Original must have no little Patience to be able to read.

*Illic, officiant latis ne frugibus herba:*  
*hic, Sterilem exiguus no deserat humor arenam*

## NOTES.

**VIRGIL** had spoke of the Seasons of ploughing strong heavy Ground, and light Ground. The first, says he, must be plough'd early in the Spring, and lie all Summer, and the other lightly in Autumn, or else the strong Ground will run all to Weeds, and the light Ground will have all its Juices exhausted. Instead of this, Mr. Dryden talks of *wicked Weeds in watry Soils*, and of *Sand sucking the Moisture from the thirsty Land*. All which is perfect Jargon: And in the same manner Mr. Dryden goes on

*Both these unhappy Soils the Swain forbears  
And keeps a Sabbath of alternate Years.]*

*Alternis idem terras cessare novalis,  
Et segetem patiére sita duroscere campum.*

**VIRGIL**, after speaking of the Manner of ploughing whole or unbroken Ground, both heavy and light, goes on to declare how Ground in *common Tillage* shou'd be manag'd; and what he says of this Third sort Mr. Dryden applies to the Two former. *Rurus* wou'd have set him right, but the Lines running very well, Mr. Dryden in all Probability would not make them Sence, for that might have spoil'd the Metre in some measure, without more Pains than Mr. Dryden was willing to take: And the two last Lines in this Page, in my Opinion, are not to be accounted for in any other Manner.

*Thus Change of Seeds for meagre Soils is best;  
And Earth manur'd not idle, though at Rest.]*

**L. 123.** Long Practice has a sure Improvement found,  
With kindled Fires to burn the barren Ground;  
When the light Stubble to the Flames resign'd,  
Is driv'n along, and crackles in the Wind.

*Sæpe etiam sterilis incendere profuit agros,  
Atque levem stipulam crepitantibus urere flammis:*

**VIRGIL** speaks of two different Things, of burning the Soil it self before the Ground is plough'd, and of burning the Stubble after the Corn is taken off from arable Land. Mr. Dryden confounds both together.



## NOTES.

L. 139. ——— Nor Ceres from on high  
Regards his Labours with a grudging Eye ; ]

————— neque illum  
*Flava Ceres alto nequicquam spectat Olympo,  
Et qui, proscisso qua suscitât aquore terga,  
Rursus in obliquum verso perrumpit aratro,  
Exercetque frequens tellurem, atque imperat arvis.*

*Ruans*, and after him Mr. *Dryden*, apply this Passage to what goes before ; but *VIRGIL* means it only of what follows, namely, *Cross Ploughing*. What the Poet speaks of here retains the *Roman* Name to this Day, in many Parts of *England*, and is called *Sowing upon the Back*, that is, *Sowing stiff Ground after once Ploughing*. Now, says *VIRGIL*, He that draws a Harrow, or a Hurdle, over his Ground, before he sows it, *multum juvat arva* ; for this fills up the Chinks, which otherwise wou'd bury all the Corn : But then, says he, *Ceres* always looks kindly upon him who ploughs his Ground cross again, and then exercises it frequently ; that is, often repeats the Labour of Ploughing. What made *Ruans* and others mistake this Place, is, that they did not observe that *Et qui, proscisso, &c.* must be constru'd *qui & perrumpit, & exercet, & imperat*.

I cannot help observing that this Passage is extremely fine.

————— *proscisso qua suscitât aquore terga*

is the very Thing itself. All the Furrows look like so many Backs rais'd up : And the two following Lines are as expressive as 'tis possible for Words to make them.

L. 150. Hence Mysia boasts her Harvests, and the Tops  
Of Gargarus admire their happy Crops. ]

I shall not observe here that Mr. *Dryden* mistakes the Sence of the Original ; but I cannot help taking Notice how wide this Versification is from a majestic Style.

————— and the Tops  
Of Gargarus admire their happy Crops.

Is it possible any Thing can be worse rhim'd Prose than these two Lines ?

L. 151. When

## N O T E S.

L. 151. *When first the Soil receives the fruitful Seed,  
Make no Delay but cover it with Speed:]*

These two Lines are entirely of Mr. Dryden's own Fashion. I can't imagine how a Writer, so much us'd to Poetry, should be altogether insensible of what makes the great Beauty of this surprizing Work before us. Take from *VIRGIL* his Figures, and you take the Club from *Hercules*. The Figure that *VIRGIL* uses here, he uses in every Book of the *Georgics*, and 'tis the most necessary of any in Pieces of this Nature, because it flings the Stile out of the Didactic Trot, (if I may use such an Expression) which Mr. Dryden jogs on with to the End of the Stage.

L. 187. *Himself invented first the shining Share.]*

'Tis strange Mr. Dryden should make so great a Mistake as this, when a few Lines following he says

*First Ceres taught the Ground with Grain to sow,  
And arm'd with Iron Shares the crooked Plough; l. 219.]*

What *VIRGIL* means here he explains more fully afterwards.

————— *primusque per artem*  
*Mouit agros* —————

signifies he made it necessary to stir the Ground because he fill'd it with Weeds, and obliged Men to find out Ways to destroy them. *Ceres* help'd them to the Plough out of Compassion. The following Line

*Himself did Handicrafts and Arts ordain,*

is exceeding mean. What a sad Figure the Word *Handicrafts* makes in Sublime Poetry! Nay, in the most Sublime Poetry even of *VIRGIL* himself, as Mr. Dryden affirms.

L. 207. *Then first on Seas the hollow'd Alder swam;]*

Mr. Dryden is the First, one would think, that ever made any Body go to Sea in Hollow Trees. *VIRGIL* says, Men first began to go upon small Streams in such Boats; but Mr. Dryden was led into this Mistake by Mr. May, who falls into the Error for Rhyme Sake. That Mr. Dryden had Mr. May before him, is plain, because this Line

*The Pleiads, Hyads, and the Northern Car*

is entirely from Mr. May.

L. 211.

## N O T E S.

L. 211. *Then Toils for Beasts, and Lime for Birds were found,*]

I cannot see how any Expression can be more absurd than this,

*Then Lime for Birds were found.*

Bird-lime, connected, is intelligible, but, disjoyn'd, it raises a different Idea.

The Poet's Description is very fine, and very different from Mr. Dryden's.

————— *et fallere visco*  
*Inventum* ; —————

What follows

*Atque alius latum funda jam verberat amnem,*  
*Altra petens: pelagoque alius trahit humida lina.*

cannot be too much admir'd. *Verberat amnem* is wonderfully descriptive of the *Casting-Net*; and the *Sea-fishing* is as finely painted; for in this Business the Lines are so long, by Reason of the Depth of the Water, that the Fisherman's Employment seems to be nothing else but

————— *trahit humida lina.*

P. 16. *And slowly roll'd along the pond'rous Wain* ]

In this Line the Metre of *Virgil* is endeavour'd after.

*Tardaque Eleusina matris volventis plaustra.*

This is not the first Line in this Book of this Kind; but I do not pretend to take Notice of them all:

The Reader cannot but observe how slow *Eleusina* makes the Verse move, and how like the Motion of a Waggon.

P. 17. *Stivaque, quæ cursus a tergo torqueat imos,* ]

I do not know whether any Edition justifies the Alteration I have made in this Line, of *Currus* to *Cursus*. The Reason of my doing it is because *Cursus* is intelligible, and explains the Use of the Handle, or Plough-Staff.

*Cursus*

## N O T E S.

———— *curfus torquent imos,*

The Handle serves to keep the Plough up, which otherwise would run down too deep in the Ground. Mr. Dryden finding this Passage difficult to explain, has left it quite out of his Translation. All that the Commentators have said concerning *currus*, in this Place, is very perplext.

L. 280. *Some steep their Seed, and some in Cauldrons boil.*]

Mr. Dryden must have been very little acquainted with the Subject he wrote of, to imagine any Seed could grow after it had been boiled; but Mr. May led him into this Mistake, beyond all Dispute; for he has the same Expression.

L. 302. *Linseed and fruitful Poppy bury warm  
In a dry Season, and prevent the Storm.*]

These two Lines are another strange Example of Mr. Dryden's Poverty of Style in this Book. No Translation can possibly fall lower than this does from the Majesty of the Original. I shall take the Liberty to observe in this Place, that the Learned World is more obliged to *Pierius* for his great Pains in comparing the several Manuscripts, and giving us their various Readings, than to all the Commentators together.

This Passage, like many others in the common Editions, is perfectly unintelligible; for *Virgil* had long since done with Ploughing, and therefore *incumbere aratri* leaves the Reader exceedingly in the dark; but *Pierius* tells us in other Manuscripts, he had read *Rastris*; and this Alteration leaves no Doubt.

L. 304. *Sow Beans and Clover in a rotten Soil,  
And Millet rising from your Annual Toil;*]

These two mean Lines are taken almost entirely from Mr. May, only that Mr. Dryden has omitted the principal Word, *Vere*, which Mr. May does not. The Apostrophe, which is so remarkable, I wonder Mr. Dryden should take no Notice of! As to his translating *Medica*; *Clover*, that is, in some measure pardonable. I have endeavoured to express the Latin Name by a Circumlocution, because we have no proper Term for this Plant. 'Tis called *Medica*, the *Scriptores de re Rustica*, tell us, *quia a Media translata*. 'Tis very observable how artfully the Poet describes the Duration of this Grass, which is said to last 20 or 30 Years. This he does by immediately mentioning *Millet*, with this Description, *annua cura*.

## N O T E S.

L. 311. *And the bright Gnosian Diadem downward bend: ]*

Mr. Dryden in this Place, and in many others hereafter, discovers his little Knowledge of the lowest Degree of Astronomy. *Ariadne's* Crown does not bend downward at the Time *VIRGIL* mentions, but rises with the Sun; and as the Sun's Great Light soon makes that Star imperceptible, this *VIRGIL* very poetically describes by

*Gnosiaque ardentis decedat stella Coronæ,*

L. 316. *Vile Vetches wou'd you sow, or Lentils lean,  
The Growth of Egypt, or the Kidney-bean: ]*

I begin to be very much tir'd with taking Notice of such sort of Verse as this is; but less Patience is requir'd in the Reader than the Writer.

P. 23. *For this, his Orb the World's Great Light divides,  
And by twelve Stars his certain Passage guides: ]*

This Passage not one of the Commentators or Translators has understood. I shall not take up the Reader's Time with their Interpretations, but put down the Words in such a Construction as makes this Passage intelligible.

*Idcirco sol avreus mundi* (as in the Beginning of this Book, *clarissima mundi Lumina*) *regit orbem* (suum) *dimensum certis partibus, per duodena Astra.*

Mr. Dryden's Translation of this Place is borrow'd almost entirely from Mr. May.

L. 320. *For this, through twelve bright Signs Apollo guides  
The Year, and Earth in several Climes divides. ]*

To understand this Place right, we must consider how it is connected with what goes before. The Poet had mention'd several Stars and Planets, by which he says the Husband-man may know when to plough such and such Lands, and when to sow such and such Grounds: But why, says he, do I mention these Stars and Planets only? the Sun himself, for this Purpose, *Idcirco*, namely, that the Husband-man may know how to govern his Business, divides his Course into Twelve certain Parts, which is of great Use to the Husbandman: But to represent the Sun as dividing the Earth into several Climes, is of no Use at all to the Farmer, whose Affairs extend no farther than his own Clime.

L. 327.

## NOTES.

**L. 327. Two habitable Seats for Humane Kind: ]**

The greatest Beauty of this Passage, *agris mortalibus*, Mr. Dryden has totally neglected.

**P. 24. [*Arctos Oceani metuentis equore tingui.*]**

I beg leave to suppose that this Line cannot be of VIRGIL's Writing but that it is slid into the Text from the Marginal Note of some Grammarian or other. There is such a Jingle betwixt *oceani* and *tingui*, and the Sence, if any Sence at all can be affix to it, is so forc'd, that it seems to me not in any wise to belong to the Author of the *Georgics*.

**P. 24. There, as they say, Or rests the soft, still Night,  
And Shades for ever thick'ning veil the Light: ]**

*Illic, at perhibent, aut intempesta silet nox :*

*Semper et obstanta densantur nocte tenebrae :*

These two Lines are designed to express *Dead Silence* and *palpable Darknes*. The Reader cannot but observe how the first Verse dies away in the Metre, and the Second is wove closer with thickning Letters than any other Line in the Latin Language that I can recollect.

**P. 25. And when with Oars to cut the shining Way,  
And backwards drive a Length of faithless Sea; ]**

*Et quando infidum remis impellere marmor*

*Conveniat : —————*

The Latin is a most beautiful Description of Nature. When a Boat is row'd with great Strength, the Water that is drove backward appears in a long Trail. Mr. Dryden has entirely omitted this Passage.

**L. 346. Or when to fell the Furzes; when 'tis meet**

*To spread the flying Canvass for the Fleet. ]*

*Furzes*, I suppose, must needs be a Fault of the Printer; but *when 'tis meet*, can only be charg'd to the Account of the Translator. 'Tis surprizing that he shou'd use such exceeding mean Language as this is! And so in the following Page, the *lab'ring Husband* for *Husband-man*. And again, the Work is *buddled*, l. 353. Wou'd any one imagine, that Mr Dryden had said, *That if ever he had imitated VIRGIL's majestick stile, it is here?*

## NOTES.

L. 400. And thrash it out, and winnow it by Day, ]

Mr. Dryden thoroughly mistakes this Passage,

*At rubicunda Ceres medio succingitur aestu,  
Et medio tostas aestu terit area fruges.*

The Romans did not thrash or winnow their Corn. In the Heat of the Day, as soon as it was reap'd, they laid it upon a Floor made on Purpose in the Middle of the Field, and then they drove Horses or Mules round about it till they trod all the Grain out. This they still practise in Italy, and the Southern Parts of France. This gives the Meaning of *aestu tostas medio terit area fruges*. Several Copies have *succinditur*, but it is a very improper Expression to say Corn is hew'd down: But *Ceres* represented by a Sheaf of Corn is very poetically said to be Girt, or Bound.

L. 427. Even when the Farmer now secure of Fear. ]

I must confess I cannot comprehend what this Expression *Secure of Fear* means; it is evidently inserted for the Rhime Sake; for there is nothing leading to it in the Latin.

P. 32. ————— So would a Tempest bear

*Or Chaff, or empty Straw, and whirl it thro' the Air.]*

————— *Ita turbine nigro, &c.* This Passage, which is plainly a Simile, Mr. Dryden, after *Rueur*, confounds with what goes before, and destroys the Sence of the Place. *VIRGIL* says he had seen a violent Storm, when all the Winds engag'd together, pull up the Standing-Corn by the Roots, and drive it away, just as a Whirlwind at another Time would blow away Chaff, or Light Straw.

Mr. May understands this Passage in the same Manner as I have translated it.

*No otherwise than when black Whirlwinds rise  
And toss dry Straw and Stubble to the Skies.*

L. 450. And flying Beasts in Forrests seek Abode:

What a Description is here of Beasts flying to Covert in a Thunder-Storm? — in Forrests seek abode. The Latin is as quick and sudden as their Flight. *Fugere ferae*, they are all vanish'd in an Instant. But in Mr. Dryden's Translation, one would imagine these Creatures were drove out of some inclos'd Country, and were searching for Entertainment in the next Forrest.

The

## N O T E S.

### The Majesty of this Line

*Aut Atho, aut Rhodopen, aut alta Ceraunia telo*

Mr. Dryden has not endeavour'd to imitate, tho' it is so very evident *VIRGIL* endeavours by the Choice of his Words to make the Line *thunder* as much as it was possible. Most of the Editions have *plangunt*; but it is to *Pierius* that we are oblig'd for a better Reading *plangit*. This carries on the Image to the End; and if masterly Painting is to be met with in any poetical Work, it is here: *Jupiter* is represented in this Place first stretching his Arm all on Fire out of a dark Cloud, then beating down the Tops of the Mountains with his Bolts; and lastly, holding the Winds and the Rains in his Hands like a Rod, and lashing with it the Woods and the Seas. Beasts flying, and Men prostrate on the Ground, contribute to finish the Horror of this Piece. There are others as pleasing; especially that of the Morning in the 24th Page, *Aut redit a nobis Aurora*—— which I have not taken any Notice of, nor of many others, because it wou'd take up more Time than I can afford.

P. 34. *But, above all, the Heav'nly Powers adore;]*

'Tis worthy Observation how artfully the Poet has introduced a Sacrifice into every one of his *Georgics*. The first is in this Place, to *Ceres*. The Second is in the next Book, to *Bacchus*. In the Third he mentions the unsuccessful Sacrifice during the Pestilence: And the fourth Book ends with a Sacrifice.

P. 36. *Or a harsh Craff is heard throughout the Wood;]*

*Aridus audiri fragor;*

And

*Litora misceri, et nemorum increbrescere murmur.*

Can any one imagine that all these R's came into these Lines by Chance?

P. 40. *Nor from less certain Signs the Swain descries  
Unshow'ry Suns, and bright expanded Skies;]*

*Nec minus eximbris soles et aperta serena*

This is a remarkable Passage, to shew how much Care *VIRGIL* took to sling his Diction out of the vulgar Style. The common Editions have *ex imbri*, which makes the Passage



## N O T E S.

sage neither Sence nor Grammar. *Pierius* tells us, he has read *eximbras soles*; but as this sounds very rough to the Ear, I take the Liberty to write *eximbris*, agreeably to the ancient Way of Writing. *Aparta serena* has been taken Notice of by several Persons already.

L. 562. Not that I think their Breasts with Heav'nly Souls  
Inspir'd, as Man, who Destiny controuls.]

I cannot suppose there is any Body will undertake to make Sence of this last Line.

————— *As Man, who Destiny controuls.*

This Passage in the Original,

————— *rerum fato prudentia major*

has given a great deal of Employment to the Commentators. They all join *fato* with *major* in the Construction; but they might as well have ranged the Words otherwise, *Aut major prudentia rerum fato*, i. e. *in fato*, or *in futuro*, which is the same Thing.

L. 585. Are void of Tempests, both by Land and Sea,]

————— *pluvia ventisque carebunt.*

This is another of Mr. Dryden's Imitations of *VIRGIL*'s majestic Style in his first *Georgic*; and it is very properly followed by this Couplet.

*Above the rest the Sun, who never lies,  
Foretells the Change of Weather in the Skies;*

*Who never lies*, is very majestic; and so is the *Change of Weather*. Who could think these Lines were intended for a Translation of

*Sol quoque & exoriet, & cum se condet in umbras  
Signa dabit. Solem certissima signa sequuntur,*

L. 613. What desp'rate Madman then would venture o'er,  
The Frith, or haul his Cables from the Shoar?]

How Mr. Dryden has mended Mr. May's Lines in this Place, I shall leave the Reader to determine.

————— *venture*

## NOTES.

——— venture o'er  
The Seas, or loose my Cables from the Shore.

*Alum*, seems to me to be better translated *Seas* than *Frith*.

L. 628. *He first the Fate of Cæsar did foretel,  
And pity'd Rome, when Rome in Cæsar fell.*

The first Line is quite wrong. *VIRGIL* does not say the Sun foretold the Death of *Cæsar*; but that the Sun foretold the Miseries that would fall upon the *Romans*, for having put him to Death.

*And pity'd Rome, when Rome in Cæsar fell.*

This is one of Mr. *Dryden*'s smooth Lines, that falls very short of the Majesty of *VIRGIL*'s Sence.

L. 644.—dumb Sheep and Oxen spoke,]  
——— *pecudesque locuta*

Sheep may be properly said to be *dumb*. But why they should be said to have been *dumb*, when they spoke in a miraculous Manner, I cannot apprehend. *VIRGIL* uses no such Epithet.

P. 50. *As when the Carrs, swift pow'ring thro' the Race,]*

Mr. *Dryden* pleases himself with a Discovery which, he says, he has made of a Compliment to *Augustus* in the three last Lines of this Georgic. 'He supposes *VIRGIL*, in this Place, endeavours to excuse the Crimes committed by his Patron during the Civil War, as if he were constrained against his own Temper to those violent Proceedings, by the Necessity of the Times in general, but more particularly by his two Partners *Anthony*, and *Lepidus*. They were the headstrong Horses, who hurry'd *Octavius*, the trembling Charioteer, along, and were deaf to his reclaiming them. I understand this Passage in a manner quite different from Mr. *Dryden*. I take these three last Lines to be only a Simile illustrating what the Poet had been treating of before. He represents several Countries, Towns and Nations, nay, the whole World, in as great a Confusion thro' the Rage of War, as the Chariots in the Race, when the Horses get the better of the Drivers, and run foul of one another. Now the Universe being in this Disorder, and *VIRGIL* having before prayed to the Gods to suffer this young Man to remain on Earth to restore the ruined World, the Compliment to *Augustus* lies in representing Him as the only Person that could give Peace to all Mankind, that is in other Words, who deserved the universal Monarchy of the Earth.

## F I N I S.

1. The first part of the document discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records of all transactions and activities. It emphasizes that proper record-keeping is essential for transparency and accountability, particularly in financial matters. The text outlines various methods for organizing and storing data, including digital databases and physical filing systems. It also mentions the need for regular audits and reviews to ensure the integrity of the information.

2. The second section focuses on the role of communication in the organization. It highlights the importance of clear and concise communication channels, both internally and externally. The text suggests implementing regular meetings and reports to keep all stakeholders informed and engaged. It also discusses the benefits of using technology to facilitate communication, such as email, instant messaging, and video conferencing.

3. The third part of the document addresses the issue of resource management. It stresses the need to allocate resources effectively and efficiently, ensuring that all projects and tasks have the necessary support. The text provides guidelines for prioritizing tasks and managing budgets, as well as strategies for identifying and addressing potential resource shortages. It also mentions the importance of training and development to ensure that the workforce is equipped with the skills needed to perform their duties.

4. The final section discusses the importance of compliance with relevant laws and regulations. It emphasizes that the organization must stay up-to-date with the latest legal requirements and ensure that all operations are conducted in accordance with the law. The text outlines the steps for conducting regular compliance checks and implementing measures to prevent violations. It also mentions the importance of maintaining a strong ethical culture within the organization to support compliance efforts.

VIRGIL's *Husbandry*,  
OR AN  
ESSAY  
ON THE  
GEORGICS:

Being the SECOND BOOK  
Translated into ENGLISH VERSE.

To which are added  
The *Latin* Text, and Mr. *Dryden's* Version.  
With NOTES Critical, and Rustick.

---

*Instruct the list'ning World how MARO Sings  
Of Useful Subjects, and of Lofly Things.*

*Of common. Essay on Translat. Verse.*

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# THE P R E F A C E.



HERE are few Ways of spending one's Time more idly than in finding Faults in the Labours of other People; especially of any one that has acquir'd a general Reputation: Neither is there any thing more invidious than such an Undertaking, for Reasons too obvious to be mention'd. If ever this tedious

Task is set about with any sort of Satisfaction, it must be when a third Person is concern'd in the Dispute, and where the only Aim is to do Justice to the Injur'd.

That this is the present Case I need not make use of many Words to demonstrate; because the Thing will shew itself.

Whatever Respect may be due to Mr. *Dryden's* Name as a Poet, certainly as much may be allow'd to *VIRGIL's*. The Latter has been a *common Cause* amongst Writers for many Ages, and in all probability will ever remain so: Therefore to appear in it at any Time does not argue any great Singularity of Temper.

How the celebrated Translator has copied the Originals in the *Bucolics*, and in the *Æneid*, will not be brought into this Inquiry, which is confin'd entirely to the *Georgics*. And with Relation to this Piece, I believe it may be affirm'd, without the least Aggravation, that no Author ever did greater Injustice to another in every respect possible, than the *English* Poet has done the *Roman* on this Occasion. Before I come to Particulars on this Subject, I shall take

A

Notice

Notice in general, that there were two Things which ought to have prevented Mr. *Dryden* from touching upon this Part of *Virgil*, for any Consideration whatever. One was his perfect Ignorance of the Subject which *Virgil* treats of; And the other, the distinguishing Purity of this Piece, which may be justly stil'd the *chastest* Poem of the *chastest* Poet: Now it is but too visible that the Translator's Fancy, or Genius, or Temper of Mind, call it as we will, was so unalterably bent to Wantonness, that he was utterly incapable of entring in any Manner into the Sense or Ideas of his Author, almost throughout the whole Work. It is very probable Mr. *Dryden* undertook the *Georgic* only *par maniere d'acquit*, as he is pleas'd to say he writ his Notes on *Virgil*: But one would have thought nothing should have induc'd him to have hurt his Master, much less his Father, as he is stil'd, in his most tender Part. Mr. *Dryden* Observes in one of his Prefaces, that the *Georgic* was what *Virgil* most valued himself upon; but little did Mr. *Dryden* perceive what it was that gave *Virgil* such an Opinion of it: And indeed there is no Piece amongst all the Remains of Antiquity that is so little understood as this, and therefore it may not be improper to say something of the Original, before any thing more is said of Mr. *Dryden*'s, or of any other Translation.

The *Georgics*, in every Age, have been the Subject of Admiration and Applause amongst the Learned; all the Ornaments of Rhetoric have been often made use of in order to do them Justice; but the highest Compliment that ever was made, or ever could be made to this wonderful Performance, was by *VIRGIL* himself, who intended to have sacrificed his *ÆNEID* to it; what an Idea must this raise in us of the Excellency of that Work which made its Author judge the *ÆNEID* not worthy of the Light, after the other had appear'd!

This Circumstance is so surprizing that it almost prevents us from continuing our Reflections on so extraordinary a Subject. However, difficult as it is, this must be done before we can discover what this great Poet judg'd the highest Perfection of Poetry. Such an Inquiry cannot be made  
but

## The P R E F A C E. iii

but by taking a View of each of these Poems separately. When it appears what the Plan of each is, what it tends to, and the Manner by which it is carry'd on, we shall be able to compare them together, and to judge why their Author prefer'd the one so highly before the other.

The *Georgic* has for its Subject the plainest and most common Things, but at the same Time the most useful to Mankind. The Earth, Trees, Cattle, Plants, Birds, Insects, and all the Varieties of Nature. The Poet, who was thoroughly acquainted with her, was not ignorant that many of those things, as they came out of her Hands, wanted that Life and Spirit which are so necessary to Poetry; and therefore to supply this Defect, he undertakes to give them a new Form, and to raise up, as it were, another Creation to answer his Purpose. To this End he endows even the Earth, as well as Vegetables, with Sense and Passions, and the lowest Degree of animal Being with Reason, and Arts, and Policy. By this Means, whilst he exalts the meanest Part of the visible Creation, he paints the Superior to the Life. Whence it follows, that at the same Time that the Reader is instructed in the most necessary Knowledge for the Subsistence of his Being, his Mind is furnish'd with all the Improvements of Arts and Sciences. These the Poet has wonderfully wove into his main Design, and at the same Time displays every Species of the Excellency of Poetry. The justest Commendations are bestow'd upon true Merit, and the finest Satyr is pointed against Vanity and Extravagance: Oratory and Rhetoric appear in their utmost Splendor: Industry, Sobriety, Desire of Glory, the Love of one's Country, and a religious Frame of Mind, are inculcated with the most prevailing Arguments: To all which I shall add but one thing more, which is, that the Foundation of the whole is TRUTH.

The *Aeneis*, strictly speaking, cannot be look'd upon as any thing else but a meer Fable, set off with the Decorations of a noble Fancy, and intended to compliment *Augustus Caesar* with a Descent from *Aeneas*. Besides *Augustus*, this Poem celebrates only the *Roman* People, tho' it must not be conceal'd that several of the most worthy of them, with



#### iv. The P R E F A C E.

regard to their Country, are pass'd over in Silence. The finest Ornaments of Fiction are employ'd in this Work, and the Machinery of the Deities is introduced to the greatest Advantage.

These rough Sketches, in which the principal Out-Lines of both these Pieces are drawn, may serve to assist us in forming a Judgment where the Deference is due.

If we consider the different Subjects, One has the Advantage of Nature or Truth, over Invention or Fable, which is no inconsiderable Circumstance; for the Mind of Man is so form'd, that where Truth appears in its native Charms, it never fails of pleasing. If we weigh the Extensiveness of these Subjects, and the Utility resulting from them, what Comparison can be made betwixt the most necessary Science to the whole Species of Mankind, and a Compliment to a Prince, or One People at most? Then as to the Arts of Poetry, how much greater Ability is required to produce simple Nature in all her Beauty, than to range the wide Fields of Imagination to furnish out an entertaining Amusement! 'Tis true, that Fiction well laid, and confin'd to the Service of Virtue, is no easy Task; but an Appeal to Truth and Nature throughout all Ages of Mankind, was the most daring Enterprize that could be undertook: 'Tis upon the latter that *Virgil* laid the Foundations of his Immortality; This shews the vast Spirit of the *Man*, and the Spirit of the *Poet* discovers itself by the Regard which he evidenc'd for Poetry in the Sacrifice that he would have made of so fine a Work as the *ÆNEID*, to that kind of Poetry which he judg'd the most glorious, and which is undoubtedly the most ancient; for in what Service Numbers were originally employ'd, Mr. *Dryden* has admirably shewn.

*Whether the fruitful Nile or Tyrian Shore,  
The Seeds of Arts and infant Science bore,  
'Tis sure the noble Plant translated first  
Advanc'd its Head in Græcian Gardens nurs'd.  
The Græcians added Verse, their tuneful Tongue  
Made NATURE first, and NATURE'S GOD their SONG;*

'Tis

# The P R E F A C E.

v

'Tis in this Sort of Poetry that *Virgil* justly triumphs, when he celebrates the Glory of having brought the *Muses* from *Greece*: and as he was of all Men the most grateful, he bestows due Honours upon those who had made use of their Divine Talents in chalking out the Way before him, as *Orpheus*, *Theocritus*, *Hesiod* and *Musæus*. But as his profound Silence casts the highest Contempt upon *Homer*, it is reasonable to imagine that *Virgil* look'd upon him as having perverted the Science of which he was so great a Master, and debased Poetry by his vain Fictions. The *Georgic* seems to have several Marks of Indignation peculiarly levell'd at that *Grecian* Poet. There it is that *Virgil* labours hard to turn Poetry into its proper Channel, from whence *Homer* had diverted it. And there it is that *Virgil* spirits the irrational, and animates the lifeless Creation, to instruct Mankind in Reason and Virtue, whilst *Homer* brings down the Deities themselves to countenance all manner of Folly and Extravagance. But *Virgil* could not but apprehend that if ever his *Aeneis* appear'd, the *Romans* in the first Place, and the generality of Mankind ever after, would overlook his chief Labour, and that his *Georgics* would be eclipsed by the glaring Light of that Poem, whilst he himself at the same Time would seem to rival *Homer* in a Sort of Poetry in which he had no Ambition to excel; for as Mr. *Dryden* has observ'd, *Virgil* censures himself in one of his Letters to *Augustus* for meddling with Heroics, which he styles the *Invention of a degenerating Age*.

*Virgil* wrote that Piece merely to please his Prince, and that he certainly design'd it should not have gone any farther seems evident from one particular Circumstance in the *Aeneid* itself, which is, the total Omission of *Mæcenas*, who is not once mention'd in all the twelve Books; and for this Reason it may be suppos'd, with great probability, that *Mæcenas* was privy to *Virgil's* Intention of suppressing the *Aeneid*, being fully satisfied with having his Name consign'd to Immortality in every one of the *Georgics*. Neither is *Augustus's* Fame less taken care of in several Parts of that Work, but especially in the Temple which is erected to his Honour at the beginning of the third *Georgic*. The

Praises

## vi The P R E F A C E.

Praises bestow'd upon *Augustus* in the *Aeneid*, particularly in the eighth Book, where the Poet is most explicit on this Subject, fall very short of that exquisite Propriety of Thought, and Majesty of Expression, which render the Passage just mention'd the most finish'd Piece of its Nature that can be found in all Antiquity.

I have hitherto spoken of these two Pieces in general, I shall now consider them more particularly.

It has been often said that whatever *Virgil's* Excellencies are, the Palm of Invention is certainly due to *Homer*: Whether this is so or not by a just Comparison between the *Iliad* and *Odysse*, and the single *Aeneid*, I shall not dispute, because *Virgil* never intended it should have been any Dispute at all. I shall only observe by the Way, that in those particular Passages where *Virgil* takes his matter from *Homer*, he seems to have done it to shew how he could handle it with greater Advantage. But to return to what I was speaking of, let the Question be put upon the *Georgics*, and let the Prize of Invention be contended for with all the Favourites of the Muses.

If the utmost height of poetical Invention consists in joining what is most profitable with what is most pleasant, which I believe will be allow'd on all Sides, what Force of Invention must that Person have had who could unite all Arts and Sciences, and all the Beauties of Poetry with such Subjects as Plowing, Planting, Breeding of Cattle, raising Insects, and the like, and by this Means interest every human Creature, from the universal Monarch of the Earth, to the Driver of the Plough, in the same Piece? This call'd for a different Power of Invention than the providing a Hero with a Suit of impenetrable Armor to preserve him from being wounded, or the bringing a Goddess to wrap him up in a Cloud to hide him from mortal Sight. These things may amuse and please for several Readings by the Help of Language, but at last the Understanding becomes weary of them. In the other Case, the Mind is never satiated with Admiration. Still something new arises up, and some useful Truth is discovered. Every Page of the *Georgic* affords Instances of this kind, and therefore it would be endless to enumerate them.

Next

## The P R E F A C E. vii

Next to Invention, the Diction or Versification is what chiefly shews the Poet, and of all the Beauties of Versification, we are justly told by a great Master of Poetry, the most Exquisite is the Art of applying the Sound to the Sense. This is the peculiar Excellency of each of the *Georgics*, but to avoid running too much into Length, I shall confine my self to that which is contain'd in the following Sheets.

How slow does the Metre move on, which is to describe the Husbandman turning over the Furrow with the Plough?

*Agricola incurvo terram dimovet aratro.*

How busy is this Line which represents the Workmen in their Nurseries!

*Scilicet omnibus est labor impendendus & omnes.*

What a terrible Figure the Rattle Snake makes in these Lines!

*Nec rapit immensos orbes per humum, neque tanto  
Squammeus in gyram tractu se colligit anguis.*

Here the Beginning and the Ending of the first Line are snatch'd up like the Motion of that frightful Creature, and the *immensos orbes* betwixt, makes the dreadful Circle, and then the Verse is stretch'd out again to a prodigious Length into the next Line, by the Disposition of the Words in the Distance betwixt *tanto* and *tractu*, which the Poet would have avoided, had it not been for this particular Reason.

There is not half the Storm in the

*Una Euræque Notusque ruunt creberque procellis,*

as the Wind makes amongst the decay'd Trees upon the Rocks of *Caucasus* in this Line.

*Quos animosi Enri assidue franguntque feruntque.*

The Storm roars throughout the whole Line, which it does not in the former, in so extraordinary a Manner.

The

# viii The P R E F A C E.

The sounding of Trumpets, and the rattling of Hammers upon Anvils are wonderfully heard in these two Lines.

*Nec dum etiam audierant inflari classica, nec dum  
Impositos duri crepitare incudibus enses.*

Nor must the Flux and Reflux of the Sea, which rises and falls so beautifully in this Passage, be omitted;

*Unde tremor terris; qua vi maria alta tumescant  
Obicibus ruptis, rursusque in se ipsa residant.*

How tow'ring is the Beginning, how low the Conclusion!

I could mention many others, such as the Pounding of Olive Mills,

*Teritur Sicyonia bacca trapetis.*

And the gaping of the parch'd Earth,

*Hoc ubi hincsa fuit ———*

And the like. But I shall conclude this Subject with what I believe surpasses every thing of this Nature that is to be met with in any poetical Composition whatsoever: I mean these four following Lines, and I wonder the first Verse has not led several Writers to make this Observation before. This Line describes a Filbert grafted upon a Crab-Stock, and the Poet has made the Verse rougher and fuller of Knots than ever any Crab-Stock was in the World.

*Inseritur vero ex foetu nucis arbutus horrida.  
Inseritur ver' ex foetu nucis arbutus horrid'.*

With what Strength of Fancy did this wonderful Man draw this Picture after the Life! But now observe another most masterly Piece. See what a Contrast is made in the next Line, which describes an Apple ingrafted on a Plane Tree. Nothing in Nature is smoother than each of them, and nothing in Music is softer to the Ear than this Line.

*Et steriles platani Malos gessere valentis.*

This Line is softned so much with the Liquid (s) that the Poet takes the Liberty to use *valentis* instead of *valentes*,

OF

# The P R E F A C E. ix

or else there would have been a Sibilation betwixt the (*si*) in *gessere* and the (*es*) at the Conclusion of the Verse.

What a Majesty is there in this Line which describes the pompous Flowers of the Chestnut Tree ingrafted upon a Beach, or of a Pear Tree upon Hornbeam!

*Castanea Fagus, Ornusque incannit albo  
Flore Pyri——*

There is not, even in the *Georgics*, a greater Pomp of Measure, or Fullness of Sound, in any one Line.

The Conclusion of the fourth Verse is, if possible, still more surprizing than any of the former. Here the Poet, to instruct his Reader that the Oak may be ingrafted on the Elm, conveys to his Ear the Noise of Swine crunching Acrons under the Tree.

*Glandemque Sues fregere sub Ulmis.*

'Tis impossible for the Reader not to observe what an Effect *fregere* makes in this Place.

*Description*, which is another beautiful Part of Poetry, stands unrival'd in any other Work, taking all the *Georgics* together. Tho' perhaps it may be doubted which of the Books has the Advantage over the other, the *Praises of Italy*, the *Spring*, the *Country Life* in the second Book, may dispute for ever, I believe, with the *Chariot Race*, the *Scythian Winter Piece*, and the *Plague* in the third Book. And the same Emulation may be rais'd betwixt the *first* and *fourth* Books, but I am at a Loss to name any thing else that is fit to stand in Competition with any one of them.

*Narration*, or the Art of relating a Story, is none of the least Ornaments of Poetry. This *Virgil* has excell'd in, beyond all that can be said of it, in the Story of *Aristeus* at the End of the fourth Book. This is a most finish'd Piece in every respect. Nothing can be more moving than the Subject, or purer than the Moral.

The Talent of setting true Merit in its just Light is not the easiest Task in Writing. I have observ'd something already on *Virgil's* Skill in this Kind. The Beginning and Conclusion of the first Book are delicately turn'd, but what is most remarkable in this Work, is, that the

whole Piece was what we call *Writing for the Government*.

The *Roman* Affairs at that Time stood thus. *Augustus* had made himself Master of *Italy* by the Help of his Army. To reward his Troops, he bestow'd upon them a great Part of the Lands that fell to him by the Chance of War. The common Soldiery, partly through want of Skill, and partly through a Dislike of any Employment but that of Arms, neglected the Business of Husbandry; consequently the Estates produc'd little or nothing to their Officers, the Owners of them, and a great Scarcity ensued throughout the whole Country; but what was more troublesome to the Ministry, they were as much pester'd with Solicitations at Court, as if they had bestow'd no Favours at all. In this Situation, *Virgil*, by the Persuasion of *Mecenas*, undertook to write the *Georgics* in order to instruct these unskillful Husbandmen, as he calls them in the Beginning of the first Book, in their new Profession, and at the same Time to shew that the Country Life deserv'd the Attention of Persons of the greatest Consequence. This was a Point of the highest Importance to the State in every respect. *Augustus* wanted nothing so much as to take off the martial Edge of his People, and nothing could do it so effectually as this. *Virgil*, to please this sort of People, represents *Augustus's* Victories in the greatest Splendor: He Compliments them upon their warlike Spirit, but in the Conclusion of that inimitable Piece, at the End of the second Book, he urges upon them, with all the Charms of Rhetoric and Poetry, the Examples of their Ancestors who founded the *Roman* Power, and shews them that they were train'd up in the Country Life; and afterwards strengthens his Argument with the Example of *Saturn*, and the Golden Age. But a more tender Subject than this, was to reconcile the People in general to the Army, in which the Poet uses all his Skill. At the End of the first Book, he paints in the strongest Colours, the Miseries of the Civil War, which they could not but be very sensible of. In the Conclusion of the second, he tells them, *they were too happy, did they but know their Happiness*; which consisted in this, that their Country was

## The P R E F A C E. xi

was now *procul a Discordibus Armis*. Thus in two Words, he justifies *Augustus's* taking the Government upon himself, and shews the People what Obligations they had to the Author of the Peace which they enjoy'd. This was no vain Compliment to *Augustus*, nor was it weak Reasoning to his Subjects. In this Circumstance consisted the chief Merit of that Prince whose Name has made so much Noise in the World. Nothing could be more glorious for *Him* than that he was able to preserve so tumultuous a People in any Sort of Quiet, and nothing could be more happy for *Them*. Their Story shews what Distractions they were continually subject to for many Years before the Reign of *Augustus*. They were incapable of Government of any Kind, as their Constitution then stood, and as they had imprudently divided the Power betwixt the Senate and the People, without any Third State to interpose, when Necessity required it; so that *Augustus's* Power, tho' an armed Power, was a real Blessing to the *Romans*, because it preserv'd them from destroying one another.

There are many Passages in the *Georgic* where *Virgil* manages his Prince's Cause with great Dexterity, and at the same Time shews an equal Regard for the Liberty and Interest of his Country; but certainly nothing can come up to the *fourth* Book, on this Head. What wonderful Knowledge must that Writer have had, who could ransack all Nature to find out a Species of Insects whose Constitution might be supposed to be made up of a Republic governed by a Monarch! This was one of the principal Reasons of *Virgil's* chusing the Bees for his *finishing Piece*; and this makes him say to *Mecenas* in his Introduction to it,

*Admiranda TIBI levium spectacula rerum.*

YOU will soon see to whom the Wonders are applicable which I relate of these little Creatures. How fine a Compliment was it to the *Roman* People, and their Prince, to shew that the Bees had their Laws (upon which all their Happiness was founded) by Inspiration from *Jupiter*, and their Prince from the same Source!



## xii      The P R E F A C E.

*Nunc age, Naturas apibus quas Jupiter ipse  
Addidit, expediam. Pro qua mercede canoros  
Curetum sonitus, crepitantiaque ara secuti,  
Dilectæ REGEM Cæli pavere sub antro.  
Sole communes natos, consortia tecta  
Orbis habent; magnisque agitant sub Legibus ævum;  
Et Patriam sole, & certos novere Penates.*

The other Passage follows soon after, thus ;

*Præterea REGEM non sic Ægyptus, & ingens  
Lydia, nec populi Parthorum, aut Medus Hydaspes  
Observant—*

Nothing was ever devised with greater Sense and Spirit than these Passages. When we consider that the *Romans* had a religious Veneration for Bees, and looked upon them as peculiarly consecrated to *Jupiter*, it was not possible to recommend the Obedience due to the Prince, or the Submission due to the Laws, both from Prince and People, in a more delicate manner than by the Example of these Creatures ; neither can one help observing in this, as well as in many other Places, how great a Patron the Poet was of the Liberties of his Country. He scorns to flatter his generous Benefactor, the Master of the whole World, with unbounded arbitrary Power over his Subjects. He asserts the Freedom of the Constitution in the strongest Terms that ever were made use of ;

*—Magnis agitant sub Legibus ævum.*

*Magnis sub legibus* is a plain Declaration that the Laws were superior to All, and therefore he adds,

*Et Patriam certam, & certos novere Penates.*

In short, He points out both to the Prince, and the People, what their Duty was to each other, and wherein their real Happiness consisted. And this very Constitution, which *Virgil* plann'd for his own Country, almost two thousand Years since, is the Constitution of the happiest People upon Earth at this Instant. *—Soli*

# The P R E F A C E      xiii

—*Solis magnis agitant sub Legibus ævum*  
*Et Patriam soli, & certos novere Penates.*

They only live secur'd by mighty Laws,  
 Their Country, and their Gods, The *common Cause*.

*Præterea REGEM*——

Besides nor *Egypt*, nor the boundless Space  
 Of *Lydia's* Empire, nor the *Parthian* Race,  
 Nor whom *Hydaspes* cools with *Median* Springs,  
 Pay such sincere Obedience to their Kings.

I wonder that not one of the Commentators or Translators ever hit upon the true Sence of *sic observant*. Mr. *Dryden* translates this Passage thus :

Besides nor *Ægypt*, *India*, *Media* more  
 With servile Awe, their idol King adore.

It is evident beyond the least Doubt, that *Virgil* says quite the contrary, and that the Worship which he inculcates, ought to be cordial and affectionate, and not slavish. But I am come now to another Difficulty amongst the Learned. It is own'd on all Hands that *Virgil* has set off *Augustus* with great Art in the *Georgics*. But then it is ask'd what Commendation has he bestow'd on his Patron, *Mæcenas*. To solve this Difficulty, several Commentators, if I remember aright, have observ'd, that it would not have been good Manners to have inserted the Minister's Praises in the same Piece with his Master's; so that this was omitted *par bienséance*: But if I mistake not, no Patron was ever so finely commended as *Mæcenas* is in this Work. Indeed all *Virgil* says to Him, or of Him, is as follows, *viz.* In the *first* Book, *Virgil* names Him in the second Line. In the *second* Book, he begs Him to assist him in his Undertaking, and declares he owes the greatest Part of his Reputation to Him. In the *third* Book, he mentions the Difficulty of the Task *Mæcenas* had put him upon, and again begs His Assistance. In the *fourth* Book, he desires Him to look favourably upon that Piece, and addresses it more particularly to Him than he had done any of the former. 'Tis true

# xiv The PREFACE.

there is no great *Eclat* in all this, but the Compliment to *Mecenas* lyes here. *Virgil* undertook a very necessary Work for the Service of his Prince, and his Country. He declares it was *Mecenas* put him upon it. He found the Work very difficult, but still *Mecenas* persuades him to persist in it, and by his Patronage, and his Generosity, enabled him to go through with it; so that the Whole, all the Justice that is done to *Augustus's* Character, all the Service that Work could do his Country, was owing to *Mecenas*. This was complimenting Him in the finest Manner. He was speaking of a Minister. The Character he gives Him is that of a Person, who employs His Power and Fortune in countenancing one that could be of Use to His Master, and the Public. Here the Poet makes a graceful Figure, whilst he shews his Gratitude by owning his Obligations, and at the same Time that he makes his Court to his Patron, he makes his Patron's Court to his Prince.

To do Justice to *Mecenas's* Character in the Matter now treated of, we ought to go far back, and consider *Virgil* not as the Author of the *Georgic*, or the *Aeneid*, but as a young Man who had writ some fine Pastorals. *Mecenas* finds him out, and puts him upon the *Georgic*. If he had miscarry'd in it, the Ridicule would have turn'd upon *Mecenas*, but as *Virgil* succeeded in so extraordinary a Manner, the Undertaking, of which *Mecenas* was the Author, turn'd as much to his Credit; and to his good Judgment, Affability and Liberality, the *Roman* Emperor, and *Roman* People, ow'd this Work at first, and upon the same Account all Mankind stand indebted to that Minister, to this Hour. This was what *Virgil* took care to let the World know, and it was the most effectual Method he could make use of to do *Mecenas* real Service. But if *Virgil* understood so well in what true Praise consisted, and how to display it, he certainly had as delicate a Turn for Satyr, where it was necessary. There are some of the finest Strokes of this Kind in that Piece so often mention'd, the Conclusion of the second *Georgic*. The Subject is to extol the Country Life above the Court and Town Life. They that are acquainted with the World will perceive how well *Virgil* understood

# The P R E F A C E. xv

stood it; when he opposes secure Tranquillity to Court Favour, and Sincerity to a crowded Levy; and the rest of the Piece is spirited in the same Manner; upon which the Reader may find more Observations in the Notes.

It would be an endless Task to produce Instances to shew that the *Georgics* abound with the brightest Ornaments of Rhetoric and Oratory, and to prove their Author to have been deeply vers'd in Geometry, Astronomy, Physic, History, true and fabulous, the Heathen Mythology and Morality. It may be affirm'd that they are the best fill'd Store-House of all Manner of Knowledge that *Greece* and *Rome* could furnish.

I cannot help observing here, that it is very strange that this Book, of all Books wharever the most fit to be made use of in the Nurseries of polite Literature, is no where as I know of, in *England*, or abroad, in any great Measure regarded, nay in most Places not at all attended to. I am apt to think the Title has been the chief Occasion of its being so much neglected, both by Masters and Scholars. 'Tis look'd upon as a Book of Husbandry only, and this is thought to be a Matter not worthy of Teachers or Learners. How just this Reasoning is I shall not here inquire, but I shall venture to affirm, that there cannot be a greater Mistake than this Opinion. Husbandry is far from being the greater Part of this Work. It is treated of, 'tis true, and fully treated of, but what Variety of Learning is every where interspers'd, has been already mention'd. Besides it is very evident that a beautiful Allegory runs thro' the four *Georgics*, peculiarly applicable to the several Stages of human Life, which merits great Attention.

The *first*, which chiefly treats of ordering and preparing the Soil, plainly points at Infancy.

The *second*, in which, if *Seneca* himself was a Judge, the finest Precepts of Education are to be found, relates to Youth.

The *third* guards against the Passions of Manhood, principally against the strongest of them all.

*Quid Juvenis, magnam cui versat in ossibus ignem  
Durus Amor?*

The

## xvi      The P R E F A C E.

The *fourth* describes, and instructs Mature Age, in the Rules of Frugality, Industry, and Arts of Government, which are so well handled through the greatest Part of it; so that the *Georgics* are by no means to be consider'd as a Book of Husbandry only. But even upon this Account I am afraid there is still another Objection, which has very much heighten'd the Prejudice that has been taken to this Divine Work, and that is, the common Notion that the Husbandry which is there taught, is only calculated for *Italy*: This impertinent Conceit has sprung from the Commentators, who not understanding any thing of any Sort of Husbandry, which their Labours discover too plainly, have spoken of this Matter as blind Men would reason about Colours. The Precepts of Husbandry, as deliver'd in the *Georgics*, are so various, that they are adapted to every Country, in one respect or other; and if it were to be allow'd that this is not a Book of Instruction for any Place but where the whole is proper, it would be of Use but to a small Part even of *Italy* itself. I never yet saw any Country of *Europe* which *Virgil's* Husbandry was not fit for. I am certain the Husbandry of *England* in general is *Virgilian*. This is shewn by the Paring and Burning the Surface, by the Manner of Watering Meadows, by the dry Fences, by Raftering or Cross-Ploughing, and innumerable other Instances which could be produced. In those Parts of *England* which the *Romans* principally inhabited, all along the *Southern* Coast, *Latin* Words remain to this Hour among Shepherds, and Ploughmen in their rustic Affairs, and what will seem more strange at first Sight to affirm, tho' in Fact it be really true, there is more of *Virgil's* Husbandry put in Practice in *England* at this Instant than in *Italy* itself. There the Scene is so much altered that it may now properly be said of the *Italian* Countrymen,

*O infelices nimium, sua si mala norint,  
Agricolae!*

They have lost, almost every where, the Knowledge of  
those Improvements, for which the *Romans* ransack'd the  
whole

## The P R E F A C E. xvii

whole Earth to enrich and adorn their Country. The famous *Grass*, brought from *Persia*, to which *Virgil* makes that moving Apostrophe in the first *Georgic*,

—*Tum se quoque, MEDICA, putres*  
*Accipiant sulci*——

is hardly known in the *Campagna di Roma*. Even the *Cyprus*, so celebrated by *Virgil*, and all the *Scriptores de Re Rusticâ* in the *Augustan* Age, is not cultivated in any one spot of *Virgil's* Country, neither does any Farmer, or Gentleman, so much as know what it is. Nor could a few Seeds of it be procured any where in *Italy*, a few Years since, but out of a Garden at *Naples*. Some of it is to be found growing wild in the farther *Calabria*, towards the Coast of the *Ionian* Shore, where it is fed by *Buffaloes*; but even there, they do not know the right Use of it, and consequently never cut it for the Cattle, as *Virgil* advises, *Tondentur Cyprî*; and without which it can be of no great Service. But I am got into a Subject which would carry me too far in this Place, and therefore I shall quit it, and conclude all I have to say relating to the *Georgic*, and the *Æneid*, with this Remark; that whether any of the Reasons which weigh with me in preferring the former, are just or not, yet upon the whole, I cannot be in the wrong, if *Virgil* was a Judge of Poetry, even of his own Works.

*Virgil*, it is plain, had a very different Taste of Poetry from all his Contemporaries; but as he was exceeding modest in his Temper, he did not set himself at the Head of the learned World, any otherwise than by his Works, which he left to speak for him.

*Horace*, who undertook to fix the Standard of Merit amongst the Poets in that illustrious Age, has sifted their Performances, but he does not seem to have been acquainted with any thing of *Virgil's* besides the *Bucolics*; to which Work alone his Compliment of *Molle acque Facetum* can be justly apply'd: Or if he had seen the *Georgic*, as it was

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a new kind of Poetry, unknown as much to the *Grecians* as the *Romans*, in the manner *Virgil* had handled it, in all probability he did not care to determine in what Class it ought to have been plac'd, and so left it out of his System of Rules *de Arte Poeticâ*.

But from whatever Cause it proceeded, it is plain that *Horace* copying after *Aristotle*, who form'd his Sentiments upon *Homer*, has been the Occasion of the great Character that has been given to that kind of Poetry, which they extoll'd above all the rest.

The modern Critics, who found something very extraordinary in the *Georgics*, but had no Rules to examine them by, talk'd of this Piece with vast Encomiums, and select-ed Passages enough to support their Panegyrics upon that Subject; but their Labours went no farther.

*Scaliger* can hardly be said to have treated it any otherwise than as a Grammarian, tho' he is so angry at the Appellation.

*Rapin* falls into the same Fault on this Occasion, which he blames in others, and dwells too much upon the Surface, without entering into the Sence of the Author. He bestows the highest Compliments upon the *Georgics*, in several Places, but takes no Pains to shew any where, in what their real Excellence consists.

Mr. *Dryden* is pleas'd to call the *Georgic*, the *best Poem of the best Poet*, but it would have been of great Service to *Virgil* and his Readers, if he had made it out.

It was a glorious Dawn of that great Genius,

*Cujus Honos, Nomenque mihi, laudesque manebunt,*

whose valuable Works are now in every body's Hands, that his *first* Essay went farther into this Subject, than any had ever done, thro' so many Ages before him.

His

## The P R E F A C E. xix

His *Second*, in this Cause, deserves very highly of his Country, by those eloquent and learned Lectures, in which he has handled this Matter amongst others, with great Accuracy. Throughout that whole Work, and his other critical Performances, he has taken a middle Way, betwixt the supercilious Gravity of the *Dutch* Writers, and the tiresome Loquacity of the *French*. In relation to the latter, he has merited particular Commendation, by opposing himself to that implicit Deference, which has been paid for so long a Time, to their Writers of Criticism. They had in a manner over-run this Country, like a Torrent, for half a Century, and, I believe, this Gentleman was the First that made any Stand against them. He has in many Instances shewn a great Superiority of Understanding, even to their best Criticks; and their Determinations are no longer receiv'd amongst us, as the infallible Dictates of *Parnassus*. But it is Time to take leave of the Criticks, and Commentators upon *Virgil*, and to come to the Translations of his Works, or rather to that alone which is suppos'd to surpass all that have hitherto been made, or ever can be made.

Those learned Writers, who have bestow'd great Encomiums on Mr. *Dryden's* Translation of *Virgil* in general, I persuade my self, had the Pastorals and the *Æneid* chiefly, if not solely, in their Thoughts; for I cannot have any doubt that, upon a nearer Revival of the *Georgics* than perhaps they have made, Persons of their Judgment and Abilities will be ready to acknowledge that Mr. *Dryden*, in this particular, is so far from meriting Praise, that it would be impossible to make any tolerable Defence for him. There was one Inconvenience that attended Mr. *Dryden*, in his Translation of the *Georgics*, which he did not meet with in *Virgil's* other Works. As all the rest are principally Matters of Fancy, and not tied down to any certain known Truth, if Mr. *Dryden* did not understand his Author, or if he willingly varied from him, he might produce something else out of his own Invention, which might be entertaining, perhaps to most People as entertaining as *Virgil's* true Sense;



## xx The P R E F A C E.

But in the *Georgic*, this Help fails him, and as he is writing on a Subject which he did not in any manner understand, in his frequent Aberrations from the Author, let the Cause of his wandering be what it will, in many Places, he contradicts, in more, he mistakes the true Sence of the Original; and very frequently makes it no Sence at all. But were all this to be pass'd over, or, at least, the utmost Indulgence us'd, that can be allow'd to one who goes about to translate an Author, whom, he knows, he does not understand, yet there remains behind what is much more difficult for any one to excuse, which are the voluntary and flagrant Offences Mr. *Dryden* has been guilty of against the whole Character of *Virgil*. Mr. *Dryden's* Translation makes a most solid, polite, chaste, religious Writer, trifling, unmannerly, fulsome, and profane: I shall chuse out an Instance or two from a great many which might be produced on every one of these Heads, and shall confine my self almost entirely to this *second* Book.

In the Introduction, where *Virgil* makes an Apostrophe to *Bacchus*, Mr. *Dryden* makes one to his Muse; and where *Virgil* seriously desires *Bacchus* to partake of the Labour of treading the Grapes, which comprehends the whole Subject, as to the Vine, Mr. *Dryden* falls into a most extravagant Rant,

*Come strip with me, my God, come drench all o'er  
Thy Limbs in Must of Wine, and drink at every Pore,*

than which Lines nothing was ever writ by Man more wide from the Author's Sence or Character; neither should it pass unobserved in how shocking a Manner the Expression *my God*, is put into the Mouth of a Heathen Poet, addressing himself to a Heathen Deity, which I don't believe was ever done in any Place but this.

In *Virgil's* Application to *Mecenas*, Mr. *Dryden* makes him call upon his Patron to *explore new Tracks with flying Sails, and all the while keep close to the Shore.*

When

## The P R E F A C E    xxi

When *Virgil* speaks of three Sorts of Soil that are fit to bear the Vine, Mr. *Dryden* makes them all into one, not at all surpriz'd with his own Description of a Field, which is a rich Meadow cloath'd with thick Grass, and at the same time, a Plain expos'd to the Sun on the Side of a Hill, and all over-grown with Fern.

When *Virgil* says Pines are for Ships, and Cedar and Cypress for Wainscot, and other Sorts of Timber, that are found in decay'd Trees, for other Uses, Mr. *Dryden* very unluckily brings in *Heaven* to a strange Purpose.

*Yet Heaven their various Plants for Use designs,  
For Houses Cedar, and for Shipping Pines;  
Cypress provides for Spokes and Wheels of Wains,  
And all for Keels of Ships, that scour the watry Plains.*

I am at a Loss to find any kind of Meaning in these Lines:

*Nor poy's'nous Aconite is here produc'd,  
Or grows unknown, or is, when known, refus'd.*

Or how to make Grammar of this Line :

*But for the Ground itself this only way.*

Is this Passage worthy of Mr. *Dryden*?

*And Planes huge Apples bear, that bore but Leaves,*  
or this?

*In this soft Season, let me dare to sing  
The World was hatch'd by Heaven's imperial King,  
In Prime of all the Year, and Holidays of Spring.* }

Would

## xxii The P R E F A C E.

Would the Language of this Couplet have been fit for one of the most polite Men of *Augustus's* Court, or is it any Translation of *Hic stupet attonitus rostris*?

*Some Patriot Fools to popular Praise aspire  
Of publick Speeches, which worse Fools admire.*

With the same Sort of Language Mr. *Dryden* makes *Virgil* fall foul upon Physicians and Lawyers; which was exceeding improper, because, to the great Honour of those Professions, *Virgil* had apply'd himself to both of them; and his first step into the World was owing to his Skill in Physick. Yet Mr. *Dryden*, in *Virgil's* Person, calls the best of the Faculty *learned Leaches*, and the Gentlemen of the Law he stigmatizes with *Brawling* and *Corruption*.

But when *Virgil* was for nothing so remarkable as his Modesty, how cou'd Mr. *Dryden* translate

*Tum Pater Omnipotens facundis imbribus æther  
Conjugis in gremium læta descendit —*

For then Almighty *Jove* descends, and pours  
Into his buxom Bride his fruitful Showers?

And again,

*Illa TIBI latis intexet Vitis Ulmas*

Is good for Olives and aspiring Vines,  
Embracing Husband Elms with amorous Twines.

In several Passages where *Virgil* describes Sacrifices to *Bacchus*, Mr. *Dryden* turns all into a Debauch; and in one Place this Line is the Superfætation of his own Fancy,

*A Madness so devout the Vineyard fills.*

And

## The P R E F A C E. xxiii

And with the same Elegance and good Manners as he treats Lawyers and Physicians, which has been before observ'd, in the *third* Book, he stiles a Priest sacrificing at the Altar, the *Holy Butcher*.

But after all the just Causes of Blame that are here laid together, and of many more that might be charg'd on Mr. *Dryden's* Version of the *Georgic*, there is still another Fault which is much greater, as to what might be expected from Mr. *Dryden's* Character, than any yet mention'd, which is, the exceeding Badness of the Verification. This is so copious a Subject I hardly know where to begin. If I was to produce an Instance of what we call *bald Verse*, can the *English* Language produce any thing that is more so than these two Lines?

*Others no Root require, the Planter cuts  
Young Slips, and in the Soil securely puts.*

What debases Verse more than affectionate Terms? *Sweet Italy, Sweet Homes, Dear Land*. This sinks the Language to the lowest Degree of Meanness; and another Instance of the like nature, is, the frequent Use of the Particle *Our*, which *Virgil* so carefully avoids; *Our Land, Our Towns, Our Seas, Our Lakes*, and the like; but nothing is equal to Mr. *Dryden's* Weivisms in his Description of *Grafting* and *Inoculating*.

*Just in that Space a narrow Slit We make,  
Then other Buds from bearing Trees We take;  
Inserted thus the wounded Rind We close,*

and so on, tho' there is not one *Nos* or *Noster* in the Original.

*Virgil* is excellent in the Significance and Propriety of his Epithets; but what can one make of these Epithets in the Translation,

## xxiv The P R E F A C E.

*A hilly Heap of Stones,*

*The steepy Height,*

*The watry Grounds, and low,*

and innumerable others of the same kind ?

I can't imagine in what Species of Metre to place this Line,

*And odorous Frankincense on the Sabæan Bough.*

In every one of Mr. Dryden's *Georgics* there are several as bad Lines, as rough, and un-musical, as any in Mr. Ogilby, or any Writer whatever. No Elision can be ruder to the Ear than such as this :

——— *Nature seems t'ordain*

*The rocky Cliff for the wild Ashes Reign.*

But for two whole Lines together, these excel in their Kind, if I mistake not, all that can possibly be produc'd. They are in the Description of a fine Horse, in the Beginning of the *third* Book :

*Dauntless at empty Noises, lofty neck'd,*

*Sharp headed, barrel belly'd, broadly back'd.*

Whether *Noises* is *English* I shall not dispute, but certainly *neck'd* and *back'd* is very unhappy Rhime; and *Sharp-headed*, and *Barrel-belly'd*, and all together, make such a kind of Harmony as the Ear doth not desire to meet with frequently.

It would not be trifling with Mr. Dryden, to animadvert upon his furnishing the *Romans* with *Shrouds* at their Funerals, with *Drums* in their Armies, and making their Trumpets *ring the Peals of Death*, but I am afraid I should tire the Reader, as well as my self, to go on any farther with this disagreeable Subject.

That

## The P R E F A C E.    xxv

That I may not be thought to have selected every *particular* Passage that made to my purpose, I have subjoin'd the whole Translation of Mr. *Dryden's* second *Georgic*, and the *Latin* Text, in every Page, that the Reader may judge, with the least Trouble possible, of the entire Performance.

The Reasons why I chuse this Book, rather than any other, to give a Specimen of Mr. *Dryden's* Translation of the whole, are these :

First, This is the Book which Mr. *Dryden* might have understood with the least Trouble ; the Subject not being fill'd with so many Particulars relating to Husbandry, as the former.

In the next Place, it is, as has been very justly observ'd, the most Poetical of all the Four, and therefore ought to have shone most in Mr. *Dryden's* Hands. As to his Translation of the *third* Book, I shou'd have been very sorry to have produced it upon any Account, because it is not fit to be seen by any Person of Sence, or Modesty.

The *fourth* Book is writ upon one particular Subject, and consequently, would not have been so agreeable to the generality of Readers.

I hope, the Expression I have made use of, in relation to Mr. *Dryden's* third *Georgic*, will not be thought too hard. It is by no means full enough to express my Sence on that Subject. I own, I think that Translation the most profligate Piece, (those vile Writings only excepted which relate to one particular Book,) that ever was offer'd to the Public. He that writes a senceless, fullsom thing, from his own Fund, disgraces no Body besides himself ; but he that fathers shameful Performances, upon Men of the most amiable Characters, is doubly to be blam'd. Herein lies the difference betwixt the Author, and the Translator, of the third *Georgic*. The Author being desired, by the first Minister to the Lord of the whole Earth, to write a Book upon Husbandry in general,

c

## xxvi The P R E F A C E

general, could not avoid bringing the Nature and the Management of Cattle into his Discourse; and consequently, having Occasion to take notice of that Passion which is the most violent amongst Them, he took care however to treat this Subject with such Delicacy, that he may be said to have fav'd the Blushes of Brutes. The Translator, in his Performance, defames the finest Part of the rational Creation, to spirit his Descriptions of the Lust of Beasts.

Tho' I do not care to meddle at all with the Piece in Question, yet I believe, it may be necessary to produce one Instance in Support of this Charge, and to set this Matter in a clearer Light than perhaps it might be without it. The Passage I shall chuse is about the Beginning of the *third* Book.

*Ipsa autem macie tenuant armenta volentis;  
Atque ubi concubitus primos jam nota voluptas  
Solicitat: Frondesque negant & fontibus arcens;  
Sæpe etiam cursu quatiant & sole fatigant;  
Cum graviter tussis gemit area frugibus, & cum  
Surgentem ad Zephyrum palea jactantur inanes.*

Here *Virgil* makes a very curious Description of Nature. He describes the Force of her Instinct in the strongest Terms imaginable, and indirectly gives Rules to the Husbandman. The plain Sence of the Passage is this: "When they are seiz'd with the vehement Passion that every one knows they are subject to, they will take the first Opportunity to gratify their Desire, which if they should do amongst the common Herd, the Breed would be spoil'd. Therefore the Husbandman must observe when this Passion is first coming upon them; and this is learnt by taking Notice when they begin to leave off their common Food, and are continually drinking, and keeping alone by themselves. Then they are to be taken home, and exercis'd with the hardest Labor; and here the Poet mentions the Labor of treading out the Corn, usual in the

" *Southern*

## The P R E F A C E xxvii

“ *Southern Countries* ; and, at the same time, shews what  
 “ they should be kept with, to wit, *Straw and Chaff*, and  
 “ likewise describes the *Vigor of the Mare* in a very extra-  
 “ ordinary manner ; making the *Earth groan* under the *Vio-*  
 “ lence of her *Motion*, and the *Straw driven* against the  
 “ *Wind* with her *Heels* ; and this, while she is kept so low,  
*Mr. Dryden's Translation of this Passage is as follows ;*

*As for the Females, with industrious Care,  
 • Take down their Mettle, keep 'em lean and bare :  
 When conscious of their past Delight, and keen  
 To take the Leap, and prove the Sport agen,  
 With scanty Measure then supply their Food,  
 And, when athirst, restrain 'em from the Flood ;  
 Their Bodies harass, sink 'em when they run,  
 And fry their melting Marrow in the Sun ;  
 Starve 'em when Barns beneath their Burden groan,  
 And winnow'd Chaff by Western Winds is blown.*

*Mr. Dryden* very unlearnedly applies *nota voluptas* to the Mare, not considering that *Virgil* speaks here in the Person of a Groom, or Farmer, very well acquainted with the Passion those Creatures are most subject to ; and therefore *nota voluptas* relates to the Farmer's Knowledge, beyond all Manner of doubt ; and 'tis worth Observation, through all the *Georgic*, that tho' the Piece is what the Grammarians call *Didactic*, yet the Style is generally *Epic*,

As for the whole Passage, whether it is more unnatural and absurd, or ridiculous and fullom, I am not able to determine. *Virgil's* real Sence is this :

*As for the Herd, they strive to keep them bare,  
 And pinch, and draw them down, with scanty Fare ;  
 And, when the well known Passion of their Race  
 Sollicits instantly the first Embrace,*

*Then*

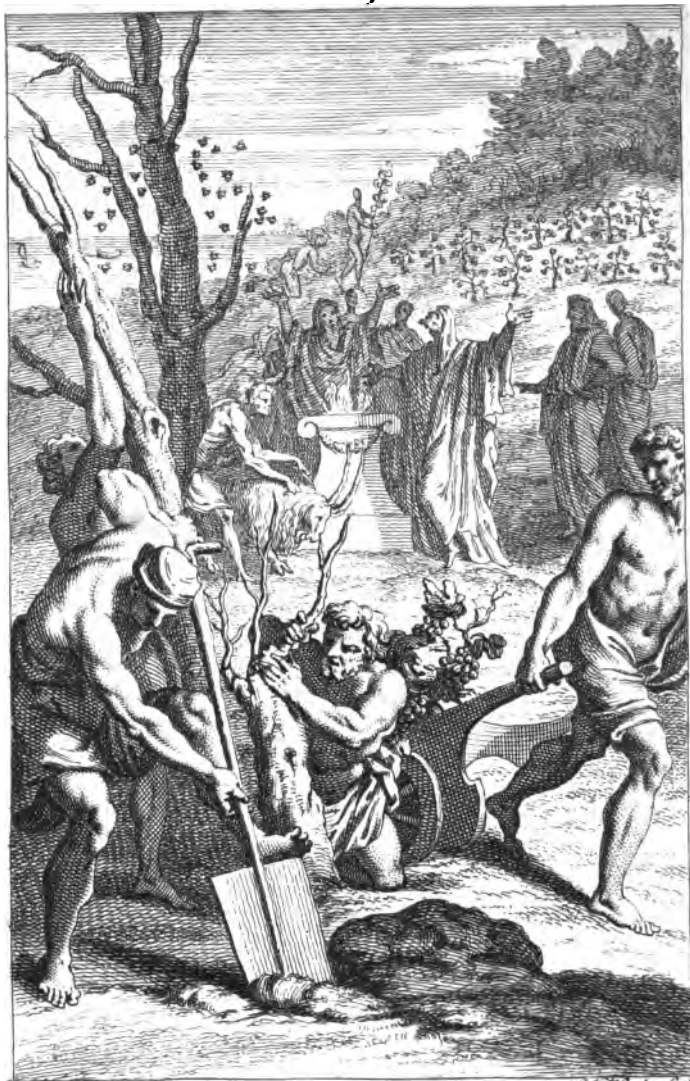


## xxviii The P R E F A C E.

*Then they forbid them wandering in the Woods,  
Cropping the Browze, and haunting lonely Floods:  
Ofi in the scorching Sun they waste their Force,  
And urge them panting in the furious Course:  
Then groans the Floor, to powdered Sheaves resign'd,  
And empty Straws are spurn'd against the Wind.*

As for this new Essay on the *Georgic*, all that is meant by it, is this; Mr. *Dryden's* great Name is certainly the Lyon in the way, which has deter'd those who could have done greater Justice to this invaluable Performance, from meddling at all with it. The Design here is to shew the Injustice of complimenting Mr. *Dryden*, even at the Expence of *Virgil* himself; and to let every Body see, that whatever Abilities Mr. *Dryden* might have, in other respects, he was by no Means a proper Person to engage in this Undertaking. Were this as generally allow'd, as it is certainly true, it could not belong before some able Hand or other, out of Concern for the Reputation of this polite Age, would wipe off the Dirt, which the worst Translation that ever was made, all things consider'd, has cast upon the *best* Poem of the *best* Poet that ever writ.



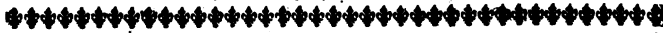


L. Cheron Inv.

G. J. Goussier Sculp.



# VIRGIL's HUSBANDRY.



## BOOK II.



**T**HUS far of Plains manur'd, and Heav'nly Signs;  
Now, Mighty *Bacchus*, will I sing thy *Vines*;  
But with thy *Vines* each Shrub of *Sylvan* Race,  
And *Olives* rising with a slow Increase.

VIRGILII GEORGICON. *Liber Secundus.*

HACTENUS arborum cultus & sidera cæli :  
*Nunc te, Bacche, canam, necnon sylvestria tecum*  
*Virgulta, & prolem tardè crescentis Olivæ.*

Mr. DRYDEN's VERSION.

- cc Thus far of Tillage and of Heav'nly Signs;  
cc Now sing, my Muse, the Growth of gen'rous Vines;  
The shady Groves, the Woodland Progeny,  
And the slow Product of *Minerva's* Tree.

## 2 VIRGIL'S HUSBANDRY.

Hither, Great Parent, Here thy Gifts abound,  
Here *Autumn* stands, to Thee, with Clusters crown'd;  
To Thee, with Purple Juice the Vessels foam,  
Hither, Great Parent of the Vintage, come :  
Strip off thy Buskins, and their Pomp despise ;  
Stain in new Must with me thy naked Thighs.

First, in creating Trees, her various Ways  
Luxuriant Nature curiously displays.  
Some, of themselves, not waiting Human Toil,  
Sprout boldly forth, and arrogate the Soil :  
Wherever winding Streams thro' Meadows glide,  
These crowd the Banks, and shoot their Branches wide :  
Thus *Oser*, *Broom*, and *Poplar*, Marshes crown,  
And *Wibby* whit'ning in its Azure Down.

*Hæc, Pater O Lenæe : tuis hîc omnia plena  
Muneribus, tibi pampineo gravidus autumnus  
Floret ager, spumat plenis vindemia labris.  
Huc, Pater O Lenæe, veni : nudataque musto  
Tinge uovo mecum direptis crura coturnis.*

*Principio, arboribus varia est natura creandis.  
Namque aliæ, nullis hominum cogentibus, ipsæ  
Sponte suâ veniunt, camposque & flumina latè  
Curva tenent, ut molle Siler, lentæque Genistæ,  
Populus & glaucâ canentia fronde Salictæ.*

Great Father *Bacchus* ! to my Song repair ;  
For clust'ring Grapes are thy peculiar Care :  
For thee large Bunches load the bending Vine,  
And the last Blessings of the Year are thine.  
To thee his Joys the jolly Autumn owes,  
When the fermenting Juice the Vat o'erflows.  
*Come strip with me, my God, come drench all o'er  
Thy Limbs in Must of Wine, and drink at ev'ry Pore.*

Some Trees their Birth to bounteous Nature owe :  
*For some without the pains of Plowing grow ;*  
With *Ofers* thus the Banks of Brooks abound,  
Sprung from the wat'ry *Genius* of the Ground :  
From the same Principles grey Willows come,  
*Herculean Poplar*, and the tender *Broom*.

## VIRGIL'S HUSBANDRY.

3

But some from *Seeds*, lodg'd in the pregnant Womb  
Of genial Earth, with greater Vigour come :  
Hence *Chestnuts* : Hence the *Beech* high o'er the Grove  
Majestick stands, and spreads his Arms to *Jove* :  
And Hence the *Oak*, whose Rites the *Græcians* love.

}

Others from populous *Trunks* their Offspring shoot,  
A crowded Copse springs up from ev'ry Root.  
The *Cherry* Thus, and *Thus* himself displays  
The *Elm* : and *Thus*, *Parnassus*, Thy own *Bays*  
In tender Infancy conceals its Head,  
And seeks Protection from the Mother-Shade.

These different ways are Nature's fixt Decrees ;  
The *Groves* by *them*, and *Shrubs*, and *sacred Trees*  
Diffuse their Shade, and yield their vast Increase.

}

*Pars autem posito surgunt de semine : ut alia  
Castanea, nemorumque Jovi qua maxima frondet  
Æsculus, atque habita Græiis oracula quercus.  
Pullulat ab radice aliis densissima sylva :  
Ut cerasis, ulmisque : etiam Parnassia laurus  
Parva sub ingenti matris se subjicit umbrâ.  
Hos natura modos primum dedit : his genus omne  
Sylvarum fruticumque viret, nemorumque sacrorum.*

But some from *Seeds* inclos'd in Earth arise :  
For thus the mastful *Chestnut* mates the *Skies*.  
Hence rise the branching *Beech* and vocal *Oke*,  
Where *Jove* of Old Oraculously spoke.

20

Some from the Root a rising Wood disclose ;  
Thus *Elms*, and thus the salvage *Cherry* grows.  
Thus the green *Bays*, that binds the Poet's *Brows*,  
Shoots and is shelter'd by the Mother's *Boughs*.

25

These ways of *Planting*, Nature did ordain,  
For *Trees* and *Shrubs*, and all the *Sylvan* Reign.

## 4 VIRGIL'S HUSBANDRY.

But curious Search has other Methods taught,  
By long Experience to Perfection brought :  
Some, torn-off Slips commit to furrow'd Ground ;  
And Some, large Boughs with rising Mold surround :  
Thus, *firmly fixt*, the *Setter* strikes his Root,  
Whether you *split* or *sharpen* out the *Foot* :  
But *other Trees* expect their Race should rise  
In green Arcades beneath the Parents Eyes,  
Whilst their *own Soil* the quick'ning Juice supplies.  
*Others* no Root require : the smallest Branch  
The Planter boldly ventures in the Trench.

*Sunt alii, quos ipse viâ sibi repperit usus.  
Hic plantas tenero abscindens de corpore matrum  
Deposuit sulcis : hic stirpes obruit arvo,  
Quadrifidasque fudes : Et acuto robore vallos :  
Sylvarumque alie pressos propaginis arcus  
Expectant, Et viva sua plantaria terrâ.  
Nil radices egent alie : summumque putator  
Haud dubitat terræ referens mandare cacumen.*

- “ Others there are, by late Experience found :  
“ Some cut the Shoots, and plant the furrow'd Ground : 30  
“ Some cover rooted Stalks in deeper Mold :  
“ Some cloven Stakes, and (wondrous to behold,)  
“ Their sharpen'd ends in Earth their footing place,  
“ *And the dry Poles produce a living Race.*  
“ Some bowe their Vines, which buried in the Plain, 35  
“ Their Tops in distant Arches rise again.  
“ Others no Root require, *the Lab'ror cuts*  
“ *Young Slips, and in the Soil securely puts.*

## VIRGIL'S HUSBANDRY.

Even from cleft Stocks, a most surprising thing !  
Through hard dry Wood the Roots of *Olives* spring.  
And often with Impunity we see,  
That *one* Tree's Boughs *another's* Boughs shall be :  
Thus, on the *Pear-Tree's* Stem, the *Apple* comes,  
And stony *Corneils* blush with blooming *Plums*.

Then learn, ye Swains, attentive to my Song,  
What various Culture does to *Plants* belong :  
Learn hence to tame the *Forest's* savage Growth ;  
And let no Land resign itself to Sloth.  
How fair is *Ismarus* ! with Vineyards blest,  
And great *Taburnus* ! all in *Olives* drest.

*Quin & candidibus sectis, mirabile dictu !  
Truditur e sicco radix oleagina ligno.  
Et saepe alterius ramos impune videmus  
Vertere in alterius, mutatamque insita mala  
Ferre pyrum, & prunis lapidosa rubescere corna.  
Quare agite o proprios generatim discite cultus,  
Agricolæ, fructusque feros mollite colendo.  
Non segnes jaceant terræ : juvat Ismara Baccho  
Conferere, atque olea magnum vestire Taburnum.*

- Ev'n Stumps of *Olives*, bar'd of *Leaves*, and *dead*,  
*Revive*, and oft redeem their wither'd *Head* ; 40  
'Tis usual now, an Inmate *Graff* to see  
With Insolence invade a *Foreign Tree* :  
cc Thus *Pears* and *Quinces* from the *Crabtree* come :  
cc And thus the ruddy *Cornel* bears the *Plum*. 45  
Then let the Learned *Gard'ner* mark with *Care*  
The *Kinds* of *Stocks*, and what those *Kinds* will bear :  
Explore the *Nature* of each sev'ral *Tree* ;  
And known, improve with artful *Industry* :  
And let no *Spot* of idle *Earth* be found,  
But cultivate the *Genius* of the *Ground*, 50  
cc For open *Ismarus* will *Bacchus* please ;  
cc *Taburnus* loves the *Shade* of *Olive Trees*.

And



## 6 VIRGIL'S HUSBANDRY.

And now assist me with thy friendly Care,  
 Just entred on the Work, my Labours share,  
 O! thou my Glory! thou my real Fame!  
 For 'tis to thee I chiefly owe my Name:  
 Do thou, *Mæcenas*, spread the flying Sail,  
 And to this Voyage give a prosp'rous Gale;  
 Not that my Lines could all the Theme embrace  
 Had I a hundred Mouths, and Tongues, and Voice of Brass:  
 Assist me then: First, coast along the Shore,  
 In Sight of Land, and ev'ry Shelve explore——  
 But here my Verses shall not thee detain,  
 With long Preambles of Poetick Strain.

*Tuque ades, inceptumque una decurre laborem,  
 O decus, ô fama merito pars maxima nostræ,  
 Mæcenas, pelagoque volans da vela patenti.  
 Non ego cuncta meis amplecti versibus opto:  
 Non, mihi si linguæ centum sint, oraque centum,  
 Ferrea vox, ades, & primò lege listoris oram,  
 In manibus terra—— non hic te carmine ficto,  
 Atque per ambages & longa exorsa tenebo.*

*The Virtues of the sev'ral Soils I sing,  
 Mæcenas, now thy needful Succour bring!  
 O thou! the better part of my Renown,  
 Inspire thy Poet, and thy Poem crown:  
 Embarque with me, while I new Tracks explore,  
 With flying Sails and Breezes from the Shore:  
 Not that my Song, in such a scanty Space,  
 So large a Subject fully can embrace:  
 cc Not tho' I were supply'd with Iron Lungs,  
 cc A hundred Mouths, fill'd with as many Tongues:  
 But steer my Vessel with a steady Hand,  
 And coast along the Shore in sight of Land.  
 Nor will I tire thy Patience with a Train  
 Of Preface, or what antient Poets feign.*

55.

60

65

The

## VIRGIL's HUSBANDRY.

7

The Trees, that of *themselves* attempt the Skies,  
Barren indeed, but gay and vigorous rise,  
For deep within the Soil their Nature lies :  
Yet these *ingraft*, or else a Trench prepare  
Of well-tam'd Mould, and cultivate them *there* ;  
The savage Mind they'll quit : and soon incline  
To civil Arts, and answer each Design :  
So will the *Sucker's* fruitless Breed, that shoots  
Around the sappy Trunk from swelling Roots,  
Should you *transplant* them to some open Place,  
And yield to ev'ry Stem an easy Space :  
Now mighty Boughs, and all the Mother-shade,  
With scorching Drops the sickly Fruit invade.

}

*Sponte sua quæ se tollunt in luminis auras,  
Infecunda quidem, sed læta & fortia surgunt.  
Quippe solo natura subest. Tamen hæc quoque si quis  
Inserat, aut scrobibus mandet mutata subactis ;  
Exuerint sylvestrem animum : cultuque frequenti,  
In quasunque voces artes, hæc tarda sequentur.  
Necnon & sterilibus quæ stirpibus exit ab imis,  
Hoc faciet : vacuos si sit digesta per agros :  
Nunc altæ frondes & rami matris opacant,  
Crescentique adimant fœtus, aruantque ferentem.*

- cc The Trees, which of themselves advance in Air,  
cc Are barren Kinds, but strongly built and fair :  
Because the Vigour of the Native Earth  
Maintains the Plant, and makes a manly Birth.  
Yet these, receiving Grafts of other Kind,  
Or thence transplanted, change their salvage Mind ;  
Their Wildness lose, and quitting Nature's Part,  
Obey the Rules and Discipline of Art.  
The same do Trees, that, sprung from barren Roots  
In open Fields, transplanted bear their Fruits,  
For where they grow, *the Native Energy*  
*Turns all into the Substance of the Tree,*  
Starves and destroys the Fruit, is only made  
For brawny Bulk, and for a barren Shade.

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Trees,

## § VIRGIL'S HUSBANDRY.

Trees, that are forc'd themselves from Seed to rear,  
 In their dull Progress slow and tedious are,  
 And for your Childrens Children Shade prepare.  
 Degenerate *Apples thus* forget their Taste,  
 And cluster'd *Seedlings* are the Birds Repast :  
 Yet *these* require an everlasting Toil,  
 Incessant Trenching, endless Cost of Soil ;

But *Olives* best from Stocks, from Layers grows  
 The fairest *Vine*, and *Myrtle* from huge Boughs :  
 From Scions, *Hazle*, and the *Ash* are born,  
 And thou that dost *Herculean* Shrines adorn !  
 Hence *Jove's Chaonian* Oaks their Branches spread,  
 Hence the huge *Palm* exalts its tow'ring Head :  
 And Hence the *Pine* is born : what Woes to bear  
 From Rocks, and Storms, and all the War'ry War !

*Jam, quæ seminibus jactis se sustulit arbor,*  
*Tarda venit, seris factura nepotibus umbram :*  
*Pomaque degenerant succos oblita priores :*  
*Et turpes avibus prædam fert uva racemos.*  
*Scilicet omnibus est labor impendendus, & omnes*  
*Cogenda in sulcum, ac multâ mercede domandæ :*  
*Sed truncis Oleæ melius, propagine Vites*  
*Respondent, solido Paphiæ de robore Myrtus.*  
*Plantis eduræ Coryli nascuntur, & ingens*  
*Fraxinus, Herculeæque arbor umbrosa coronæ,*  
*Chaonique patris glandes : etiam ardua Palma*  
*Nascitur, & casus Abies visura marinos.*

The Plant that shoots from Seed, a fullen Tree  
 At leisure grows, for late Posterity ;  
 The gen'rous Flavour lost, the Fruits decay,  
 And salvage Grapes are made the Birds ignoble Prey.  
 Much Labour is requir'd, in Trees to tame  
 Their wild Disorder, and in Ranks reclaim.  
 Well must the Ground be digg'd, and better dress'd,  
 New Soil to make, and meliorate the rest.  
 Old Stakes of Olive Trees in Plants revive ;  
 By the same Methods *Paphian* Myrtles live :  
 But nobler *Vines* by Propagation thrive.  
 From Roots hard *Hazles*, and from Cyons rise  
 Tall *Ash*, and taller *Oak* that mates the Skies :  
*Palm*, *Poplar*, *Fir*, descending from the Steep  
 Of Hills, to try the Dangers of the Deep.

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But

But *Filberds* graft on th' horrid *Crab-tree's* Brows ;  
On barren *Planes* the fairest *Apple* glows ;  
Thus *Chestnut* Plumes on *Beech* surpris'd the Sight,  
And *Hornbeam* blows with *Pear-tree* Flowers all white :  
And often Swine, whilst routing in the Wood,  
Beneath the *Elm*, have crunch'd their *Acorn Food*.

To *Graft* and to *En-eye* are different Cares :  
For where the *Burdeon* thro' the Rind appears,  
Full on the *Knot* a slender Passage made,  
There let the *Bud* from some known Tree convey'd,  
Within the humid Folds be safely laid.

Or force with cleaving Steel an op'ning way  
On a smooth Trunk ; and there your Plants display :  
Instant, on high the happy Branches rise,  
And a vast Tree stands tow'ring in the Skies :  
The Parent-Stem, surpris'd with Boughs unknown,  
Gazes *new Leaves*, and Apples not *her own*.

*Inferitur vero ex facta nucis arbutus horrida,  
Et steriles platani malos gessere valentis :  
Castanea fagus, ornusque incanuit albo  
Flore pyri : glandemque suas frangere sub ulmis.  
Nec modus inferere atque oculos imponere simplex.  
Nam quæ se medio tradunt de cortice gemma,  
Et tenuis rumpunt tunicas, angustus in ipso  
Fit nodo sinus : hinc aliena ex arbore germen  
Incidunt, udoque docent inolescere libro.  
Aut rursus enodes trunci rescantur, & alte  
Finditur in solidam cuneis via : deinde feraces  
Planta immittantur. Nec longum tempus, & ingens  
Exiit ad caelum ramis felicibus arbor,  
Miraturque novas frondes, & non sua poma.*

The thin-leav'd *Arbutus* Hazle-graffs receives,  
And *Planes* huge Apples bear, *that bore but Leaves*.  
Thus Masful *Beech* the bristly *Chestnut* bears,  
And the wild *Ash* is white with blooming *Pears*,  
And greedy Swine from grafted *Elms* are fed  
With falling *Acorns* that on *Oaks* are bred.

100

But various are the ways to change the State  
Of Plants, to Bud, to Graft, t' Inoculate.  
" For where the tender Kinds of Trees disclose  
Their shooting Gems, a swelling Knot there grows ;  
Just in that Space a narrow Slit we make,  
Then other Buds from bearing Trees we take :  
Inserted thus, the wounded Rind we close,  
" In whose moist Womb th' admitted Infant grows.  
" But when the smoother Bole from Knots is free,  
" We make a deep Incision in the Tree ;  
And in the solid Wood the Slip inclose :  
The bat'ning Bastard shoots again and grows ;  
And in short Space the laden Boughs arise,  
With happy Fruit advancing to the Skies.  
The Mother Plant admires the Leaves unknown  
Of alien Trees, and Apples not her own.

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# 10 VIRGIL'S HUSBANDRY.

Farther, nor *Elms*, nor *Willows* to one Kind,  
 Nor *Lotes*, nor *Ida's Cypress* is confin'd :  
 Nor always *Olives* one Resemblance shew,  
 Some round, some long, some flat and spreading grow :  
 Nor are the num'rous *Apples* that adorn  
 Thy Groves, *Alcinous*, with like Features born :  
 The same Variety the Orchard bears  
 In *Warden*, *Bergamot*, and *Pounder Pears* :  
 Not such a *Grape* the home-bred Vineyard grants,  
 As *Lesbians* pull from *Methymnean* Plants :  
*White* are the *Thasian* Vines, th' *Egyptian white* ;  
 These able in deep Grounds, and those in light :  
 The *Phasian* Must from Raisins dry'd is best,  
 The *Grislin* Grape, tho' gentle to the Taste,  
 Will tempt your baffled Legs, and tye your Tongue at last. }

*Præterea genus haud unum, nec fortibus ulmis,  
 Nec salici, lotoque, nec Idæis cyparissis :  
 Nec pingues unam in faciem nascuntur olivæ,  
 Orchades & radii, & amarâ pausia baccâ :  
 Pomaque, & Alcinoi sylvæ : nec surculus idem  
 Crustumis, Syriisque pyris, gravibusque Volemis.  
 Non eadem arboribus pendet vindemia nostris,  
 Quam Methymnæo carpit de palmite Lesbos.  
 Sunt Thasiæ vites, sunt & Mareotides albæ :  
 Pinguibus hæ terris habiles, levioribus illæ.  
 Et passo Psythia utilior, tenuisque lageos  
 Tentatura pedes olim, vincituraque linguam ;*

*Of vegetable Woods are various Kinds,  
 And the same Species are of sev'ral Minds ;  
 Lotes, Willows, Elms have diff'rent Forms allow'd,* 120  
*So Fun'ral Cypress rising like a Skroud.  
 Fat Olive-Trees of sundry Sorts appear,  
 Of sundry Shapes their unctuous Berries bear.  
 Radii long Olives, Orchites round produce,  
 And bitter Pausia, pounded for the Juice.* 125  
*Alcinous Orchard various Apples bears .  
 Unlike are Bergamotes and Pounder Pears.  
 Nor our Italian Vines produce the Shape,  
 Or Taste, or Flavour of the Lesbian Grape.  
 " The Thasian Vines in richer Soils abound,* 130  
*" The Mareotique grow in barren Ground.  
 The Psythian Grape we dry : Lagann Juice  
 Will stamm'ring Tongues, and stagge'ring Feet produce.*

Ye Purple, Rath-ripe, and Rhepbean Vines, }  
 How shall I tell of you in equal Lines?  
 Yet think not hence to match *Falerian* Wines.  
 Lo ! *Ammenean* Clusters, potent Juice !  
*Tmolian* nor fam'd *Phenæan* such produce.  
 Her Prize, unrival'd, the less *Argis* bears,  
 Her's is the Purple Flood, and Her's the Length of Years,  
 Nor shall Ye want the Tribute of the Muse,  
 Whom no proud Board, nor Gods themselves refuse,  
 The *Rhodian* Thou, and Thou the mighty *Grape*,  
 A swelling, trailing Udder is thy Shape !  
 But of their Kinds and Names there is no Tale,  
 Nor would their Number ought my Song avail ;  
 Who this would know, the same would count the Sands,  
 Tempestuous *Zephyrs* tofs on *Libyan* Strands ;  
 Or when with fiercer Rage hoarse *Eurus* roars,  
 The sounding Waves that lash *Ionian* Shores,

*Purpurea, prælaque : & quo te carmine dicam  
 Rhætica ? nec cellis ideo contende Falernis.  
 Sunt etiam Ammineæ vites, firmissima vina :  
 Tmolus & assurgit quibus, & rex ipse Phœzus,  
 Argitisque minor, cui non certaveris ulla  
 Aut tantum finire, aut totidem durare per annos.  
 Non ego te, mensis & Diis accepta secundis,  
 Transferim, Rhodia, & tumidis, Bumaste, racemis.  
 Sed neque quam multa species, nec nomina qua sint,  
 Et numerus : neque enim numero comprehendere refert.  
 Quam qui scire velit, Lybici velis æquoris idem  
 Discere ; quam multa Zephyro turbentur arena :  
 Aut, ubi navigiis violentior incidit Eurus,  
 Nosse, quot Ionii veniant ad littora fluctus.*

Rath-ripe are some, and some of later Kind,  
 Of Golden some, and some of Purple Kind. 135  
 How shall I praise the *Rathian* Grape divine,  
 Which yet contends not with *Falerian* Wine !  
 Th' *Aminean* many a Consulship survives,  
 And longer than the *Lybian* Vintage lives,  
 Or high *Phænus* King of *Chian* Growth : 140  
 But for large Quantities, and lasting both,  
 The less *Argis* bears the Prize away.  
 The *Rhodian*, sacred to the solemn Day,  
 In second Services is pour'd to Jove ;  
 And best accepted by the Gods above. 145  
 Nor must *Bumastus* his old Honours lose,  
 In Length and Largeness like the Dugs of Cows.  
 I pass the rest, whose ev'ry Race and Name,  
 And Kinds, are less material to my Theme.  
 Which who would learn, as soon may tell the Sands,  
 Driv'n by the Western Wind on *Libyan* Lands ; 150  
 Or number, when the bluffing *Eurus* roars,  
 The Billows beating on *Ionian* Shores.

Not ev'ry Tree will ev'ry Soil adorn,  
*Willows* in Brooks, in *Fenns* are *Alders* born.  
 On stony Cliffs the *Ash* his tow'ring Height  
 Erects, and *Myrtles* in cool Shores delight.  
*Bacchus* to Sunny Hills is most inclin'd,  
 The hardy *Yew* to Cold and Northern Wind.  
 Survey the Earth thro' all her distant Coasts,  
 The *Arab's* Eastern Site, the painted *Scythian's* Frosts,  
 Where-e'er the Globe subdu'd by *Hinds* we see,  
 Each Land's bestow'd on some deserving Tree.  
*India* alone bears *Jet* in scorching Fields,  
 Alone *Sabæa* sacred *Incense* yields.  
 Shall I of *Egypt* tell, where *Balm* is seen  
 Sweating thro' fragrant Wood? where ever-green  
*Acanthus* rises with his Gummy Stem?  
 Or of those Groves that whiten into Wool,  
 And how the Fleece from Boughs the *Seres* cull?

}

*Nec vero terræ ferre omnes omnia possunt.*  
*Fluminibus Salices, crassisque paludibus Alni*  
*Nascuntur, steriles saxosis montibus Orni,*  
*Littora Myrtetis latissima: denique apertos*  
*Bacchus amat colles, aquilonem & frigora Taxi,*  
*Aspice & extremis domitum cultioribus orbem,*  
*Æoasque domos Arabum, pictosque Gelonos.*  
*Divisæ arboribus patriæ. Sola India nigrum*  
*Fert Ebum, solis est Thurea virga Sabæis.*  
*Quid tibi odorato referam sudantia ligno*  
*Balsamaque, & baccas semper frondentis Acanthi!*  
*Quid nemora Æthiopum molli canentia lana?*  
*Velleraque ut foliis depectant tenuia Seres?*

Not ev'ry Plant on ev'ry Soil will grow;  
 The Sallow loves the wat'ry Ground, and low. 155  
 The Marshes, Alders; Nature seems t'ordain  
 The rocky Cliff for the wild *Ash's* Reign;  
 The baleful *Yew* to Northern Blasts assigns;  
 To Shores the *Myrtles*, and to Mounts the *Vines*.  
 Regard th'extremest cultivated Coast, 16a  
 From hot *Arabia* to the *Scythian* Frost:  
 " All sorts of Trees their sev'ral Countries know;  
 " Black Ebon only will in *India* grow:  
 " And od'rous *Frankincense* on the *Sabæan* Bough.  
 Balm slowly trickles thro' the bleeding Veins 16b  
 Of happy *Shrubs*, in *Idumaan* Plains.  
 The green *Egyptian* Thorn, for *Med'cine* good;  
 With *Ethiops* hoary Trees and woolly Wood,  
 Let others tell; and how the *Seres* spin  
 Their fleecy Forests in a slender Twine. 17a Or

Or else of Forests, where the Sea surrounds  
*India's* last Shore, and Earth has fix'd her Mounds :  
 Whose tow'ring Woods surmount the Arrow's Flight,  
 Urg'd by the skilful Archer's utmost Might.  
 To *Media's* Clime those happy Fruits belong,  
 Bitter of Taste, and clammy to the Tongue,  
 Whose friendly Juice supplies immediate Aid,  
 When cruel Step-dames harmless Lives invade ;  
 This from the Veins the fatal Draught expels,  
 Mix'd up with baneful Herbs and noxious Spells :  
 Vast is the Trunk, and like a Lawrel grows :  
 And did it not a different Scent disclose,  
 A Lawrel were: No Storm can rend its Leaves,  
 Or waste the Flow'r, so close and firm it cleaves.  
 With this the *Mede* corrects offensive Breath,  
 And saves the panting, gasping Soul from Death.

*Aut quos Oceano propior gerit India lucos,  
 Extremi sinus orbis ? ubi aëra vincere summum  
 Arboris baud ullæ jactu potuere sagittæ :  
 Et gens illa quidem sumptis non tarda pharetris,  
 Media fert tristes succos tardumque saporem  
 Felicis mali : quo non præsentius ullum  
 (Pocula si quando sævæ infecere novercæ,  
 Miscueruntque herbas, & non innoxia verba)  
 Auxilium venit, ac membris agit atra venena.  
 Ipsa ingens arbos, faciemque simillima Lauro :  
 Et, si non alium latè jactaret odorem,  
 Laurus erat : folio baud ullis labentia ventis :  
 Flos apprima tenax : animas & olentia Medi  
 Ora fovent illo, & senibus medicantur anhelis.*

With mighty Trunks of Trees on Indian Shores  
 Whose Height above the feather'd Arrow soars,  
 Shot from the toughest Bow ; and by the Brawn  
 Of expert Archers, with vast Vigour drawn.  
 Sharp tasted Citrons *Median* Climes produce : 175  
 Bitter the Rind, but gen'rous is the Juice :  
 A cordial Fruit, a present Antidote  
 Against the direful Step-dames deadly Draught :  
 Who mixing wicked Weeds with Words impure,  
 The Fate of envied Orphans would procure. 180  
 Large is the Plant, and like a Lawrel grows,  
 And did it not a different Scent disclose,  
 A Lawrel were: The fragrant Flow'rs condemn  
 The stormy Winds, tenacious of their Stem.  
 With this the *Medes*, to lab'ring Age bequeath 185  
 New Lungs, and cure the Sow'riness of the Breath. But



But neither *Media's* Groves, nor fertile Lands,  
 Nor all the Beauties of the *Grannick* Strands,  
 Nor *Hermus'* Tide choak'd up with Golden Sands;  
 Not all united can such Glories boast,  
 Such and so many as the *Latian* Coast:  
 No nor yet *Bactria* or Both *Indies* Shores,  
 Or all *Panchaia's* Plains manur'd with spicy Stores.

This Soil by *Bulls* that roar with *fiery Breath*  
 Was never till'd; nor sown with *Dragons* Teeth:  
 No horrid Crop of Helmets, Spears, and Shields,  
 And sprouting Darts, did e'er amaze these Fields:  
 But all with *Corn* abounds, and gen'rous *Wine*,  
 With Streams of *Oil*, and gladsome *Herd's* of *Kine*.  
 Hence comes the *Courser* rushing thro' the War;  
 Hence *Snowy Flocks*: Hence the huge *Victim-Steer*:  
 These oft, *Clitumnus*, Hallow'd in thy Floods,  
 Have led triumphant *Rome* to thank the *Gods*.

*Sed neque Medorum sylva, ditissima terra,  
 Nec pulcher Ganges, atque auro turbidus Hermus,  
 Laudibus Italiæ certent: non Bactra, neque Indi,  
 Totaque thuriferis Panchaia pinguis arenis.  
 Hæc loca non tauri spirantes naribus ignem  
 Invertere; satis immanis dentibus hyæri:  
 Nec galeis densisque virum seges horruit hastis:  
 Sed gravidæ fruges, & Bacchi Mæsticus humor  
 Implevere; tenent oleæque, armentaque læta.  
 Hinc bellator equus campo sese arduus infert:  
 Hinc albi, Clitumne, greges, & maxima taurus  
 Victima sæpe tuo perfusi flumine sacro,  
 Romanos ad templa Deum duxere triumphos,*

But neither *Median* Woods, (a plenteous Land)  
 Fair *Ganges*, *Hermus* rolling Golden Sand,  
 Nor *Bactria*, nor the richer *Indian* Fields,  
 Nor all the gummy Stores *Arabia* yields;  
 Nor any foreign Earth of greater Name,  
 Can with *sweet Italy* contend in Fame.  
 No *Bulls*, whose Nostrils breath a living Flame,  
 Have turn'd our Turf, no Teeth of Serpents here  
 Were sown, an armed Host and Iron Crop to bear.  
 But *fruitful* Vines, and the fat *Olives* freight,  
 And Harvests heavy with their *fruitful* Weight,  
 Adorn our Fields; and on the cheerful Green,  
 The grazing Flocks and lowing Herds are seen.  
 The *Warrior-Horse* here bred is taught to train:  
 There flows *Clitumnus* thro' the flow'ry Plain;  
 Whose Waves, for Triumphs after prosperous War,  
 The *Victim Ox*, and *snowy* Sheep prepare.

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200

Here

Here everlasting Spring adorns the Field,  
 And foreign Harvests constant Summer yield :  
 Twice ev'ry Year the Kine are great with young,  
 Twice the luxuriant Trees with Apples hung :  
 But furious Tygers, and the Lion's Seed  
 Are absent Here : Nor Here the pois'nous Weed  
 Of Aconite, with dubious Leaves prevails ;  
 Nor Serpents, rattling with their fiery Scales,  
 Drive such prodigious Orbs along the Land,  
 Or wreath'd on such vast Spires collected stand.

Add all the Cities, that conspicuous rise,  
 In Works of endless Labour to the Skies :  
 Add Towns unnumber'd, that the Land adorn  
 By toiling Hands from rocky Quarries torn :  
 And all the mighty Streams that close below  
 The lasting Walls in winding Channels flow.

*Hic ver ædificum, atque alienis messibus æstas.  
 Bis gravidæ pecudes, bis pomis utiis arbor.  
 At rapidæ tigres absunt, & sæva leonum  
 Semina : nec miseros fallunt aconita legentes :  
 Nec rapit immensos orbes per humum, neque tanto  
 Squameus in spiram tractu se colligit anguis.  
 Adde tot egregias urbes, operumque laborem :  
 Tot congesta manu præruptis oppida saxis :  
 Fluminaque antiquos subter labentia muros.*

- cc Perpetual Spring our happy Climate sees ;  
 cc Twice breed the Cattle, and twice bear the Trees ;  
 And Summer Suns recede by slow Degrees.

} 205

Our Land is from the Rage of Tygers freed,  
 Nor nourishes the Lion's angry Seed ;  
 Nor pois'nous Aconite is here produc'd,  
 Or grows unknown, or is, when known, refus'd.  
 Nor in so vast a Length our Serpents glide,  
 Or rais'd on such a spiry Volume ride.

210

Next add our Cities of illustrious Name,  
 Their costly Labour and stupendous Frame :  
 Our Forts on steepy Hills, that far below  
 See wanton Streams, in winding Valleys flow.

215

What

What of the *upper* and the *netber* Sea ?  
 Both yielding to the Land's Fertility ?  
 What of the wond'rous *Lakes* ? great *Laris*, first of Thee ?  
 And what of Thee, *Benacus*, shall I tell ?  
 Whose Waves like *Neptune's* roar, like *Neptune's* swell.  
 Shall I declare the *Ports*, and *Lucrine* Mounds ?  
 How the disdainful Sea enrag'd rebounds,  
 And thro' the *Julian* Bay the dreadful Shock resounds :  
 Or how *Tyrrhenum's* Waves, and stormy Tide  
 To calm *Avernus* are compell'd to glide.  
 This *Land* Herself, in shining Veins below,  
 Does Streams of *Brazen Ore*, and *Silver* show :  
 And molten *Gold* has here been us'd to flow :

*An mare, quod supra, memorem ; quodque alluit infra ?  
 Anne lacus tantos ? te, Lari maxime, teque  
 Fluctibus & fremitu assurgens, Benace, marino ?  
 An memorem portus, Lucrinoque addita claustra,  
 Atque indignatum magnis stridoribus aquor :  
 Julia qua ponto longè sonat unda refuso,  
 Tyrrhenusque fretis immittitur æstus Avernis ?  
 Hæc eadem argenti rivos, ærisque metalla  
 Ostendit venis, atque auro plurima fluxit.*

Our twofold Seas, that washing either Side ;  
 A rich Recruit of foreign Stores provide.  
 Our spacious Lakes ; thec, *Larius*, first, and next  
*Benacus*, with tempest'ous Billows vex'd. 220  
 Or shall I praise thy Ports, or mention make  
 Of the vast Mound that binds the *Lucrine* Lake.  
 Or the disdainful Sea, that, shut from thence,  
 Roars round the Structure, and invades the Fence.  
 There, where secure the *Julian* Waters glide, 225  
 Or where *Avernus* Jaws admit the *Tyrrhene* Tide.  
 Our Quarries deep in Earth, were fam'd of old,  
 For Veins of Silver, and for Ore of Gold.

This

This Land has Stocks of hardy Chiefs brought forth,  
 Those of the *Marſian* and *Sabellian* Birth :  
*Ligurians*, ready in all Toils to join,  
*Volſcians*, whoſe brandiſh'd Spears in Battle ſhine,  
 The *Decian*, *Marian*, and *Camillian* Line,  
 And both the Captains of the *Scipian* Name,  
 And Thee, Thee, *Cæſar*, above all in Fame ;  
 Who now victorious in the fartheſt Eaſt,  
 Do'ſt awe the utmoſt *Aſia* into Reſt :  
 And the ſoft *Indian* fright'ning to his Home,  
 Do'ſt far avert his Luxury from *Rome*.

Hail, mighty Parent ! Hail, *Saturnian* Soil !  
 Mighty in Fruits and Men ! for Thee this Toil  
 I gladly urge : advent'ring to unfold  
 Labours and Arts in high Eſteem of old :  
 For thee I open all the ſacred Spring,  
 And in *Aſcræan* Verſe thro' *Roman* Countries ſing.

*Hæc genus acre virûm, Marſos, pubemque Sabellam,  
 Affuetumque malo Ligurem, Volſcoſque verutos  
 Extulit : hæc Decios, Marios, magnosque Camillos  
 Scipiadas duos bello : Et te, maxime Cæſar,  
 Qui nunc extremis Aſiæ jam victor in oris  
 Imbellem avertis Romanis arcibus Indum.  
 Salve magna Parens frugum, Saturnia tellus,  
 Magna virûm ! tibi res antiquæ laudis Et artis  
 Ingredior, ſanctos auſus recludere fontes :  
 Aſcræumque cano Romana per oppida carmen.*

*Th' Inhabitants themſelves their Country grace ;  
 Hence roſe the Marſian and Sabellian Race,  
 Strong-limb'd and ſtout, and to the Wars inclin'd,  
 And hard Ligurians, a laborious Kind ;  
 And Volſcians arm'd with Iron-headed Darts,  
 Beſides, an Offſpring of undaunted Hearts.  
 The Decii, Marii, great Camillus came  
 From hence, and greater Scipio's double Name :  
 And mighty Cæſar, whoſe victorious Arms  
 To fartheſt Aſia carry fierce Alarms :  
 Avert unwarlike Indians from his Rome ;  
 Triumph abroad, ſecure our Peace at Home.*

Hail, ſweet *Saturnian* Soil ! of fruitful Grain  
 Great Parent, greater of Illuſtrious Men.  
 For thee my tuneful Accents will I raiſe,  
 And treat of Arts diſclos'd in antient Days :  
 Once more unlock for thee the ſacred Spring,  
 And old *Aſcræan* Verſe in *Roman* Cities ſing.

# 18 VIRGIL'S HUSBANDRY.

Now learn the various *Temper*s of the Fields,  
 Their *Strength*, Their *Looks*, and what each kindly yields;  
 First, stubborn Land, or a malignant Hill,  
 Whose Soil loose *Clay* and *Stones* and *Bushes* fill,  
*Palladian* Plants by native Instinct love,  
 And yield to distant Years a fruitful Grove.  
 This Soil is known, where *Olive* Shoots abound,  
 And savage Berries strew the loaded Ground.  
 But where the *Lands* are fat, and glad with Juice,  
 Or where Rich Meads the fertile *Dag* produce:  
 Such as We often, from the shagged Brow  
 Of some high Rock, perceive in *Vales* below,  
 Where Streams full fraught with Happy Slime o'erflow,  
 Or matted *Fern* where Southern Hillocks bear,  
 A clinging Weed detested by the *Shear*;

*Nunc locus arborum ingenii : quæ robora cuique ;  
 Quis color, & quæ sit rebus natura ferendis.  
 Difficiles primum terra, collesque maligni,  
 Tennis ubi argilla, & dumosis calcatus arvis,  
 Palladia gaudens sylva vivacis olive.  
 Indicio est, tractu surgens oleaster eodem  
 Plurimus, & strati baccis sylvestribus ægri.  
 At quæ pinguis humus, dulcique uligine lata,  
 Quicquæ frequens herbis & fertilis ubere campus,  
 Qualem sæpe cavâ montis convalle solemus  
 Despicere : huc fumantis liquuntur rapibus amnes,  
 Felicemque trahunt limen : Quicquæ edens Austro,  
 Et filicem curvis invisam pascit aratri :*

The Nature of their sev'ral Soils now see,  
 Their Strength, their Colour, their Fertility :  
 And first for Heath, and barren hilly Ground,  
 Where meager Clay and flinty Stones abound;  
 Where the poor Soil all Succour seems to want,  
 Yet this suffices the *Palladian* Plant.  
 Undoubted Signs of such a Soil are found,  
 For here wild Olive-Shoots o'erspread the Ground,  
 And Heaps of Berries strew the Fields around.  
 But where the Soil, with fat'ning Moisture fill'd,  
 Is cloth'd with Grass and fruitful to be till'd :  
 Such as in cheerful Vales we view from high;  
 Which dripping Rocks with rolling Streams supply,  
 And feed with Ooze ; where rising Hillocks run  
 In Length, and open to the Southern Sun :  
 Where Fern succeeds, ungrateful to the Plough,  
 That gentle Ground to generous Grapes allow.

This

*This* will hereafter yield the stoutest *Vine*,  
And flow in Purple Streams of gen'rous *Wine* ;  
*This* fills with *Grapes* the Dish ; *This* Gold adorns  
With *Mus*, when *Tuscans* blow their Iv'ry Horns,  
And massy *Chargers*, bending with their Loads,  
Bear reeking *Entrails* offer'd to the Gods.

But is the Breed of *Herds* your chosen *Toil* ?  
Or *Store* of *Sheep* ? or *Goats* that burn the *Soil* ?  
Then seek *Tarentum's* Woods, and wat'ry *Coast*,  
Or *Fields* like Those unhappy *Mantua* lost.  
Where *Silver Swans* on gentle *Streams* are fed,  
With *Herbage* rising from the fruitful *Bed*.  
No Want of living *Springs*, or tender *Grass*,  
Betrays the *Flock*, or starves the *hopeful Race* :  
And all that *Herds* in longest *Days* devour,  
In shortest *Nights* the cooling *Dews* restore.

*Hic tibi prævalidas olim multoque fluentes  
Sufficiet Baccho vites : hic fertilis uva,  
Hic laticis ; qualem pateris libamus & auro,  
Inflavit cum pinguis ebur Tyrrhenus ad auras,  
Lancibus & pandis fumantia reddimus exta.*

*Sin armenta magis studium vitulosque tueri,  
Aut fœtus ovium, aut urentes culta capellas :  
Saltus & saturi petito longinqua Tarenti,  
Et qualem infelix amisit Mantua campum,  
Pascentem niveos herbofo flumine cycnos ;  
Non liquidi gregibus fontes, non gramina desunt,  
Et quantum longis carpent armenta diebus,  
Exiguâ tantum gelidus ros nocte reponet.*

Strong Stocks of *Vines* it will in time produce,  
And overflow the *Vats* with friendly *Juice*,

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Such as our *Priests* in golden *Goblets* pour  
To Gods, the *Givers* of the cheerful *Hour*.

Then when the bloated *Thyrsen* blows his *Horn*,  
And reeking *Entrails* are in *Chargers* born.

270

If *Herds* or fleecy *Flocks* be more thy *Care*,  
Or *Goats* that graze the *Field*, and burn it bare :  
Then seek *Tarentum's* *Lawns* and farthest *Coast*,  
Or such a *Field* as hapless *Mantua* lost :

Where *Silver-Swans* sail down the watry *Road*  
And graze the floating *Herbage* of the *Flood*.

275

There *Crystal Streams* perpetual *Timour* keep,  
Nor *Food* nor *Springs* are wanting to thy *Sheep*.  
For what the *Day* devours, the nightly *Dew*  
Shall to the *Morn* in Pearly *Drops* renew.

*Lands, to the Eye that Dark and Fat appear,*  
*Below the Traces of the piercing Share,*  
*Whose happy Soil is naturally Loose ;*  
*(For this of Ploughing is the genuine Use)*  
*These Fields the mighty Store of Wheat produce :*  
*From no till'd Plains such loaded Waggon come,*  
*From none so num'rous with slow Oxen Home :*  
*Or where the angry Hind has bar'd the Earth,*  
*With vexing Ploughs, of all its bushy Birth ;*  
*And grubb'd dry Groves, that Length of Years had stood*  
*In useless Sloth : down with the sounding Wood*  
*The Birds old Mansions fell, and hidden Brood :*  
*They from their Nests flew upwards to the Head,*  
*Long hover'd round, and piteous Outcry made.*

*Nigra fere, & pressa pinguis sub vomere terra,*  
*Et cui putre solum, (namque hoc imitatur arando)*  
*Optima frumentis, non ullo ex equore cernes*  
*Plura domum tardis decedere plaustra iuvenis :*  
*Aut unde iratus sylvam devexit arator,*  
*Et nemora evertit multos ignava per annos,*  
*Antiquasque domos avium cum stirpibus imis*  
*Eruit : illæ altum nidis petiere relictis ;*

- Fat crumbling Earth is fitter for the Plough, 280  
 Putrid and loose above, and black below :  
 For Ploughing is an imitative Toil,  
 Resembling Nature in an easy Soil.  
 No Land for Seed like this, no Fields afford  
 So large an Income to the Village-Lord : 285  
 No toiling Teams from Harvest-Labour come  
 So late at Night, so heavy-laden Home.  
 The like of Forest-Land is understood,  
 From whence the surly Ploughman grubs the Wood, }  
 Which had for Length of Ages idle stood. 290  
 Then Birds forsake the Ruines of their Seat,  
 And flying from their Nests their Callow Young forget.

But

But where the Plough is urg'd on *Rubble Ground*,  
Nothing, but *Whitening Furrows*, will be found :  
For hungry *Gravel*, that on *Hillocks* lies,  
Scarce *Marjoram* and *Thyme* for Bees supplies :  
Nor *Stone-brass* more, nor more the hollow *Chalk*,  
Where the black Snake scoops out his winding Walk :  
No Soil, 'tis said, affords him nicer Food,  
Or safer Caverns for his slimy Brood.

The *Land*: whence Mists in subtle Clouds arise,  
Which drinks in Moisture, and at Will supplies :  
Which cloaths itself in Ever-lasting Green,  
And where no Rust is on the Coulter seen :  
*This* round the tallest *Elm* will twist the *Vine*,  
*This* the fat *Olive* swell, *This* cheer the *Kine*,  
And nothing loth to useful *Ploughs* incline.

*At rudis emittit impulso vomere campus :  
Nam jejuna quidem clivosi glareæ ruris  
Vix humiles apibus cassas roremque ministrat :  
Et topbus scaber ; & nigris exesa chelydri  
Creta : negant alios æque serpentibus agros  
Dulcem ferre cibum, & curvas præbere latebras.  
Quæ tenuem exhalat nebulam, fumosque volucris,  
Et bibit humorem, & cum vult ex se ipsa remittit,  
Quaque suo viridi semper se gramine vestit,  
Nec scabie & salsâ lædit rubigine ferrum ;  
Illa tibi lætis intextet vitibus ulmos :  
Illa ferax oleæ est : Illam experière colendo  
Et facilem pecori, & patientem vomeris unci.*

The coarse lean *Gravel*, on the *Mountain Sides*,  
Scarce dewy *Bev'rage* for the Bees provides :  
Nor *Chalk* nor crumbling *Stones*, the *Food of Snakes*,  
That work in hollow Earth their winding Tracks.  
The Soil exhaling Clouds of subtle Dews,  
Imbibing Moisture, which with Ease she spews ;  
Which rusts not Iron, and whose Mold is clean,  
And cloth'd with chearful Grass, and Ever-green,  
Is good for *Olives*, and aspiring *Vines*,  
Embracing *Husband-Elms* in am'rous Twines ;  
Is fit for feeding Cattle, fit to sowe,  
And equal to the Pasture and the Plough.



Such is the Soil that wealthy *Capua* boasts,  
 Such That which borders on *Vesuvian* Coasts ;  
 Or where th' impetuous Tide of *Clanlus* reigns,  
 And shews no Pity to *Acerra's* Plains.

But now from *Signus*, not doubtful, shall be shown,  
 How *Heavier* Soils are from the *Lighter* known :  
 The one for *Corn*, the other fit for *Vines*,  
 To *CERES* close, to *BACCHUS* loose inclines.

First dig a *Pit*, again the Mould interr,  
 And tread it hard ; if *Want of Earth* appear,  
 That Soil is *Light*, and will be to the *Vine*  
 A *Loaded Udder*, and to *Bleating Kine* :  
 But should the Mould swell up with tow'ring Height,  
 Spread round the Trench, and proudly scorn the *Pit* ;  
 Close is this Soil, and for the Ploughman fit.  
 Stiff Clods will *This*, and clinging Furrows yield,  
 Provide the stoutest Steers to rend the Field.

*Talem dives Arat Capua, & vicina Vesuvo  
 Ora iugo, & vacuis Clanlus non aquas Acerris.*

*Nunc, quo quamque modo possis cognoscere, dicam.  
 Rara sit, an supra morem si densa, requiras :  
 Altera frumentis quoniam favet, altera Baccho :  
 Densa, magis Cereri : rarissima quaque, Lyxo ;  
 Aut locum capies oculis : atque jubebis  
 In solido patrum demitti, omnemque repones  
 Rursus humum, & pedibus summas equabis arenas.  
 Si deerunt ; raram, pecorique & vitibus almis  
 Aptius uber erit. Sin in sua posse negabunt  
 Ire loca, & scrobibus superabis terra repletis,  
 Spissus ager ; glebas cunctantes crassaque terga  
 Expecta, & validis terram proscinde juvencis.*

Such is the Soil of fat *Campanian* Fields,  
 Such large Increase the Land that joins *Vesuvius* yields.  
 And such a Country cou'd *Acerra* boast,  
 'Till *Clanlus* over-flow'd th' unhappy Coast.

I teach thee next the differing Soils to know ;  
 The light for Vines, the heavier for the Plough.

Choose first a Place for such a Purpose fit,  
 Then dig the solid Earth, and sink a Pit :  
 Next fill the Hole with its own Earth again,  
 And trample with thy Feet, and tread it in :

Then if it rise not to the former Height  
 Of Surface, conclude that Soil is light ;  
 A proper Ground for Pasture and Vines ;  
 But if the sullen Earth, so press'd, repines  
 Within its native Mansion to retire,  
 And stays without, a Heap of heavy Mire,

'Tis good for Arable, a Glebe that asks  
 Tough Teams of Oxen, and laborious Tasks.

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But

But all your Time and Labour will be waste,  
On Earth that's *Salt* and *Bitter* to the Taste :  
Unhappy Soil ! no Share its Nature tames,  
Here neither *Grapes* their *Kinds*, nor *Apples* keep their *Namer*.

Thus learn its *Bent* : a *close-wove Basket* choose,  
There place the *Strainer* of thy *Vineyard's Juice* :  
Then tread that *evil Earth* below the *Brim*,  
And pour in *Water* from the purest *Stream* :  
All the soft *Wave* will struggle thro' the *Ground*,  
And gushing *Drops* the *Osier Orb* surround.  
But most its *Nature* by the *Taste* appears,  
For this a certain *Indication* bears,  
When the *wry Mouth* the *bitter Juice* declares.  
Thus also we discern the *Richest Land*,  
It *never crumbles* in the squeezing *Hand* :  
But *spreads*, grows *soft*, and to the *Fingers cleaves* ;  
Not *Pitch* when warm a clammier *Matter* leaves.

}

*Salsa autem tellus, et quæ perhibetur amara,  
Frugibus infelix : ea nec mansuescit arando ;  
Nec Baccho genus, aut Pomis sua nomina servat :  
Tale dabis specimen : tu spisso vimine quales,  
Colaue prelorum fumosis deripe totis.  
Huc ager ille malus, dulcesque a fontibus undæ  
Ad plenum calcantur : aqua eluctabitur omnis  
Scilicet, et grandes ibunt per vimina guttæ.  
At sapor indicium faciet manifestus, et ora  
Tristia tentantum sensu torquebis amaror.  
Pinguis item quæ fit tellus, hoc denique pacto  
Discimus : baud unquam manibus jactata fatiscit,  
Sed picis in morem ad digitos lentescit habendo.*

Salt Earth and bitter are not fit to sow,  
Nor will be tam'd and mended by the Plough.  
Sweet Grapes degen'rate there ; and Fruits, declin'd  
From their first flav'rous Taste, renounce their Kind.  
This Truth by sure Experiment is try'd ;  
For first an *Osier Colendar* provide  
Of *Twigs* thick wrought, (such *toiling Peasants* twine.  
When thro' streight *Passages* they *strain* their *Wine* ; )  
In this close *Vessel* place *that Earth* accus'd,  
But fill'd *Brim-full* with *wholesome Water* first,  
Then run it thro', the *Drops* will *rope* around,  
And by the bitter *Taste* disclose the *Ground*.  
The fatter *Earth* by handling we may find,  
With *Ease* distinguish'd from the meager *Kind*.  
Poor *Soil* will *crumble* into *Dust*, the *Rich*  
Will to the *Fingers cleave* like *clammy Pitch*.

325

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335

Bark

## 24 VIRGIL's HUSBANDRY.

Rank Herbs disclose the Moisture of their Grounds,  
 Unequal Chearfulness in these abounds :  
 Oh ! may not mine so vainly proud appear,  
 Nor shew their Vigour in the tender Ear !  
 The *Light*, and *Heavy* in the Balance try,  
 The *Black* and *other Colours* strike the Eye :  
 But difficult it is, to know the *Cold*,  
 Yet *This* by *Fir* and *Tew* and *Ivy's* told,  
 These shew the Foot-steps of the *wicked Mould*.

Mark well these Rules ; and then your *Soil* prepare,  
 Expose it long to *Rains*, and *Northern Air*,  
 And *Drain*, and *Trench* it well, and *Smooth* its Face,  
 Long e're You plant the *Vineyard's* joyful Race :  
 Lands, fit for *Vineyards*, ever must be *Loose*,  
*This* Winds, and Frosts, and lab'ring Spades produce.

*Humida majores herbas alit, ipsaque justo  
 Lætior ; ab nimium ne sit mihi fertilis illa,  
 Nec se prævalidam primis ostendat aristis !  
 Quæ gravis est, ipso tacitam se pondere prodit ;  
 Quæque levis. Promptum est oculis prædiscere nigram,  
 Et quisquis color. At sceleratum exquirere frigus  
 Difficile est ; piceæ tantum, taxique nocentes  
 Interdum, aut hederae pandunt vestigia nigrae.  
 His animadversis, terram multo ante memento  
 Excoquere, & magnos scrobibus concidere montes :  
 Ante supinatas Aquiloni ostendere glebas,  
 Quam letum infodias vitis genus : optima putri  
 Arva solo : id venti curant, gelidaeque pruinae,  
 Et labefacta movens robustus jugera fissor.*

- Moist Earth produces Corn and Grass, but both  
 Too rank and too luxuriant in their Growth. 340  
 Let not my Land so large a Promise boast,  
 Lest the lank Ears in length of Stem be lost.  
 " The heavier Earth is by her Weight betray'd,  
 The lighter in the poising Hand is weigh'd :  
 'Tis easy to distinguish by the Sight 345  
 " The Colour of the Soil, and Black from White.  
 But the cold Ground is difficult to know,  
 " Yet this the Plants that prosper there will shew ; }  
 " Black Ivy, Pitch-Trees, and the baleful Yew,  
 " These Rules consider'd well, with early Care 350  
 The Vineyard destin'd for thy Vines prepare :  
 But, long before the Planting, dig the Ground,  
 With Furrows deep that cast a rising Mound :  
 The Clods, expos'd to Winter Winds, will bake:  
 For putrid Earth will best in Vineyards take, 355  
 " And heavy Frosts, after the painful Toil  
 " Of detunging Hinds, will rot the mellow Soil.

But

But those few *Swains*, who no Precaution spare,  
Of the *same Soil* one chosen Plot prepare,  
First to bring out the *Bud*, and then the Plant to rear : }  
Left Infant-Saplings miss the Mother-Earth,  
And Foster-Mould should check the hopeful Birth :  
Besides : on ev'ry single Plant they mark  
The native Aspect in the tender Bark :  
Which Part its Back turn'd to the *Pole*, which bore  
The *Southern Heats*, and each to each restore.  
Such Power has Custom ! such Effects can Use  
In Tender, Infant, Pliant Things produce !

Now *Hill* or *Valley* choose to bear the *Vine* :  
Should you to *Plains* of Richer Mould incline,  
Set *thick* your Plants, nor will the God refuse  
To swell their crowded Dugs with Purple Juice ;

*At si quos haud ulla viros vigilantia fugit ;  
Ante locum similem exquirunt, ubi prima paratur  
Arboribus seges, & quo mox digesta feratur,  
Mutatam ignorent subito ne semina matrem.  
Quin etiam cœli regionem in cortice signant :  
Ut, quo quæque modo steterit, qua parte calores  
Austrios tulerit, qua terga obverterit axi,  
Resituant. Adeo in teneris consuescere multum est.  
Collibus, an Plano melius sit ponere vitem,  
Quere prius. Si pinguis agros metabere campi,  
Densa sere : in denso non segnior ubere Bacchus.*

Some Peasants, not t' omit the nicest Care,  
Of the same Soil their Nursery prepare,  
"With that of their Plantation, *left the Tree* 360  
"Translated, should not with the Soil agree.  
"Beside, to plant it, as it was, they mark  
"The Heav'n's four Quarters on the tender Bark ;  
"And to the North or South restore the Side,  
"Which at their Birth did Heat or Cold abide. 365  
So strong is Custom ; such Effects can Use  
In tender Souls of pliant Plants produce.

Choose next a Province for thy Vineyards Reign  
In *Hills above*, or in the *lowly Plain* :  
If fertile Fields or Valleys be thy Choice, 370  
Plant thick, for bounteous *Bacchus* will rejoice  
In close Plantations there ; but if the Vine  
On rising Ground be plac'd, or Hills supine,

But if to *gentle Rise* or *sloping Bank*,  
Your Judgment leads : Then *widen* ev'ry Rank.  
And see you make it your peculiar Care  
To range each Walk exactly by the Square.

As when two mighty Armies all in Sight,  
Stretch'd on some open Plain, expect the Fight ;  
Legions and Cohorts in their Stations plac'd,  
And the whole War with wondrous Order grac'd ;  
From Host to Host the Glare of Armour streams,  
And all the Field waves far with glitt'ring Beams ;  
Nor yet in horrid Fray the Battle joins,  
Nor wild Confusion breaks the curious Lines :  
But *Mars* surveys and passes ev'ry Line,  
And doubts to whom the Combat will incline.  
So let your Walks in measur'd Spaces lie ;  
Nor is this only to delight the Eye :

*Sin, tumultis acclive solum, collisque supinos,  
Indulge ordinibus : nec secius omnis in unguem  
Arboribus positis secto via limite quadret.  
Ut saepe ingenti bello cum longa cohortis  
Explicuit legio, & campo stetit agmen aperto,  
Directæque acies, ac late fluctuat omnis  
Ære renidenti tellus, nec dum horrida miscent  
Pralia, sed dubius mediis Mars errat in armis.  
Omnia sint paribus numeris dimensa viarum :  
Non animum modò uti pascat prospectus inanem :*

*Extend thy loose Battalions largely wide,  
Opening thy Ranks and Files on either Side :  
But marshal'd all in Order as they stand,  
And let no Soldier straggle from his Band.*

375

As Legions in the Field their Front display,  
To try the Fortune of some doubtful Day,  
And move to meet their Foes with sober Face,  
Strict to their Figure tho' in wider Space ;  
Before the Battle joins, while from afar  
The Field yet glitters with the Pomp of War,  
And equal *Mars*, like an impartial Lord,  
Leaves all to Fortune, and the Dint of Sword,

380

385

So let thy Vines in Intervals be set,  
But not their Rural Discipline forget :  
Indulge their Width, and add a roomy Space,  
That their extremeſt Lines may scarce embrace :  
Nor this alone t' indulge a vain Delight,  
And make a pleasing Prospect for the Sight :

390

But

But that no other Way the Earth bestows  
Vigour and equal Strength on all the Rows,  
Or have they room to shoot at large their Boughs.

Perchance you'll ask, *how deep* to plant the *Vine* ;  
In shallow Furrows I dare venture mine.  
For *solid Trees* a diff'rent Trench prepare,  
Dig *Low* in Earth, and plunge them *deeply* There ;  
The *Beech* stands first of those that claim this Care.  
As far as with His *Head* to *Heaven* He tends,  
So far He with His *Root* to *Hell* descends ;  
Hence 'tis, that neither Winds, nor Storms, nor Rains  
Bear down his Height : Unmov'd He all sustains :  
And whilst his Orb of Time rolls slowly on,  
Man's Years, Ages of Man are swiftly flown :  
Lo ! what vast Boughs ! what beamy Arms are spread !  
Himself, full in the midst, lifts up the mighty Shade.

*Sed quia non aliter vires dabit omnibus æquas  
Terra; neque in vacuum poterunt se extendere rami.  
Forſitan & ſcrobibus quæ ſint faſtigia queras ;  
Auſim vel tenui vitem committere ſulco ;  
Altior ac penitus terræ deſigitur arboſ,  
Æſculus in primis : quæ quantum vertice ad auras  
Ætherias, tantum radice in Tartara tendit.  
Ergo non hiemes illam, non ſiabra, neque imbres  
Convellunt, immota manet, multoſque pèr annos  
Multa virùm volvens durando ſecula vincit.  
Tum fortis late ramos & brachia tendens  
Huc illuc, media ipſa ingentem ſuſtinet umbram.*

But for the Ground it ſelf, this only Way  
Can equal Vigour to the Plants convey ;  
Which crouded want the Room their Branches to diſplay.

How deep they muſt be planted, wouldſt thou know ?  
In ſhallow Furrows Vines ſecurely grow.  
Not ſo the reſt of Plants ; for *Jove's* own Tree,  
That holds the Woods in awful Sov'reignty,  
Requires a *Depth of Lodging* in the Ground ;  
And next the lower Skies, a Bed profound :  
High as his topmoſt Boughs to Heav'n aſcend,  
So low his Roots to Hell's Dominion tend.

Therefore, nor Winds, nor Winter's Rage o'erthrows  
His bulky Body, but unmov'd he grows.  
For Length of Ages laſts his happy Reign,  
And Lives of Mortal Man conſend in vain.

Full in the Miſt of his own Strength he ſtands,  
Stretching his *brawny* Arms, and leafy Hands ;  
His *Shade* proteſts the Plains, his *Head* the Hills commands.

Plant not thy *Vineyard* where the Sun declines ;  
 Nor let the *Hazle* mix with curling *Vines* ;  
 Nor *Pull the Shoots* that near the Summit grows ;  
 Nor rashly *siver off* luxuriant Boughs ;  
 Nor *burt* (such Love Thou for thy *Vines* should'st feel)  
 Nor *burt* their tender Limbs with blunted Steel ;  
 Nor graft *Wild Olives* near thy Vintage-Land ;  
 For oft a *Spark*, dropp'd by some careless Hand,  
 First in the *unctuous Kind* itself conceals,  
 And round the *Stem* in silent Windings steals ;  
 Then thro' the *Leaves* with rapid Fury flies,  
 And sends up horrid Crackling to the Skies ;  
 Pursuing now, where Hopes of Conquest lead,  
 Subdues the *Boughs*, and triumphs o'er the *Head* :  
 In Flames at length involving all the Woods,  
 Drives dark'ning up to Heav'n a Night of pitchy Clouds.

*Neve tibi ad solem vergant vineta cadentem :  
 Neve inter vites corulum sere : neve flagella  
 Summa pete, aut summa destringe ex arbore plantas :  
 (Tantus amor terræ) neu ferro lade retraso  
 Semina, neve oleæ silvestris insere truncos.  
 Nam sæpe incantis pastoribus excidit ignis,  
 Qui furtim pingui primum sub cortice tectus  
 Robora comprehendit, frondesque elapsus in altas  
 Ingentem cælo sonitum dedit ; Inde secutus  
 Per ramos victor, perque alta cacumina regnat,  
 Et totum involvit flammis nemus, Et ruit atram  
 Ad cælum picea crassus caligine nubem :*

The hurtful Hazle in thy Vineyard shun  
 Nor plant it to receive the setting Sun :  
 Nor break the topmost Branches from the Tree ;  
 Nor prune, with blunted Knife, the Progeny.  
 Root up wild Olives from thy labour'd Lands :  
 For sparkling Fire, from Hinds unwary Hands,  
 Is often scatter'd o'er their unctuous Rinds,  
 And after spread abroad by raging Winds.  
 For first the smouldring Flame the Trunk receives,  
 Ascending thence, it crackles in the Leaves :  
 At length victorious to the Top aspires,  
 Involving all the Wood in smoky Fires,

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But

But should a *Storm* descend with roaring Sound,  
 Ball up the Burnings, and o'erspread the Ground ;  
 No more the *Stocks* with verdant Shoots revive,  
 No more *such Plants* within that Soil will thrive ;  
 The dismal savage *Olive* spreads the Plain,  
 And with his *Bitter Leaves* secures his hateful Reign.

Let no one teach you, be he e'er so Wise,  
 To stir the Ground, when Northern Tempests rise ;  
 Then Winter-Frosts congeal the clotted Mould,  
 And shriv'ling Roots can take no steady Hold.  
 Plant best the *Vine*, when in the Spring's fresh Bloom,  
 The Milk-white Bird, the Dread of Snakes, is come ;  
 Or in the gentle Cool of Autumn's Birth,  
 When sultry Months no longer scorch the Earth ;  
 Nor yet the *Fiery Steeds*, with rapid Pace,  
 Have reach'd the Confines of their Wint'ry Race.

*Præsertim si tempestas a vertice sylvis  
 Incubuit, glomeratque ferens incendia ventus.  
 Hoc ubi ; non a stirpe valent, casaque reverti  
 Possunt, atque ima similes revirescere terra :  
 Infelix superat foliis oleaster amaris.  
 Nec tibi tam prudens quisquam persuadeat auctor,  
 Tellurem Borea rigidam spirante moveri.  
 Rura gelu tum claudit hiems : nec semine jacto  
 Concretam patitur radicem adfigere terra.  
 Optima vinetis satio, cum vere rubenti  
 Candida venit avis longis invisâ colubris :  
 Prima vel autumnî sub frigora, cum rapidus Sol  
 Nondum hiemem contingit equis. Jam præterit æstas.*

But most, when driv'n by Winds, the flaming Storm  
 Of the long Files destroys the beauteous Form.  
 In Ashes then th' unhappy Vineyard lies,  
 Nor will the blasted Plants from Ruine rise ; 425  
 Nor will the wither'd Stock be green again,  
 But the wild Olive shoots, and shades th' ungrateful Plain,  
 Be not seduc'd with Wisdom's empty Shews,  
 " To stir the Peaceful Ground when Boreas blows  
 When Winter Frosts constrain the Field with Cold, 430  
 The fainty Root can take no steady Hold.  
 " But when the Golden Spring reveals the Year,  
 " And the white Bird returns, whom Serpents fear :  
 " That Season deem the best to plant thy Vines,  
 " Next that, is when Autumnal Warmth declines ; 435  
 E're Heat is quite decay'd, or Cold begun,  
 Or Capricorn admits the Winter Sun, The



The *Spring* to Forests yields a kindly Aid,  
 To Woods the *Spring* restores the useful Shade :  
 In the kind *Spring* the Lands are big with Juice,  
 And ask for *Seeds* that give a vast Produce.  
 Then the all-potent Air, prolifick Show'rs  
 On the soft Lap of his glad Confort pours :  
 From her vast Womb the mighty Store proceeds,  
 And all, the mighty He commix'd, with Plenty feeds.  
 Then *Birds* their Songs repeat to ev'ry Grove ;  
 And *Herd*s perceive the Season of their Love :  
 Then teem the *Fields*, and make their Bosoms bare  
 To the warm Breezes of the Western Air :  
 Then kindly *Moisture* lavishly abounds,  
 And *Plants* brave Infant Suns in dewy Grounds.  
 Nor fears the *Vine* lest Southern Storms should rise,  
 Or the rough North pour Rivers from the Skies,

*Ver adeo frondi nemorum, ver utile sylvis :  
 Vere tument terræ, & genitalia semina poscunt.  
 Tum pater omnipotens fecundis imbris Æther  
 Conjugis in gremium læta descendit, & omnes  
 Magnus alit, magno commixtus corpore, sætus.  
 Avia tum resonant avibus virgulta canoris,  
 Et Venerem certis repetunt armenta diebus :  
 Parturit almus ager, Zephyrique tepentibus auris  
 Laxant arva sinus. Superat tener omnibus humor ;  
 Inque novos soles audent se gramina tuto  
 Credere : nec metuit surgentis pampinus austros,  
 Aut actum cælo magnis aquilonibus imbrem :*

- « The Spring adorns the Wood, renews the Leaves ;  
 « The Womb of Earth the genial Seed receives.  
 « For then Almighty Jave descends, and pours 440  
   Into his buxom Bride (his fruitful Show'rs) ;  
 « And mixing His large Limbs with Hers, he feeds  
 « Her Births with kindly Juice, and fosters teeming Seeds.  
   Then joyous Birds frequent the lonely Grove,  
   And Beasts, by Nature stung, renew their Love : 445  
   Then Fields the Blades of buried Corn disclose  
   And while the balmy Western Spirit blows,  
   Earth to the Breath her Bosom dares expose :  
   With kindly Moisture then the Plants abound,  
   The Grass securely springs above the Ground ; 450  
   The tender Twig shoots upward to the Skies,  
   And on the Faith of the new Sun relies.  
   The swerving Vines on the tall Elms prevail,  
   Unhurt by Southern Show'rs, or Northern Hail. But

But boldly shoots Her Buds from ev'ry Bough,  
And all her Leaves displays with pompous Show.

So dawn'd the Days, such was, methinks, their Course  
In the weak Childhood of the Universe :

Then Spring was all, for then the mighty Ring  
Roll'd free from Winter's Storms in constant Spring.

When new-born Herds first suck'd in Heav'nly Light,  
And gaz'd with Wonder at the daz'ling Sight :

When first Mankind, a stubborn, hardy Breed,  
Shot thro' the Clotted Earth His daring Head :

And Beasts to Woods, and Stars to Heaven fled.

Nor could such tender Things have born the Jars,  
Of Heat and Gold, and their perpetual Wars :

Had not kind Heaven dispos'd them all to Peace,  
And plac'd the Infant-World in perfect Ease.

*Sed tradit gemmas, & frondes explicat omnis.  
Non alios prima crescentis origine mundi  
Inluxisse dies, aliumve habuisse tenorem  
Crediderim, Ver illud erat. Ver magnus agebat  
Orbis, & hibernis parcebant fluctibus Euri :  
Cum primæ lucem pecudes hausere, virumque  
Ferreæ progenies duris caput extulit arvis,  
Immisæque feræ sylvis, & sidera cælo.  
Nec res hunc teneræ possint perferre laborem,  
Si non tanta quies iræt frigusque caloremque  
Inter, & exciperet cæli indulgentia terras.*

They spread their Gems the genial Warmth to share :  
And boldly trust their Buds in open Air.

*In this soft Season (let me dare to sing)  
The World was hatch'd by Heav'n's Imperial King :*

*In prime of all the Year, and Flow'days of Spring.*

Then did the new Creation first appear ;

Nor other was the Tenour of the Year :  
When laughing Heav'n did the great Birth attend,

And Eastern Winds their Wint'ry Breath suspend :

When Sheep first saw the Sun in open Fields :

And salvage Beasts were sent to stock the Wilds ;

And Golden Stars flew up to light the Skies ;

And Man's relentless Race from stony Quarries rise.

Nor could the tender new Creation, bear

Th' excessive Heats or Coldness of the Year :

But chill'd by Winter, or by Summer fir'd,

The middle Temper of the Spring requir'd.

When Warmth and Moisture did at once abound,

And Heav'n's Indulgence brooded on the Ground.

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Now.

Now, when you bend the *Lay* to the Ground,  
 Strew rotten Dung, and heap the Earth around.  
 Or porous *Slates*, or *Cockles* place below ;  
 Hence thro' the Chinks will *Moisture* gently flow,  
 Hence a soft *Breeze* will slide beneath the Root,  
 And hence the vig'rous Plant will boldly shoot.  
 Some *Stones* and *Potsherds* pile with careful Hands ;  
 This against driving *Storms* a *Bulwark* stands  
 This when the *Scorching Dog* cleaves all the gaping Lands.

High as your *Plants* oft' raise the neighb'ring Soil  
 And tear it with the *Prong* or *Coulter's* Toil:  
 Even in the *Vineyard* must you urge the *Plough*,  
 And wind the restiff *Steers* around each Row :  
 Then place, where-e'er the Branch depending spreads,  
 Peel'd Boughs, or Ashen Poles, or Stakes with Forky Heads ;  
 Supported Thus, they brave the Tempest's Rage,  
 And climb the lofty *Elm* from Stage to Stage.

*Quod superest, quacunq; premeis virgulis per agros  
 Spargi fimo pingui, & multa memor occale terra :  
 Aut lapidem bibulum, aut signales infode conchas.  
 Inter quon labentur aqua, tenuisque subibit  
 Halitus: atque animos tollent sata. Jamque reperti,  
 Qui saxo super, atque ingenti pondere testa  
 Urgerent: hoc effusus munimen ad imbres :  
 Hoc, ubi hincula siccis fudit canis asper arva.  
 Seminibus positis, superest deducere terram  
 Sepius ad capita, & duras jactare bidentis :  
 Aut presso quercere solum sub vomere, & ipsa  
 Flebere luctantis inter vineta juvenos.  
 Tum levis calamos & vasa hastilia virga,  
 Fraxineaque aptare sudas, furcasque bicornes :  
 Viribus eniti quærere, & contemnere ventos  
 Adfuecant, summasque sequi tabulata per nubes.*

- For what remains, in Depth of Earth secure  
 Thy cover'd Plants, and dung with *hot Manure* ;  
 And Shells and Gravel in the Ground enclose ;  
 For thro' their hollow Chinks the Water flows :  
 Which, thus imbib'd, returns in misty Dews,  
 And steaming up, the rising Plant renews.  
 Some Husbandmen of late have found the Way  
 A hilly Heap of Stones above to lay,  
 And press the Plants with Sherds of Potters Clay.  
 This Fence against immediate Roin they found :  
 Or when the Dog-Star cleaves the thirsty Ground-  
 Be mindful when thou hast intomb'd the Shoot,  
 With Store of Earth around to feed the Root ;  
 With Iron Teeth of Rakes and Prongs, to move  
 The crusted Earth, and loosen it above.  
 Then exercise thy sturdy Steers to plow  
 Betwixt thy Vines, and teach thy feeble Row  
 To mount on Reeds, and Wands, and upwards led,  
 On Ashen Polesto raise their forky Head.  
 On these new Crutches let them learn to walk,  
 Till swerving upwards, with a stronger Stalk  
 They brave the Winds, and, clinging to their Guide,  
 On tops of Elms at length triumphant ride.

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But

But whilst the *Infant-Saplin* only bears  
 The new-born *Leaf*, indulge his tender Years;  
 And when the *Boughs* in sprightly Pride appear,  
 Let loose the Reins, and wanton in the Air;  
 Nor yet thy *Pruner* try; but gently pull  
 The roving Shoots, and hurtful Branches cull:  
 But when anon *They* tour with manly Grace,  
 And clasp the friendly *Elm* in close Embrace;  
 Then strip Their Arms, Then clip the straggling Lock,  
 'Till now *They* shrunk and trembled at the Hook,  
 Now must You rule, and make them feel the Stroke.

Next weave a stubborn *Woody Fence* around;  
 And keep pernicious Cattle from the Ground,  
 Chiefly when *tender Shoots* at first appear,  
 Hardships and Toil as yet unfit to bear:

*At, dum prima novis adolescit frondibus ætas,  
 Parcendum teneris: Et dum se letus ad auras  
 Palmes agit, laxis per purum immissus habenis,  
 Ipsa acies nondum falcis tentanda, sed uncis  
 Carpendæ manibus frondes, interque legendæ.  
 Inde ubi jam validis amplexæ stirpibus ulmos  
 Exierint, tum stringe comas, tum brachia tonde,  
 Ante reformidant ferrum: tum denique dura  
 Exerce imperia, Et ramos compesce fluctantis.  
 Texendæ sepes etiam, Et pecus omne tenendum:  
 Præcipue dum frons tenera imprudensque laborum:*

But in their tender *Nonage*, while they spread  
 Their springing *Leafs*, and lift their *Infant Head*,  
 And upward while they shoot in open Air,  
 Indulge their Childhood, and the *Nurseling spare*,  
 Nor exercise thy *Rage* on new-born *Life*,  
 But let thy Hand supply thy pruning Knife;  
 And crop luxuriant Stragglers, nor be loth  
 To strip the Branches of their leafy Growth:  
 But when the rooted Vines, with steady Hold,  
 Can clasp their Elms, then Husbandman be bold  
 To top the disobedient Boughs, that stray'd  
 Beyond their Ranks: let crooked Steel invade  
 The lawless Troops, which Discipline disclaim,  
 And their superfluous Growth with Rigour tame.  
 Next, fenc'd with Hedges and deep Ditches round,  
 Exclude th' incroaching Cattle from thy Ground,  
 While yet the tender Gems but just appear,  
 Unable to sustain th' uncertain Year;

In parching Summer, and in Winter-Snows,  
*Wild Beasts* and wanton *Goats* insult the Boughs,  
And *Sheep* and hungry *Heifers* feed the luscious Browze.  
Not hoary *Frosts*, not all the Dint of Cold  
That hardens into Stone the yielding Mould,  
Not raging *Heats*, that pierce thro' thirsty Rocks,  
Make such destructive Havock as *those Flocks*,  
With such invenom'd Teeth they scar the sappy Stocks.  
'Tis for this Crime *the Goat* a Victim lies,  
Wherever sacred Flames to *Bacchus* rise ;  
And Hence Old Sports began, a *Goat* the Prize.  
For *This* th' *Athenian* Race produc'd their *Plays*,  
In crowded Villages and crossing Ways ;  
And *some* the puffed-up Skin besmear'd with Oil,  
And in their merry Cups leap'd o'er the greasy Spoil.

*Cui, super indignas biemes, solemque potentem,  
Silvestres uri assidue capreaeque sequaces  
Inludunt : pascuntur oves avidaeque juvencæ.  
Frigora nec tantum cana concreta pruina,  
Aut gravis incumbens scopulis arenibus æstas,  
Quantum illi nocuere greges, aurique venenum  
Dentis, & admorso signata in stirpe cicatrix.  
Non aliam ob culpam Baccho caper omnibus aris  
Cæditur, & veteres ineunt proscœnia ludi :  
Præmiaque ingentis pagos & compita circum  
Theseidæ posuere, atque inter pocula læti  
Mollibus in pratis unctos saluere per utres.*

Whose Leaves are not alone foul Winter's Prey,  
But oft by Summer Suns are scorch'd away ;  
And worse than both, become th'unworthy Browze  
Of Buffalo's, Salt Goats, and hungry Cows,  
For not December's Frost that burns the Boughs,  
Nor Dog-days parching Heat, that splits the Rocks,  
Are half so harmful as the greedy Flocks ;  
Their venom'd Bite, and Scars indented on the Stocks.  
For this the Malfactor Goat was laid  
On *Bacchus'* Altar, and his Forfeit paid.  
At *Athens* thus old Comedy began,  
When round the Streets the reeling Actors ran ;  
In Country Villages, and crossing Ways,  
Contending for the Prizes of their Plays :  
And glad, with *Bacchus*, on the grassy Soil,  
Leap'd o'er the Skins of Goats besmear'd with Oil.

Thus the Remains of *Troy*, *Ausonian* Swains,  
Perform their noisy *Rites* in uncouth Strains;  
Each frightful Face is cut from hollow Rind,  
With Songs to *Bacchus* in full Concert join'd,  
They ride on *Swings* suspended in the Wind.  
Hence blest with mighty Stores each *Vineyard* grows,  
And ev'ry *Vale*, or *Hill*, with *Clusters* flows,  
Where'er the *God* his gracious Looks bestows.

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Then We of *Bacchus* will resound the Praise,  
In antient, solemn, tributary Lays:  
Let *Cakes* in Chargers, and a *Hallow'd Goat*,  
Dragg'd by the Horns, be to his *Altars* brought:  
Before the *Hearth*, where fragrant Clouds ascend,  
With chosen Entrails *Hazel Spits* shall bend.

*Nec non Ausonii, Troja gens missa, coloni  
Versibus incomitis ludunt, risuque soluto;  
Oraque corticibus sumunt horrenda cavatis:  
Et te, Bacche, vocant per carmina lata, tibi que  
Oscilla ex alta suspendunt mollia pinu.  
Hinc omnis largo pubescit vinea fetu:  
Complentur vallesque cavæ salusque profundi,  
Et quocumque Deus circum caput egit honestum.  
Ergo rite suum Baccho dicemus honorem  
Carminibus patriis, lancesque & liba feremus;  
Et ductus cornu stabit sacer hircus ad aram,  
Pinguiaque in verubus torrebimus exta columnis.*

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- .. Thus *Roman Youth*, deriv'd from ruin'd *Troy*,
- .. In rude *Saturnian Rhymes* express their Joy:  
With Taunts, and Laughter loud, their Audience please,  
Deform'd with Vizards, cut from Barks of Trees:  
In jolly Hymns they praise the God of Wine,  
Whose *Earthen Images* adorn the Pine;  
And there are hung on high, in Honour of the Vine;  
*A Madness so devout the Vineyard fills.*  
In hollow Valleys and on rising Hills;  
On whate'er Side he turns his honest Face,  
And dances in the Wind, those Fields are in his Grace.  
To *Bacchus* therefore let us tune our Lays,  
And in our *Mother Tongue* resound his Praise,  
Thin *Cakes* in Chargers, and a guilty Goat,  
Dragg'd by the Horns, be to his *Altars* brought;  
Whose offer'd Entrails shall his Crime reproach,  
And drip their Fatness from the *Hazel-Broach*,

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Another Labour must be now begun,  
 For Something to the *Vine* must still be done ;  
 And thrice and four times, an eternal Toil !  
 With Ploughs and Harrows yearly tear the Soil,  
 And ease the *Vineyard* of its leafy Spoil.  
 The Peasant's *Labour* round a Circle leads,  
 And with the *Tear* on his own Steps he treads.  
 When now the *Vine* her Leaves resigns at last ;  
 When Northern Winds descend with furious Blast,  
 Roar thro' the Groves, and all their Honours waste ;  
 Ev'n then the painful Hind extends his Care,  
 With prudent Foresight to the coming Year :  
 He seeks the *Vine* which he had just forsook,  
 And cuts, and prunes, and shapes it with his Hook.

*Est etiam ille labor curandis vitibus alter :  
 Cui numquam exhausti satis est. Namque omne quotannis  
 Terque quaterque solum scindendum, glebaque versis  
 Aeternum frangenda bidentibus ; omne levandum  
 Fronde nemus. Redit agricolis labor actus in orbem,  
 Atque in se sua per vestigia volvitur annus.  
 Et jam olim seras posuit cum vinea frondis,  
 Frigidus & sylvis aquilo decussit honorem,  
 Jam tum acer curas venientem extendit in annum  
 Rusticus, & curvo Saturni dente relictam  
 Persequitur vitem attondens, fingitque putando.*

To dress thy Vines new Labour is requir'd,  
 Nor must the painful Husbandman be tir'd :  
 For thrice, at least, in Compass of the Year,  
 Thy Vineyard must employ the sturdy Steer  
 To turn the Glebe ; besides thy daily Pain  
 To break the Clods, and make the Surface plain :  
 T' unload the Branches, or the Leaves to thin,  
 That suck the vital Moisture of the Vine.  
 Thus in a Circle runs the Peasant's Pain,  
 And the Year rolls within itself again.  
 Ev'n in the *lowest* Months, when Storms have shed  
 From Vines the *hairy Honours* of their Head ;  
 Not then the drudging Hind his Labour ends ;  
 But to the coming Year his Care extends ;  
 Ev'n then the naked Vine he persecutes ;  
 His pruning Knife at *once reforms and cuts*.

Be *First* to trench the Ground, be *First* to burn  
The Refuse Off-cuts : First the *Poles* return  
Beneath thy Roof : These Toils require your Haste ;  
But still to reap your *Vintage* be the *Last*.  
Twice with pernicious Shade the *Vines* abound,  
Twice Weeds and Bushes cover all the Ground ;  
Both these by Turns incessant Toil create ;  
Commend a large, but Till a *small* Estate.

Nor must you not the binding *Farze* prepare ;  
Nor must not *Reeds* and *Sallows* be your Care ;  
For *That* to Woods, for *These* to Streams repair.  
Now the *Vine* bound, and now the *Hook* laid down,  
Now joyful Songs the finish'd Labours crown :  
Yet must the Peasant move the Earth again,  
And drudge and swelter in the dusty Plain.  
At last the Dread succeeds to all this Toil :  
Left *Storms* or *Rains* the mellow *Vintage* spoil.

*Primus humum fodito, primus devector cremato  
Sarmenta, et vallos primus sub tecta referto :  
Postremus merito. Bis vitibus ingruit umbra :  
Bis segetem densis obducant sentibus herbae,  
Durus uterque labor. Laudato ingentia rura :  
Exiguam colito. Necnon etiam aspera rursi  
Vimina per sylvam, & ripis fluvialis arundo  
Cecidit, incultique exerces cura salicis.  
Jam vineta vites : jam falcem arbuta reponunt :  
Jam canit extremos effetus vinitor antes.  
Solicitata tamen tellus, pulvisque movendus,  
Et jam maturis metruendus Jupiter uvis.*

Be first to dig the Ground, be first to burn  
The Branches lopt, and first the Props return  
Into thy House, that bore the burthen'd Vines ,  
But last to reap the Vintage of thy Wines.  
Twice in the Year luxuriant Leaves o'er shade  
Th' incumber'd Vine, rough Brambles twice invade :  
Hard Labour both ! commend the large Excess  
Of spacious Vineyards ; cultivate the less.  
Besides, in Woods the Shrubs of prickly Thorn,  
Sallows and Reeds, on Banks of Rivers born,  
Remain to cut ; for Vineyards useful found,  
To stay thy Vines, and fence thy fruitful Ground.  
Now when thy tender Trees at length are bound ;  
When peaceful Vines from Pruning-Hooks are free,  
When Husbands have survey'd the last Degree,  
And utmost Files of Plants, and order'd every Tree ;  
E'en when they sing at Ease, in full Content,  
Insulting o'er the Toils they underwent ;  
Yet still they find a future Task remain ;  
To turn the Soil, and break the Clods again ;  
And after all, their Joys are unsincere,  
While falling Rains on rip'ning Grapes they fear.

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Olive



*Olives* quite otherwise no Care demand,  
 Nor seek the Harrow, or the pruning Hand ;  
 When *now* their Roots have seiz'd upon the Mold,  
 And firm against the Storm they keep their Hold :  
 The *Earth* Herself the Plants supplies with Juice,  
 If crooked Teeth once make her Surface loose :  
 But Floods of *Oil* from swelling Berries flow,  
 If *Ploughs* unlock her richer Soil below ;  
 Nourish with *These* the *Olive's* kind Increase,  
 Fattest of Fruits, and Harbinger of *Peace*.

Thus too, on vigorous *Trunks* when *Apples* grow,  
 And feel the *foreign Strength* in ev'ry Bough ;  
 With their *own Strength* they strive to reach the Skies ;  
 And little do they want of our Supplies.

*Contra ; non ulla est Oleis cultura ; neque illæ  
 Procurvam expectant falcem rastrosque tenaces,  
 Cum semel hæserunt arvis, aurasque tulerunt.  
 Ipsa satis tellus, cum dente recluditur unco,  
 Sufficit humorem, & gravidas cum vomere fruges ;  
 Hoc pinguem & placitam Paci nutritor olivam.  
 Poma quoque, ut primum truncos sensere valentis,  
 Et vires habuere suas, ad sidera raptim  
 Vi propria nituntur, episque band indiga nostræ.*

*Quite opposite* to these are *Olives* found,  
 No *Dressing* they require, and dread no Wound ;  
 No Rakes nor Harrows need, but fix'd below,  
 Rejoice in open Air, and unconcern'dly grow.  
 The Soil itself due Nourishment supplies :  
 Plough but the Furrows, and the Fruits arise :  
 Content with small Endeavours, 'till they spring.  
 Soft *Peace* they figure, and sweet *Plenty* bring :  
 Then *Olives* plant, and Hymns to *Pallas* sing.

Thus *Apple-Trees*, whose *Trunks* are strong to bear  
 Their spreading Boughs, exert themselves in Air ;  
 Want no Supply, but stand secure alone,  
 Not trusting *Foreign Forces*, but their own :  
 'Till with the ruddy Freight the bending Branches groan.

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Nor

Nor rises all the num'rous *Forest-Race*,  
Cloath'd with less Plenty, or inferior Grace :  
There ev'ry *Shrub* bends down his loaded Head,  
And *unprun'd Avi'rys* shine in Dazling Red.

The *Cytissus*, with constant Verdure crown'd,  
Oft feels the Hook, and shoots at ev'ry Wound.

The *Pine* gives Torches from his lofty Head,  
And Winter-Hearths, with unctuous Fuel fed,  
Pour out their Blaze, and sparkling Glitter spread. }

And does the Swain still doubt, and still forbear,  
To *Plant*, and *Set*, and *Cultivate* with Care ?

But can such mighty *Things* such Urging want ?

The *Willow* and the *Furze*, an humble Plant !

To Husbandmen afford no trivial Aid ;

*That* to the *Sheep* gives *Food*, to *Shepherds* *Shade* :

*This* covers with strong Lines the wealthy Fields,  
And early *Fosher* to the *Bee-fold* yields.

*Nec minus interea fœtu nemus omne gravescit,  
Sanguineisque inculta rubent aviaria baccis.  
Tondentur Cytisi, tadas silva alta ministrat,  
Pascunturque ignes nocturni, & lamina fundunt.  
Et dubitant homines serere, atque impendere curam ?  
Quid majora sequar ? salices humilesque genistæ,  
Aut illæ pecori frondem, aut pastoribus umbras  
Sufficiunt : sepemque satis, & pabula melli.*

cc Thus Trees of Nature, and each common Bush,

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cc Uncultivated thrive, and with red Berries blush.

*Vile Shrubs are shorn for Browze : The tow'ring Heights  
Of unctuous Trees are Torches for the Night.*

And shall we doubt, ( indulging easy Sloth, )

To sow, to set, and to reform their Growth ?

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To leave the lofty Plants ; the lowly Kind

Are for the Shepherd, or the Sheep design'd.

Ev'n humble Broom and Osiers have their Use,

And Shade for Sheep, and Food for Flocks produce ;

cc Hedges for Corn, and Honey for the Bees ;

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Besides the pleasing Prospect of the Trees.

How

How pleasing to the Sight *Cytorus* looks !  
 Flowing in gentle Waves of livid *Box*.  
 How soft ! how solemn is *Narycia's* Shade !  
 Where *Pitchy Groves* the gloomy Skies invade.  
 What lovely Scenes in desert *Lawns* appear !  
 New, to the *Harrow's* Toil, or *Peasant's* Care.  
 Even *naked Forests* on *Caucasian* Rocks,  
 Worn with the raging *East's* eternal Shocks,  
 Here shiver'd Limbs lie scatter'd all around,  
 And there huge Trunks extended on the Ground ;  
 Yet *These*, even *These*, convenient Stores produce,  
 A various Timber for a various Use :  
 Tall *Pines* for *Vessels* ; For the *stately Room*  
*Cypress*, and *Cedar*, with its strong Perfume :  
 From *Hence* the Traveller his *Chariot wheels*,  
 From *Hence* the thrifty *Peasant* orbs his *Wheels*,  
 And *Hence* the Sailor seeks his bending *Keels*.

*Et juvat nudantem buxo spectare Cytorum,  
 Naryciaeque picis lucos : juvat arva videre,  
 Non rastris, hominum non ulli obnoxia cura.  
 Ipsæ Caucasio steriles in vertice sylva,  
 Quas animosi Euri assidue franguntque, seruntque,  
 Dant alios alia fatuus : dant utile lignum  
 Navigiis pinos, domibus cedrumque cupresseque.  
 Hinc radios trivere rotis, hinc tympana plaustris  
 Agricola, & pandas ratibus posuere carinas.*

How goodly looks *Cytorus* ever green  
 With *Boxen Groves* ; with what *Delight* are seen  
*Narycian Woods* of *Pitch*, whose gloomy *Shade*  
 Seems for *Retreat* of *Heav'nly Musics* made !  
 But much more pleasing are those *Fields* to see,  
 That need not *Ploughs*, nor human *Industry*.  
 Ev'n cold *Caucasian* *Rocks* and *Trees* are spread ;  
 And wear green *Forests* on their *hilly Head*.  
 Tho' bending from the *Blast* of *Eastern Storms*,  
 Tho' *shent* their *Leaves*, and scatter'd are their *Arms* ;  
 Yet *Heav'n* their various *Plants* for *Use* designs :  
 For *Houses* *Cedars*, and for *Shipping* *Pines*.  
*Cypress* provides for *Spokes*, and *Wheels* of *Wains* :  
 And all for *Keels* of *Ships*, that scour the wat'ry *Plains*.

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The

The binding *Oser* shoots a num'rous Brood :  
 And *Elms* for Castle yield a Leafy Food :  
 For War the *Myrtle*, and the *Cornel* grows,  
 And *Parthians* bend the *Yew-tree* into Bow.  
 Nor will the smooth-grain'd *Lime*, or *Box* disdain  
 The Rounding *Chiffel*, or the Hollowing *Plane* :  
 Or feeble *Alders* dread th' impetuous Tide,  
 But lightly skim the *Po*, and on his Surges ride :  
 Nor will not *Bees* repair to mould'ring *Oaks* ;  
 There raise their *Cells*, and hide their Darling *Sticks*.  
 Gives *Bacchus* ought to want of *Applause* ?  
 His *Gifts*, of fatalills the frequent Cause,  
 Turn'd into Wars the solemn *Marriage-Fests*,  
 And arm'd with mighty *Bowls* the Kindred Guests.

*Viminibus Solices fecunda, frondibus ulmi :  
 At myrtus volidis bastilibus, et boma helio  
 Cornus ; Ityces saxi torquentur in arcus.  
 Nec tilie leves, aut toro nobile byxum,  
 Non formam occipiunt, ferroque cavantur acuto.  
 Nec non et torrentem undam levis innatat alnus,  
 Missa Pado : nec non et apes examina condunt  
 Corticibusque cavis vitiofeque ilicis alveo.  
 Quid memorandum aequae Baccheia dona tulerunt ?  
 Bacchus et ad culpam causas dedit. Ille furentis  
 Centauros letba-damnis, Rhaetumque, Pholunque,  
 Et magno Hylæum Lapithis cratere minantem.*

Willows in Twigs are fruitful, Elms in Leaves,  
 The War from stubborn Myrtle Shafts receives :  
 From Cornels Jav'lins ; and the tougher Yew  
 Receives the bending Figure of a Bow.  
 Nor Box, nor Limes, without their Use are made,  
 Smooth-grain'd, and proper for the Turner's Trade :  
 Which curious Hands may carve, and Steel with Ease invade.  
 Light Alder stems the Po's impetuous Tide,  
 And Bees in hollow Oaks their Honey hide.  
 Now ballance with these Gifts the sunny Joys  
 Of Wine, attended with eternal Noise.  
 Wine urg'd to lawless Lust the Centaur's Train,  
 Thro' Wine they quarrel'd, and thro' Wine were slain.

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42 VIRGIL'S HUSBANDRY.

O ! happy Swains ! did they their Bliss but know !  
To whom *the Earth*, releas'd from all the Woe  
Of Civil Broils, gives with a lib'ral Hand  
*An easy Plenty*, at their just Demand.

What if no *lofty Pile*, with haughty Tow'rs,  
A waving Throng, thro' ev'ry Passage pours,  
Of humble Waiters in the *Morning-Hours* ?  
What if no *Tortoise-Scales* incrusting Wood,  
Nor *Corinth's Brass* amaze the gaping Crowd ?  
If no *Brocaded Hangings* dress the Room ?  
Nor *Tyrian Purple* stain the Milk-white Loom ?  
Nor *Cassia* taint pure Oil with strong Perfume ?

*O fortunatos nimium, sua si bona norint,  
Agricolas ! quibus ipsa, procul discordibus armis,  
Fundit humo facilem victum justissima tellus.  
Si non ingentem foribus domus alta superbis  
Mane salutatantum totis vomit ædibus undam ;  
Nec varios inbiant pulchra testudine postes,  
Inlusasque auro vestes, Ephyreiaque ara ;  
Alba neque Apyrio fucatur lana veneno,  
Nec casia liquidi corrumpitur usus Olivi :*

O happy, if he knew his happy State !  
The Swain, who, free from *Business and Debate*,  
Receives his easy Food from Nature's Hand,  
And just Returns from cultivated Land !  
No Palace, with a lofty Gate, he wants,  
T' admit the Tides of early Visitants,  
*With eager Eyes devouring, as they pass,*  
The breathing Figures of *Corinthian Brass*.  
*No Statues threaten, from high Pedestals ;*  
No *Persian Arras* hides his homely Walls,  
With Antick Vests ; which thro' their steady Fold,  
*Betray the Streaks of ill-dissembled Gold.*  
He boasts no Wool, whose native White is dy'd  
With Purple Poison of *Assyrian Pride*,  
No costly Drugs of *Araby* defile,  
With foreign Scents, the Sweetness of his Oil.

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Yet

Yet fraudless Innocence, and peaceful Rest,  
Unbounded Plains, with endless Riches blest,  
Yet Caves, and living Springs, and airy Glades,  
And the soft Lowe of Kine, and sleepy Shades  
Are never wanting : There Wild Herds abound,  
And Youth inur'd to Toil and Thrift are found,  
And Aged Sires rever'd, and *Alas* crown'd :  
There *Justice* left, when She forsook Mankind,  
The last Impressions of Her Steps behind.

}

But the bright *Muses* are my only Care ;  
Smit with the Love of Verse their *Wreaths* I bear ;  
May they to me the *Starry Tracks* make known ;  
The *Sun's* Distress, and Labours of the *Moon* :  
Whence the Earth *shakes* : By what Impulse the *Main*  
Swells tow'ring up: and on Her self sinks back again :

*At securâ quies, & nescia fallere vita,  
Dives opum variarum, at latis otia fundis,  
Spelunca, vivique lacus, at frigida Tempe,  
Mangisque bonum, mollesque sub arbore somni  
Non absunt. Illic saltus ac lastra ferarum,  
Et patiens operum, parvaque assueta juvenus,  
Sacra Deum, sanctique patres: extrema per illos  
Iustitia excedens terris vestigia fecit.  
Me vero primum dulces ante omnia Muses,  
Quarum sacra fero ingenti percussus amore,  
Accipiant; calique vias, & sidera monstrant:  
Defectus solis varios, lunaeque labores:  
Unde tremor terris: quæ vi maria alta tumescant  
Obicibus ruptis, rursusque in seipsa resident:*

But easy Quiet, a secure Retreat,  
A harmless Life, that knows not how to cheat ;  
With home-bred Plenty the rich Owner blest,  
And rural Pleasures crown his Happiness.  
Unvex'd with Quarrels, undisturb'd with Noise,  
The Country King his peaceful Realm enjoys :  
Cool Grots, and living Lakes, the Flow'ry Pride  
Of Meads, and Streams that thro' the Valley glide ;  
And shady Groves that easy Sleep invite,  
And after toilsome Days, a soft Repose at Night.  
Wild Beasts of Nature in his Woods abound ;  
And Youth, of Labour patient, plough the Ground,  
Inur'd to Hardships, and to homely Fare.  
Nor venerable Age is wanting there,  
In great Examples to the youthful Train :  
Nor are the Gods ador'd with Rights prophane.  
From hence *Astrea* took her Flight, and here  
The Prints of her departing Steps appear.  
Ye Sacred Muses, with whose Beauty fir'd,  
My Soul is ravish'd, and my Brain inspir'd :  
" Whose Priest I am, whose holy Fillets wear ;  
Wou'd you your Poet's first Petition hear ;  
Give me the Ways of wand'ring Stars to know :  
The Depths of Heaven above, and Earth below.  
Teach me the various Labours of the Moon,  
And whence proceed th' Eclipses of the Sun.  
" Why flowing Tides prevail upon the Main,  
" And in what dark Recess they shrink again.

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Why *Winter Suns* haste down with rapid Flight,  
And what Delay retards the lingring Night.

But if my heavy *Genius* strives in vain  
To search out *Nature*, and her *Heights* attain :  
In *Fields* and wat'ry *Valleys* let me rove !  
*Rivers* and *Woods* inglorious may I love !  
O ! where, *Taygeta*, are thy sacred *Shades*,  
Resounding with the Songs of *Spartan Maids* ?  
O *Sperchius* ! O ye fair *Thestian Plains* !  
Ye *Vales*, ye *Cooling Groves*, where *Hæmus* reigns !  
O by what Hand, to those blest *Seats* convey'd,  
Shall I protectèd stand with all *their Shade* ?

Happy the Man ! who vers'd in *Nature's Laws*  
Of her *Effects* can trace the wondrous *Cause* :  
Who without Fear his certain *Fate* can meet,  
And trample *Death* itself beneath his Feet.

*Quid tantum Oceano properent se tingere soles  
Hiberni, vel quæ tardis mora noctibus obstet.  
Sin, has ne possim naturæ excedere partès,  
Frigidus obstitit circum præcordia sanguis ;  
Rura mihi & riguis placeant in vallibus amnes ;  
Flumina amem sylvasque inglorius. O, ubi campi,  
Sperchiusque, & virginibus bacchata Lacænis  
Taygeta : ô qui me gelidis in vallibus Hæmi  
Sistat, & ingenti ramorum proteget umbra !  
Felix, qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas :  
Atque metus omnes & inexorabile fatum  
Subjecit pedibus, strepitumque Acherontis ævari !*

What shakes the solid Earth, what Cause delays  
The Summer Nights, and shortens Winter-Days,

But if my heavy Blood restrain the Flight  
Of my free Soul, aspiring to the Height  
Of Nature, and unclouded Fields of Light :  
My next Desire is, void of Care and Strife,  
To lead a soft, secure, inglorious Life.

A Country Cottage near a Crystal Flood,  
A winding Valley and a lofty Wood.

Some God conduct me to the sacred Shades,  
Where Bacchanals are sung by *Spartan Maids*.

Or lift me high to *Hemus* hilly Crown ;  
Or in the Plains of *Tempe* lay me down :

Or lead me to some solitary Place,  
And cover my Retreat from human Race.

Happy the Man, who, studying *Nature's Laws*,  
Thro' known Effects can trace the secret Cause.  
His Mind possessing, in a quiet State,  
Fearless of Fortune, and resign'd to Fate.

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And

And happy He, who haunts the *Rural Gods*,  
*Pan*, and *Sylvanus*, and the *Nymphs* Abodes ;  
 No *Noise*, or *Pomp* disturb his calm *Retreat* ;  
 The *Trains* of *Princes*, or the *Rods* of *State*,  
 And *Brothers* tearing *Brothers* to be *Great* :  
 Nor *Treasons*, nor *Invasions* from afar,  
 The *Dacian* from the *Danube* threat'ning *War*,  
 Nor *Rome's Affairs*, nor any *Kingdom's Doom*  
 Distract his *Mind* : Around his peaceful *Home*  
 Nor *Pity*, nor ev'n *Envy* can be found,  
 There none for *Want* repitue, and none abound.  
 What *Fruit* the *Trees*, what *Grain* the *Fields* produce  
 Spontaneously, he gathers for his *Use* :  
 Nor knows the *Arts*, or *Hardships* of the *Law* ;  
 Nor e'er the noisy *Bar's* Confusion saw.

*Fortunatus est ille, Deos qui novit agrestes,*  
*Panaque, Sylvanumque senem, Nymphasque sorores !*  
*Illum non populi fastes, non purpura regam*  
*Flexit, et infidos agitant discordia fratres ;*  
*Aut conjurato descendens Dacus ab Istro :*  
*Non res Romanæ, perituraque regna : neque ille*  
*Aut doluit miserans inopem, aut invidit habentia.*  
*Quos rami fractus, quos ipsa volentia rura*  
*Sponte vulere sua, carpsit : nec ferrea jura,*  
*Insanumque forum, aut populi tabularia vidit.*

And happy too is he, who decks the *Bow's*  
 Of *Sylvans*, and adores the *Rural Pow'rs* :  
 Whose *Mind*, unmov'd, the *Bribes* of *Courts* can see ;  
 Their glitt'ring *Baits*, and *Purple Slavery*.  
 Nor hopes the *People's Praise*, nor fears their *Frown*,  
 Nor, when contending *Kindred* tear the *Crown*,  
*Will set up one, or pull another down.*

Without *Concern* he hears, but hears from far,  
 Of *Tumults*, and *Descents*, and distant *War* :  
 Nor with a *Superstitious Fear* is aw'd,  
 For what befalls at *Home*, or what *Abroad*.  
 Nor envies he the *Rich* their heapy *Store*,  
 Nor his own *Peace* disturbs, with *Pity* for the *Poor*.  
 He feeds on *Fruits*, which, of their own *Accord*,  
 The willing *Ground*, and laden *Trees* afford.  
 From his lov'd *Home* no *Lucre* can him draw ;  
 The *Senate's* mad *Decrees* he never saw ;  
 Nor heard at bawling *Bars* corrupted *Law*.

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Some



Some the deaf *Waves* in feeble *Vessels* court ;  
 Some fearless of the *Sword* to *Camps* resort :  
*Others* themselves by artful, hidden *Ways*,  
 Thrust into *Courts*, and there enslave their *Days* :  
 He meerly for the *Plunder* sacks a *Town*,  
 And ev'ry helpless *Houſhold God* melts down,  
 To drink in ſome prodigious *Gem*, and lie  
 On downy *Quilts*, twice ſlain'd with *Tyrian* Die :  
 He in the *Earth* intombs his *Golden Ore*,  
 And then ſits brooding on his hidden *Store* :  
 He in the *Roſtrum* liſts to *Heaven* his *Eyes*,  
 Amaz'd, confounded, ſpeechleſs with *Surprize*.  
 He plies the *Stage* for *Fame*, and trembling ſtands,  
 'Till the whole *House* reſound with clapping *Hands* :  
 They in their *Kindred Blood* their *Daggers* ſtain,  
 Renounce their *Country* for their impious *Gain*,  
 And ſeek in diſtant *Climes* for *Reſt*, in vain.

*Sollicitant alii remis freta caca, ruuntque  
 In ferrum ; penetrant aulas & limina regum :  
 Hic petit excidiis urbem, miſeroſque Penates,  
 Ut gemma bibat, & Sarrano dormiat oſtro,  
 Condit opes alius, deſoſſoque incubat auro.  
 Hic ſtupet attonitus roſtris : hunc plauſus hiantem  
 Per cuneos (geminatur enim) plebiſque patrumque  
 Corripuit : gaudent perſuſi ſanguine fratrum,  
 Exſilioque domos & dulcia limina mutant ;  
 Atque alio patriam quærunt ſub ſole jacentem.*

Some to the *Seas*, and ſome to *Camps* resort, 729  
 And ſome with *Impudence* invade the *Court*,  
 In foreign *Countries* others ſeek *Renown* ;  
 With *Wars* and *Taxes* others waſte their own,  
 And *Houſes* burn, and *Houſhold-Gods* deface,  
 To drink in *Bowls*, which glitt'ring *Gems* enchaſe : 735  
 To loll on *Couches*, rich with *Cytron* *Steds*,  
 And lay their guilty *Limbs* in *Tyrian* *Beds*.  
 This *Wretch* in *Earth* intombs his *Golden Ore*,  
 Hov'ring and brooding on his buried *Store*.  
 Some *Patriot Fools* to popular *Praiſe* aſpire, 730  
 Of *Publick Speeches*, which worſe *Fools* admire.  
 While from both *Benches*, with redoubled *Sounds*,  
 Th' *Applauſe* of *Lords* and *Commoners* abound.  
 Some thro' *Ambition*, or thro' *Thiſt* of *Gold*,  
 Have ſlain their *Brothers*, or their *Country* fold ; 735  
 And leaving their ſweet *Homes*, in *Exile* run  
 To *Land*s that lie beneath another *Sun*.

The

The Swain with his bent Plough turns o'er the Soil ;  
 Hence of the Circling Year the constant Toil :  
 Hence to His Country, to His Children Hence,  
 To Flocks and Herds He does their Food dispense,  
 And to His faithful Steers a bounteous Maintenance :  
 Nor rests the Year : But still with Fruit abounds,  
 Or vast Increase of Herds ; or loads the Grounds  
 With Piles unnumber'd of promiscuous Grain,  
 Subdues the Barns, and Triumphs on the Plain.  
 A Storm descends : Sicyonian Berries feel  
 The nimble Poundings of the clattering Steel :  
 The falling Acorns rustle in the Wood,  
 And Swine run Homewards chearful with their Food :

*Agricola incurvo terram dimovit aratro.  
 Hinc anni labor : hinc patriam parvosque nepotes  
 Sustinet, hinc armenta bonum, meritosque juvencos.  
 Nec requies, quin aut pomis exuberet annus,  
 Aut fetu pecorum, aut Cerealis mergite culmi :  
 Proventuque oneret sulcos, atque borrea vincat.  
 Venit byems ; teritur Sicyonia bacca trapetis,  
 Glande sues læti redeunt, dant arbuta sylvæ :*

The Peasant, innocent of all these Ills,  
 With crooked Ploughs the fertile Fallows tills ;  
 And the round Year with daily Labour fills.  
 And hence the Country Markets are supplied,  
 Enough remains for Household Charge beside ;  
 His Wife, and tender Children to sustain,  
 And gratefully to feed his dumb deserving Train.  
 Nor cease his Labours, 'till the yellow Field  
 A full Return of bearded Harvest yield :  
 A Crop so plenteous, as the Land to load,  
 O'ercome the crowded Barns, and lodge on Reeks abroad  
 Thus ev'ry sev'ral Season is employ'd :  
 Some spent in Toil, and some in Ease enjoy'd.  
 The yearning Ewes prevent the springing Year ;  
 The laden Boughs their Fruits in Autumn bear :  
 'Tis then the Vine her liquid Harvest yields,  
 Bak'd in the Sun-shine of ascending Fields.

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The

The *Copse* her *Wildings* gives from shatter'd Bow'rs ;  
 And teeming *Autumn* lays down all her Stores :  
 Whilst high on Sunny *Rocks* the *Glist'ring Vine*  
 Boils into Juice, and Reddens into Wine.  
 Thus hang the *ruddy Boys* around the *Sponse* ;  
 The vig'rous Offspring of the virtuous House :  
 With fresh-sprung *Verdure* ev'ry Mead is crown'd,  
 The milky *Udder* trails upon the Ground,  
 And well-fed *Kids* in wanton Combats bound.  
 The *Swain* Himself the *solemn Feast* prepares,  
 And with His *Fellow-Swains* forgets his Cares.  
 Lolling at Ease on matted Grass He lies,  
 Amid the Guests the *sacred Flames* arise,  
 And ev'ry Hand a *Flow'ry Crown* supplies.

*Et varios ponis satus Autumnus, Et alba  
 Mitis in apricis coquuntur vindemia saxis.  
 Interea dulces pendunt circum oscula nati :  
 Casta pudicitiam servat domus : ubera vacca  
 Lactea demittunt ; pinguesque in gramine laeta  
 Inter se adversis luctantur cornibus badi.  
 Ipse dies agitas festas ; fususque per herbam,  
 Ignis ubi in medio, Et sociis cratera coronant,*

The Winter comes, and then the falling Mast  
 For greedy Swine provides a full Repast.  
 The Olives, ground in Mills, their Farness best,  
 And Winter-Fruits are mellow'd by the Frost.  
 His Cares are eas'd with Intervals of Bliss ;  
 His little Children climbing for a Kiss,  
 Welcome their Father's late Return at Night ;  
 His faithful Bed is crown'd with chaste Delight.  
 His Kine with swelling Udders ready stand,  
 And, lowing for the Pail, invite the Milker's Hand.  
 His wanton Kids, with budding Horns prepar'd,  
 Fight harmless Battles in his homely Yard :  
 Himself in Rustick Pomp on Holy-days,  
 To Rural Pow'rs a just Oblation pays ;  
 And on the Green his careless Limbs displays.  
 The Hearth is in the Midst, the Herdsman round  
 The cheerful Fire, provoke his Health in Goblets crown'd.

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On

On Thee, *Lynæus*, Parent of the *Vine*,  
 He calls aloud, and pours out sparkling Wine ;  
 He bids the *Hinds* bring forth the *Flying Dart*,  
 And marks a Tree, where each may shew his Art :  
 Or strip his brawny Sides for rougher Sport,  
 And try his Strength in the rude *Tennis-Court*.

*Such* was the Life the antient *Sabines* led,  
 Such *Rhemus* and His Brother : Thus the Head  
 Of fam'd *Etruria* rose ; and Thus did *Rome*  
 The dazzling Glory of the World become.

*Te libans, Lenæe, vocat, pecorisque magistris  
 Velocis jaculi certamine ponit in almo ;  
 Corporaque agresti nudat prædura palestra.  
 Hanc olim veteres vitam coluere Sabini ;  
 Hanc Rhemus, & frater : sic fortis Etruria crevit ;  
 Scilicet & rerum facta est pulcherrima Roma,  
 [Septemque una sibi muro circumdedit arces.]*

He calls on <i>Bacchus</i> , and propounds the Prize :	}	
The Groom his Fellow-Groom at Buts defies ;		
And bends his Bow, and levels with his Eyes.		
Or stript, for Wrestling, smears his Limbs with Oil,		77½
And watches with a Trip his Foe to foil.		
cc Such was the Life the frugal <i>Sabines</i> led ,		
cc So <i>Remus</i> and his Brother God were bred :		
From whom th' austere <i>Etrurian Virtue</i> rose,		
And this rude Life our homely Fathers chose.		780
Old <i>Rome</i> from such a Race deriv'd her Birth,		
(The Seat of Empire, and the conquer'd Earth ;)		
Which now on sev'n high Hills triumphant reigns,		
And in that Compass all the World contains.		

50 VIRGIL'S HUSBANDRY.

E're the *Disſean* King a Scepter ſway'd,  
E're impious Man on Fleſh of Heifers prey'd,  
This was the Life that *Saturn* choſe on Earth,  
And Hence the *Golden Years* receiv'd their Birth :  
Nor yet ſhrill *Trumpets* hollow Clangor made,  
Nor *Anvils* rattled with the hard'ning Bladè.

But We, with diſcontinu'd Courſe, have paſt,  
A boundleſs Space, immeaſurably vaſt,  
The foaming Steeds are hid in duſky Smoke,  
And now 'tis time to eaſe them of the Yoke.

*Ante etiam ſceptrum Diſcæi regis, & ante  
Impia quam caſis gens eſt epulata juvencis,  
Aureus hanc vitam in terris Saturnus agebat.  
Necdum etiam audierant inſtari claffica, necdum  
Impoſitos duris crepitare incudibus enſes.  
Sed nos immenſum ſpatiis conſecimus æquor :  
Et jam tempus equùm fumantia ſolvere colla.*

E're *Saturn's* Rebel Son uſurp'd the Skies,  
When Beaſts were only ſlain for Sacrifice :  
*While peaceful Crete enjoy'd her antient Lord,*  
E're ſounding Hammers forg'd th' inhuman Sword:  
*E're hollow Drums were beat, before the Breath  
Of brazen Trumpets rung the Peals of Death ;*  
*The good old God his Hunger did aſſuage  
With Roots and Herbs, and gave the Golden Age,*  
But over-labour'd with ſo long a Courſe,  
'Tis Time to ſet at Eaſe the ſmoking Horſe.

78f

790



# NOTES.

The Reader will observe, that P. Page refers to the new Translation, L. Line, to Mr. Dryden's.

P. 1. *But with thy Vines, &c.*]

This Introduction the Commentators have not sufficiently taken into their Consideration, and for want of thoroughly explaining it, 'tis not easy, for every Reader, to reconcile the Conclusion of this Book with the Beginning of it.

Virgil begins with these Words, *Nunc te Bacche canam*; but about the latter end of the Book, he prefers Olives, and Fruit, and Timber Trees, and even Shrubs, to the Vine itself, p. 41.

*Quid memorandum aque Baccheis dona tulerunt?*

This is not easily understood, without observing in how particular a manner the Poet, immediately after *Nunc te Bacche canam*, adds,

*Nec non Silvestria tecum Virgula, &c.*

The Reason of which I conceive to be this.

Virgil, in order to raise the Dignity of the Verse, in this Place, above that of the Proposition, in the first Georgic, as he there makes use of a Figure, by employing *Sydere* instead of *Tempore*, so here, he chuses a nobler Figure, by the Apostrophe he makes to *Bacchus*; and in the third Book, he uses the same Figure, for the same Purpose, three times in the two first Lines.

But this Expression, *Nunc te Bacche canam*, having the Air of a *Bacchique* Piece, which was not by any Means the Poet's Intention, he immediately gives it another Turn, by declaring he will celebrate equally with *Bacchus*, that is, the Vine, every Twig of the Forest. This seems to be Virgil's Meaning, and this made the Subject worthy of Virgil. He undertakes to disclose all the Bounties of Nature in her Productions of Trees, and Plants, and Shrubs; and this he does from the Vine to the Furze. I have been the more explicate in this Note, because no one has treated this Passage in this manner before, and because it will serve for a Key to the whole Book.

*And Olives rising, &c.*]

I must desire the Reader to observe once for all, that Virgil uses the Fruit for the Tree, and the Tree for the Fruit promiscuously, through-

## NOTES.

throughout the whole Georgic: And this may serve to justify the Translator in doing so.

P. 2. *And Withy whir'ning in its azure Down.*]

This is one of *Virgil's* inimitable Lines, which paint the Charms of Nature so exactly to the Life. The upper Sides of the Leaves of the Tree, which, he describes, are of a light Green, the under Sides of a blewish Ground, powder'd with a kind of white Down, so that as they are tossed about in the Wind, they resemble a variegated Silk; sometimes the white prevails, sometimes the blewish Azure, as the Leaves are more or less raised up.

P. 3. *Hence Chestnuts, hence the Beech.*]

'Tis much disputed what Tree this is which *Virgil* calls *Æsculus*. I can't find but that all he says of it, here, or elsewhere, is very applicable to the Beech, and therefore I shall take the Liberty to call it by that Name, that I may be understood by an *English* Reader.

*And hence the Oak, whose Rites the Græcians love.*]

'Tis very well known how fond the *Romans* were of their Gods and religious Ceremonies, and what a Contempt they had for those of other Nations. 'Tis in this manner *Virgil* uses *habita Graij: oracula quercus*.

He smiles at the *Greeks*, as he calls them, for their Superstition; but Mr. *Dryden* unhappily applies this Passage seriously, in these Words,

*Where Jove of old oraculously spoke.*

L. 27. *These Ways of Planting Nature did ordain.*]

Mr. *Dryden* had said a little before, l. 12. that *some Trees owed their Birth to Nature, because they grew without Planting*; and here he says, *Nature ordained these Ways of Planting*. I could not but wonder how Mr. *Dryden* should fall into so odd a Mistake; but looking into Mr. *May's* Translation of the Georgic, I find he took this Line from him. This being the first Occasion I have to mention this Gentleman, it may not be improper to inform the generality of Readers, that this Writer liv'd many Years since, and was a Rival to Sir *William Davenant* for the Bays, but unsuccessful in his Pretension. He writ several Plays, and translated *Lucan*, and *Virgil's* Georgics.

This last, which is but a very moderate Performance, Mr. *Dryden* had always before his Eyes, and, through Haste, I suppose, very frequently took two, or three Lines, even sometimes, five, or six, almost together, out of this obscure Author. There are in this  
Georgic,

## NOTES.

Georgic, I believe, almost a hundred of Mr. May's Lines, very little altered, and in all the four Georgics, I believe there may be found more than as many hundred, if any Body has Leisure enough to make such a Search.

P. 4. *Whether you split, or sharpen out the Foot.*]

*Quadrifidasque fudes: & acuto robore vallos.*

This Line has very much puzzled the Commentators, but there is no great Difficulty in it, to any one that is the least vers'd in Husbandry, and consequently knows that there are two Ways of planting Setters. The *Quadrifidas fudes* is when the Bottom is slit a-cross both Ways; the *acuto robore* is when it is cut into a-Point; which is called the *Cult's Foot*.

*But other Trees expect their Race should rise, &c.]*

There is a wonderful Beauty in this Passage. Here *Virgil*, to distinguish the Vine, gives it Life, and the most tender Passions.— The Fact is, that the best Way of raising Vines is by laying Branches from the Tree into the Ground. This the Poet describes as a tender Fondness for their Off-spring, and represents them as pleased with having them under their Eyes, and willingly parting with their own Substance for their Nourishment.

P. 6. *And now assist me, &c.]*

There are few Passages in the Georgics, upon which the Commentators have employed more Labour than this. The Difficulty that perplexed 'em, arose from *Pelago da vela patenti*, and *Primi legi litoris oram*, which plainly contradict each other; but by altering one Letter, *Primo* adverbially, instead of *Primi* which *Virgil* has often used, the Difficulty is removed, and so light an Alteration may be very readily allowed of by those who are acquainted with the Uncertainty of Copies of all Authors so ancient as *Virgil*.

*But here my Verses, &c.]*

*Ruans* and Mr. *Dryden* understand *non hic te carmine fido* relatively to the whole Work in general; but it is plain, *Virgil* confines it to his Invocation, *non hic, not in this Place*. The Conclusion seems to carry with it some kind of Reflection upon the common tedious Forms of Invocation, which, it is probable, *Mæcenas* had been often tired with.

P. 8. *Yet these require, &c.]*

*Scilicet omnibus est labor impendendus.*



## NOTES.

*Scilicet* is translated here *yet* (*attamen*) which seems to be the only Way of connecting this Passage with what goes before, and what follows. That *Virgil* uses this Adverb in such a Sence, appears from this Line in the third Georgic,

*Scilicet ante omnes furor est insignis equarum.*

Where all the Commentators take *Scilicet* in the Sence that 'tis used in here.

L. 91. *But nobler Vines by Propagation thrive.*]

All Trees thrive by Propagation, but the manner of their Propagation is different. If the Reader would know how Mr. *Dryden* came by this loose Expression, he may find in Mr. *May* this Line.

*And Vines the best by Propagation thrive.*

And in the same Place, the former Line,

*By the same Methods Paphian Myrtles live.*

L. 94. *Palm, Poplar, Firr descending from the Steep  
Of Hills, to try the Danger of the Deep.*]

Nothing can be finer than this Passage is in the Original; nothing less like the Original than this Translation.

P. 9. *But Filberts graft, &c.*]

In the six following Lines, the Metre of the Latin is endeavour'd after. Perhaps the first and the last are a tolerable Imitation of the Latin in our Language.

L. 130. *The Thasian Vines in richer Soils abound,  
The Marcotic grow in barren Ground.*]

*Sunt Thasia vites, sunt & Marcotides alba,*

*Pinguibus ha terris habiles, levioribus ille.*

I shall have Occasion to observe, oftner than once, that the Commentators have fallen into many Mistakes, only for want of attending to the Grammatical Construction of their Author. That *He* relates always to the Last Antecedent, and *Ille* to the Prior, no Body will dispute; but *Pontanus* having made this Mistake, *Ruens* follows him, and Mr. *Dryden*, *Ruens*; and in this Passage he shews an implicate Submission to the Reverend Father;  
for

## NOTES.

for these two Lines are Mr. *May's*, only he has altered them to *Ruans's* Interpretation, as the Reader will perceive by Mr. *May's* Verses.

The *Thasian* Vines in *barren* Soils abound,  
The *Marentic* thrive in *richer* Ground.

L. 162. *All sorts of Trees their several Countries know,  
Black Ebon only will in India grow.*]

These two Lines have nothing of the Spirit of *Virgil* in them, but Mr. *May* perhaps is to be blamed on this Account.

———All Trees their proper Countries know,  
In *India* only will black Ebon grow.

P. 14. *Or all Panchaia's Plains manur'd with spicy Stores.*]  
There is a surprizing Majesty in these Lines which begin the Praises of *Italy*, from

*Sed neque Medorum Sylva,*  
to  
*Hæc loca.*

The Interpretation of the last of these Lines differs from the Commentators, but I think it is *Virgil's* Sence. He always rises in his Descriptions. After he has mentioned Groves of Citrons, and Golden Sands, *Perfis* and *India*, what can be greater than to mention a Country dung'd with Spices, and what more proper to bring the Digression home to his Subject, and to connect it with what follows? But this Passage deserves to be examined more nearly. It is plain, the Sence of it turns upon this Word *Pinguis*. Now there are too many Places in the *Georgics* to be enumerated, where *Pinguis terra*, *Pinguis humus*, or *Pingue solum*, signifies Lands well manured; but where it once implies *Dives* by its Produce, as *Ruans* and his Followers understand it, I have not been able to discover.

P. 15. *Here everlasting Spring adorns the Field,  
And foreign Harvests constant Summer yield.*]

*Hic ver assiduum æque alienis mensibus ætas.*

Thus this Line stands in the Original, and I do not wonder if none of the Interpreters have been able to make Sence of it: But if we alter *mensibus* to *messibus*, it seems very intelligible.

## NOTES.

*Virgil* had already enumerated in the Praises of his Country, their Corn, their Wine, their Olives, and their Cattle, and what could be more properly mentioned after them, than their *foreign Grasses*? He very poetically calls their Verdure, *perpetual Spring*, and their frequent Harvests, *continued Summer*.

The *Medica*, which he takes such particular Notice of in the first *Georgic*, is cut seven or eight Times a Year in *Italy*.

There is a Passage in *Claudian* which may give some Light to this in *Virgil*.

*Quod gelidi rubcant alieno gramine menses.*

What *Claudian* calls *alieno gramine*, *Virgil* expresses by *alieno messe*. What the former describes by *menses qui rubent*, the latter paints in a finer manner by *Æstas*. That this Passage relates to the *foreign Grasses*, can hardly be disputed, for another Reason, because otherwise *Virgil* would have left them out of his Praises of *Italy*, which would have been no inconsiderable Omission. Mr. *Dryden* translates this Place thus,

*Perpetual Spring our happy Climate sees,*

*Twice breed the Cattle and twice bear the Trees.*

Here he seems to have altered Mr. *May's* Verses to no great Advantage.

Besides this Land a Spring perpetual sees,

Twice breeding Cattle and twice bearing Trees.

Though I must observe, with relation to both these Passages, that *Virgil* never makes the Land or the Climate *See*, whatever these Gentlemen are pleased to do.

L. 215. *Our Forts on steepy Hills, that far below,*

*See wanton Streams in winding Valleys flow.*]

Here Mr. *Dryden* makes Stone Walls *See*, and 'tis very unaccountable that he should pass by so many beautiful Metaphors, by which *Virgil* gives Life, Sence, Hope, Fear, Love, Hatred, Oblivion, Ambition, Avarice, and, in short, all sorts of Passions, to Trees and Plants, and to the very Soil; I say, 'tis strange Mr. *Dryden* should pass by all these Delicacies of the Poet, and, in their Place, ascribe Sight to Stones and Trees, and the like.

## NOTES.

### P. 16. *This Land her self, &c.*]

It seems, at first sight, to be an indifferent Compliment which *Virgil* makes here to *Italy*. He says, they formerly used to dig Gold and Silver out of her Mines. But if we consider what immediately follows, which we must often do, to find out the Poet's Sense, for the Sense frequently makes the Connection without connecting Particles; I say, if we consider what immediately follows, the Poet's Compliment seems to be this. *Italy* abounds with Mines of Gold and Silver; (for I take *Ostendit* to be used in the present Tense) and formerly the Inhabitants employed themselves in working of those Mines. But now, says he, and for many Ages since, the People are become warlike, and seek other Employments, and contemn Riches for Empire and Glory; which is a very delicate Compliment in the Poet, to the *Romans*. Besides, he wipes off the Reproach which had been often objected to them, *viz.* that they overran other Countries only for the sake of their Treasure.

### P. 17. *Do'st far avert their Luxury from Rome.*]

*Imbellem avertis Romanis arcibus Indum.*

*Imbellum* causes the whole Difficulty of this Passage. The learned *Ruens*, and *Cassius*, run into a great deal of Historical Conjecture about this Passage; but as to that which is the main Point, they never at all touch upon it.

Their Interpretation, with which Mr. *Dryden*'s agrees, makes this Passage a Banter upon *Augustus*; for what is it else, to say, that he, at the Head of a vast Army, kept an effeminate Enemy from the *Roman* Country? *Virgil*'s meaning, I suppose, may be this.

*Augustus* was not a fiery Soldier, that chose Fighting for Fighting's Sake. Though he was brave upon Occasion, yet he never car'd to hazard himself but where it was absolutely necessary. The Character he affected most, was that of Love and Concern for his Country. This is the *Pater Æneas*, and the *Pater Romanus*, so often mention'd in the *Æneid*; and this is what *Virgil* points at: He represents *Augustus* under Apprehensions, lest the Spoils of the *Indians* should render his Army effeminate, like the *Indians* themselves; and therefore he describes Him leaving the Delicacies of the *Roman* Court, and exposing Himself to the Fatigues of a Campaign, in the farthestmost Parts of *Africa*, to command Peace by his Presence. Thus he averted the effeminate *Indian* from *Rome*. Which Sense of this Passage appears still plainer, when we observe, that by a Figure very common to *Virgil*, *effeminate Indian* is the same Thing as *Indian Effeminacy*.

## NOTES.

L. 247. *The Nature of their sev'ral Soils now, see,  
Their Strength, their Colour, their Fertility.]*

*Nunc locus arborum ingenii.*

Mr. Dryden cannot be said to have translated *arborum ingenii* tolerably, by the *Nature of their Soils*; but indeed these two Lines are Mr. May's.

Now all Soils several Natures let us see,  
Their Strength, their Colour, and Fertility.

Mr. Dryden's two next Lines are almost *verbatim* from Mr. May.

P. 18. *First stubborn Land, or a malignant Hill.]*

*Difficilis primum terra, collesque maligni.*

It is impossible not to perceive the exquisite Delicacy of the *Precepts* in this Place, and that they relate to something else besides the Soil. Rough untractable Grounds must be humoured in their own Way, or else they will be good for nothing. But those of a better Temper will answer nobler Purposes.

L. 256. *But where the Soil, with fat'ning Moisture fill'd,  
Is cloath'd with Grass, and fruitful to be till'd.]*

Mr. Dryden translates *fertilis ubere, fruitful to be till'd*, which is very wide from the Author's Meaning, but Mr. May is Principal in this Mistake.

But Ground more fertile with rich Moisture fill'd,  
Well cloath'd with Grass, and fruitful to be till'd.

L. 272. *Then seek Tarentum's Lawns and farthest Coast,  
Or such a Field as hapless Mantua lost.]*

The first Line is not a proper Translation of

*Satius & satius petito longinqua Tarenti.*

But these Verses likewise Mr. Dryden has taken almost *verbatim* from Mr. May, and, one would think, without so much as looking upon the Latin.

Then seek Tarentum's Lawns, and farthest Coast,  
Such Fields as hapless Mantua has lost.

This

## NOTES.

This last Line of Mr. *May's* has something very fine in it. I with the Author intended it. The Metre is extremely grave and solemn, as it is remarkably so in the Original. There the Verse complains, and every Word seems to sigh.

*Aus qualem infelix amisit Mantua campum.*

### P. 20. *Lands to the Eye, &c.*]

This is another of those Passages which all the Commentators have misunderstood, more or less, for want of some Knowledge of Country Affairs. *Rhæus*, according to his usual Custom, only abstracts *Pomianus*. *Virgil* speaks here of three sorts of Soil, two of which are fit for Corn, the other not. The first he describes thus; a loose Soil which looks dark, and fat, when turned up with the Plough. *Nigra fere*, &c. The second is Forest, or Coppice Ground. *Aus unde iratus Sylvam*, &c. The third he describes in a very poetical manner, by the different Effect the Plough has upon it. *At rudis enituit*, &c.

The loose rich Ground, first mentioned, looks dark, and fat, even below the piercing of the Share, but the hard rubbly Field, quite contrary, is all white and shining, *impulso vomere*, because the Plough must be drove into it; such Ground not being to be plough'd but by putting Weight upon the Head of the Beam.

### L. 283. *The like of Forest Land is understood.*]

This Line puts me in Mind of M. *Boileau's* Expression relating to a French Verse, which he says, was colder than all the Ice of Norway. The two following Lines, which Mr. *Dryden* has joined with it, are almost entirely from Mr. *May*.

### L. 291. *Then Birds forsake the Ruins of their Seat, And, flying from their Nests, their callow Young forget.*]

*Antiquasque domos avium cum stirpibus imis*

*Erui: ille altum midis petiere relictiis.*

I understand this Place in a manner different from *Rhæus*, and others, who interpret *stirpibus imis*, the Roots of the Trees. These Words are connected to *domos avium*, and consequently, according to *Virgil's* clear Way of Writing, must relate to the Birds; besides, if they related to the Roots of the Trees, it would be an useless Tautology; for, that the Roots were grubbed up, is said before, *remora evertit*. And again, *cum stirpibus imis* is the best Expression possible to describe where the Birds young ones were lodged; for it is well known, that by getting down into the Bottom of decayed Trees, several sorts of Birds preserve their Brood.

## N O T E S.

I translate *Altum*, the Top of the Tree, and not the *Air*, because in Fact, when hollow old Trees are felled, in which Birds have young ones, they always keep hovering about the Top, and making a lamentable Noise for several Days together.

P. 21. *But where the Plough is urg'd, &c..]*

I have already accounted for this Translation, but I may observe farther, that *rudis campus* signifies *rubble Ground*, beyond all Dispute, because *Virgil* immediately mentions every sort of *rubble Ground* that we know of, to wit, *coarse Gravel*, *Stone Brash*, or *stony Ground*, and *hollow Chalk*.

P. 22. *That Soil is Light, and will be to the Vine  
A loaded Udder, and to bleating Kine.]*

*Si decurrit; rarum, Pecorique & Vitibus alapis  
Aptius Uber erit.*

A Bunch of Grapes, and a Cow's Udder, are two of the finest Emblems of Fertility. *Virgil* often compares them together. The *Gracians* named one sort of Grapes from the Udder, as we find in the beginning of this Book. ——— *Tumidis Bumaste racemis*, p. 11.

*Bumaste* is derived from two Greek Words, Βίῳ παλάῳ, which signify a Cow's Udder.

*Virgil* says, p. 18. *Fertili Ubere campus*. Here he uses a bolder Figure, where he says, *Aptius Uber erit*. And p. 25. he employs the same Figure as before.

*In densa non segnior Ubere Bacchus.*

*But should the Mould swell up, &c..]*

This Passage cannot be too much admired. The Subject is only about filling a Pit with the Earth that came out of it: If the Ground is rich and heavy, it will over fill it; but with what a Loftiness of Expression is this describ'd!

The Earth shews all the Haughtiness that ever accompanied immense Wealth.

———— *In sua posse negabunt  
Ire loca, & scrobibus superabis terra repletis.*

There is an Emphasis in every Word; and what follows maintains the Character to the greatest Height imaginable.

———— *Slebas*

## NOTES.

——— *Globas cunctantes, crassaque terga*  
*Exposita, & validis terram proscinde juvenis.*

L. 343. *The heavier Earth is by her Weight betray'd.*

I must confess, I can hardly think this Line intelligible, but Mr. Dryden took it from Mr. May, as he did the next but one.

The Colour of the Soil, and *Black from White.*

And the two next.

Yet this the Plants that prosper there will shew,  
Black Ivy, Pitch Trees, and the baleful Yew.

And again, these two at the Bottom of the same Page,

And hoary Frosts, after the painful Toil  
Of delving Hinds, will rot the mellow Soil.

But to follow Mr. Dryden, after this manner, through Mr. May's Translation, would be a very tedious Employment, and therefore I shall beg leave to refer the Reader to the Book itself.

P. 25. *To swell their crowded Dugs, &c.]*

I have explained this Passage in the Notes upon p. 22.

P. 26. *As when two mighty Armies, &c.]*

This is the only Simile in all this Georgic, the Reason of which seems to be, that Metaphors and short Descriptions, which are so frequent in every Part of this Georgic, are of the same Nature and Use in Poetry, as Similes. As for this Simile itself, nothing could be more sublime, than to compare a Vineyard to two Armies drawn up in order of Battle against each other. Mr. Dryden pulls the Comparison, by running into a Metaphor of the same Nature, before he comes at it. In the Conclusion, he quite mistakes Virgil's Sense, by translating, *Dubius mediis Mars errat in armis,*

And equal Mars, like an impartial Lord,  
Leaves all to Fortune and the dint of Sword.

Whereas, Virgil says, the Armies are drawn up with such great Exactness, and appear, both of them, so well appointed, that Mars himself cannot judge which is like to have the Advantage of the Day.

P. 27. *The Beech stands first, &c.]*

This is a very fine Description of the Beech. Towards the Conclusion of it, Virgil points out a very delicate Moral on the Insignificance and Shortness of Man's Life.



## NOTES.

P. 28. *Plant not thy Vineyard, &c.*]

It is worth observing, that the Poet has brought together more Precepts here, than in any one part of all the Georgics; but it is likewise remarkable, that he has placed them very artfully, betwixt that fine Passage just mentioned, and another equally beautiful.

*For oft a Spark, &c.*]

Here we have a single Spark of Fire followed, till it ends in a general Conflagration; and throughout all the Verses, the Fire of the Poet's Fancy, and the Strength of his Lines, increase in Proportion as the natural Fire which he represents, would do.

P. 31. *So dawn'd the Days, &c.*]

This seems to be the Sense of *illuxisse dies*, which being joined with *habuisse tenorem*, makes this Passage very intelligible. Every Day of the whole Year was like a Day in the Spring. This Virgil farther explains by *Ver illud erat*, & *Ver magnus agebat orbis*.

P. 34. *In parching Summer, &c.*]

*Cui super indignas hyemes, solemque potentem, &c.*

I understand *super* in this Place, as it is said, *super canam*, or else it seems to me that there would be a disagreeable Repetition of the same Things in the following Lines.

*Frigora nec tantum, &c.*

P. 35. *They ride on Swings, &c.*]

The different Opinions of the Commentators are innumerable on this Place. The Sense in which it is taken here, seems to be supported by the general Notion, which the Frequenters of the Bacchanalian Ceremonies always had, namely, that they were purged by being thus tossed in the Wind, of which the Fan was an Emblem. *Mystica Vannus Jacchi*. There is a very ancient Medal extant, which, I think, *Moutfaucon* has taken Notice of, that represents this Ceremony of Swinging betwixt two Trees at a Bacchanalian Festival.

*Let Cakes in Chargers, and a hallowed Goat,*

*Dragg'd by the Horns, be to his Altars brought.*]

I am obliged to Mr. *Dryden* for these two Lines, except that I differ from him in the Epithet of *Guilty*, which he has given to the Goat. And I likewise own my self indebted to him for near as much in the Description of the Lemon-Tree, p. 13.

## NOTES.

P. 37. *Nor must you not the binding Furze prepare.]*

————— *Necnon etiam aspera rusci*

*Vimina.* —————

The Latin may admit of another Sense, and then the Line should be thus,

*Nor must you not the Bramble's Twine prepare.*

The Reader will judge which is best.

*Now joyful Songs the finish'd Labours crown.]*

I must confess, I do not understand, after much Inquiry, what *Virgil* means by *extremos antes*. I believe he alludes to some Song, of which no Notice is come down to us. I have translated it generally, without hinting at more Knowledge than I am Master of.

P. 38. *Olives quite otherwise, &c.]*

We are now come to a new Scene. Hitherto *Virgil* has expatiated on the Vine; but now he enters on a very different Subject. He has shewn what endless Labour the Vine requires, and the Uncertainty of the Product at last. Now, says he, quite contrary to the Vine, the Olive requires no Labour at all, after it is once well settled in the Ground. All you need do, is to plow the Soil about them, and you may be sure of a Crop of Olives.

After Olives, he goes on to Fruit Trees; and all the Trouble that belongs to them is nothing but Ingrafting. Then he proceeds to the wild Forest Fruits, which require no manner of Labour; afterwards to the Cytifus, Willows, Furze, Box, and other Plants; and lastly, he declares the Usefulness of old decayed Trees.

Thus he makes this Work of universal Concern. All Lands will not bear Vines, or Corn, or Olives; but every Land will bear something or other, and by pointing out the Produce of the several Kinds of Soil, he applies himself to all sorts of Country People.

*Nourish with these the Olive's kind increase.]*

This is one of the most remarkable Passages in the *Georgic*, where the Commentators have miscarried, merely for want of attending to the Grammatical Construction.

*Hoc pinguem & placidam Paci nutritor Olivam.*

There

## NOTES.

There is no School Boy, if he was to construe this Verse, but would look back to the last Word but one, and find *Vannere* to join with *Hoc*. But it happens in this Case, as in many others, that if once a Person of great Name makes a Mistake, others follow him, and so the Error becomes at last universal.

P. 39. *This covers with strong Lines, &c.]*

I have taken the Liberty to paraphrase a little upon *Genista septemque satis & pabula Mellis sufficient*, because I have seen so much of the Use of that Plant in both these Respects.

P. 40. *New to the Harrow's Toil, or Peasant's Care.]*

'Tis very odd there should not be one Edition of *Virgil*, in which this Line is right pointed; the Comma is always put after *hominum*. There is a very curious *Variantes Lektionen* of *Virgil*, in my Lord *Sunderland's* Library, in which this Line has no Comma at all. This shews the Doubt that Copyist had; but the Sense clears up the Difficulty. *Cura* cannot be separated from *Hominum*, and *Rastris* must relate to the Labour of Cattle. *Iniquo pondere rastro*. Georgic. 1.

P. 41. *Gives Bacchus ought so worthy of Applause?*

We are now come to the Application. The Poet had before observed, that the Vine required infinite Trouble, and, for that Reason, he prefers Olive, and Fruit, and Forest Trees to it; though his true Reason was, to make People in love with what they had. But now he insinuates a farther and more convincing Argument in favour of the latter, which is, that the Produce of these Things is never pernicious to Mankind. But this cannot be said of the Vine; for the Vine, he tells us, occasioned the first Quarrel that was known amongst Friends and Brethren.

*His Gifts, of fatal Ills the frequent Cause.]*

*Bacchus & ad culpam causas dedit. Ille furentes  
Centaurus letho domuit.*

This Passage is generally explained by joining *letho* with *domuit*. But it seems to me that it should be joined with *furentes*, as it is said, *furens ira, invidia, amore*, &c. and as *Virgil* himself says in the second *Æneid*,

————— *Vidi ipso furentem*  
*Cedo Neoptolemum* —————

And then the Meaning is, *domuit*, he overcame, in the common Sense as *Wine* is said to overcome any one, and made them mad

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to Death. In the other Sense, *Virgil* would contradict what he said before. *Bacchus & ad culpam causas dedit.* How would *Bacchus* have been to blame, for having punished with Death profligate Wretches that would have ravished the Bride from her Husband? This was a just and not a blameable Action, but the Blame was his overcoming their Reason, and exciting them to that Outrage.

P. 42. *O happy Swains, &c.*]

The following Piece is justly esteemed one of the finest of all Antiquity. The delicate manner in which the Poet introduces it, is this.

In speaking of the Vine, as we have just now observed, he mentions the Quarrel between the *Centauri* and the *Lapithæ*, who were Neighbours and Relations.

At the Time that the *Georgic* was writ, the Miseries of the Civil Wars were so fresh in the Memory of the *Romans*, that they could not but be sensible what *Virgil* pointed at, upon the least mention of Broils amongst People of the same Country, and Kindred. From thence he takes Occasion to represent, how happy they were in being delivered from those Calamities. And to come home to his Subject, he tells them, that now the Earth was at Liberty to be faithful to their Labours; the Scene being extremely altered from that which was shewn at the Conclusion of the first *Georgic*, in these incomparable Lines,

Non ullus Aratro  
Dignus Honor, squalent abductis arva Colonis, &c.

But it is worth while to consider this Piece, which ends this *Georgic*, Paragraph by Paragraph.

I. *O fortunatos nimium, &c.*

*Sua si bona norint*, is a tender Reproach for their Insensibility of being delivered *a discordibus armis*, and restored to the quiet Enjoyment of their Possessions. The Poet likewise insinuates the Advantage which would accrue to them from the long Discontinuance of Husbandry. This is what he means by *justissima tellus Fandis humo facilem victum*. The Earth, after having lain still so long, will pour out vast Crops; which is true in Nature.

II. *Si non immensam foribus, &c.*

Here the Poet begins to enter upon Argument. In the first Place, he addresses himself to People of the greatest Consideration, who being dazzled by the Splendor of the Court, neglected the Happiness of the Country. On this Occasion, he paints the use-  

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less Pomp of the former, and the real Blessings of the latter, in the strongest Colours that ever came from any Pencil. Nor is there such a Contrast to be found in any other Writer, as this betwixt the Line abovementioned, and *me vero primum*, &c. before which Verse there ought not to be made any full Stop.

### III. *Me vero primum dulces*, &c.

What connects this Passage with the former, which no one of the Commentators has endeavoured to shew, is plainly the Poet's Design to obviate very properly an Objection *ad hominem*. It could be justly observed, that though he wrote admirably well in praise of the Country, preferably to the Court-Life, yet his Practice ran counter to his Precepts, whilst he spent all his Time in *Rome*. To this *Virgil* replies, that he was carried beyond himself by the Love which he had to natural Philosophy, and That made him pass so much Time in the City amongst the Philosophers; which, considering whose Company he frequented, was not an artless Compliment to *Augustus* and *Mæcenas*.

### IV. *Sin has ne possim natura accedere*, &c.

The Poet questions, with great Modesty, whether he may have Capacity enough for so high a Study. If he should not; the Country, he says, was what charmed him above all Things. Then he falls into a Rapture in praise of the Country, and forgets himself, (*seemingly*) and wishes he were there instantly.

### V. *Felix qui potuit*, &c.

Here he recovers himself from his Digression, and makes a solid Reflection upon the Happiness of arriving at that Height of Learning, which, he says, a little before, was his only Study.

### VI. *Fortunatus es ille*, &c.

Next to that Happiness he places the Satisfaction of a retired Life, which he describes in a very fine manner. Hitherto he speaks with relation to Men of Figure, and at Ease.

### VII. *Sollicitant alii remis*, &c.

Now he comes to the Men of Business, and enumerates a great Variety of Employments in the Town Life.

### VIII. *Agricola*

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### VIII. *Agricola incurvus terram, &c.*

Here he describes the Employment of the Countryman, and makes this as useful, as the former pernicious, to Mankind.

### IX. *Hanc Rhemus & Frater, &c.*

The Poet observes, that this was the Life which the Founders of Rome were trained up in.

### X. *Aureus hanc vitam, &c.*

This was the Life of Saturn in the Golden Age, before the Trumpet was blown, and before Hammers forg'd the Sword. Upon naming the Sword, the Poet seems to start, as if all the Miseries of the Civil War were brought afresh to his Sight, and instantly concludes, *Sed nos immensum, &c.*

L. 694. *Or lift me high to Hæmus billy Crown,  
Or in the Plains of Tempe lay me down.]*

— *qui me gelidis in vallibus Hæmi  
Sistat!*

I do not suppose it is possible to make a more ridiculous Translation than these two Lines of Mr. Dryden's. The cool Valleys of Hæmus, he calls, *High Hæmus billy Crown.*

*Or in the Plains of Tempe lay me down.*

This is certainly very much below Criticism, and what follows in the next Page, is hardly worth attending to.

From his lov'd Home no Lucre can him draw,  
The Senate's mad Decrees he never saw,  
Nor heard at bawling Bars corrupted Law.

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The last Line has been taken Notice of in the Preface, but the former was omitted. One would wonder what could make Mr. Dryden put such an Expression into Virgil's Mouth, viz. *the Senate's mad Decrees*, just at the Time that they had decreed Augustus Divine Honours: But if that Circumstance did not occur to Mr. Dryden, he should have known however, that Virgil was not capable of talking of the Senate in such a Stile, at any Time, or upon any Account.

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P. 45. *Nor Pity, nor ev'n Envy can be found,  
There none for Want repine, and none abound.]*

I cannot by any means think, that the ill natur'd Sence, which Mr. *Dryden*, after the Commentators, has given to this Line. is agreeable to *Virgil's* peculiar good Temper. I wish he had followed his Friend Mr. *May*, who understands it in the same manner as I had translated it, before I ever saw His Version.

*And every helpless Household-God melts down.]*

*Hic petis excidiis Urbem, miserosque Penates.*

*Rueus*, who assures his Readers in his Preface, that he had not omitted the Explanation of any difficult Passage, has not, however, taken *miseros penates* at all into his Consideration. *Virgil* points at the Avarice of the Soldiery, who were so profligate as to destroy a Town for the sake of the Plunder, and to carry away the Household-Gods with the rest of the Spoil. He calls them *miseros penates*, because they were so far from being able to help those that worshipped them, that they were not able to deliver themselves from the Pillagers. This is very agreeable with the mean Opinion that the Romans had of the Gods of other Countries, which has been taken Notice of in a former Note.

L. 740. *And hence the Country Markets are supply'd,  
Enough remains for Household Charge beside.]*

——— *Hinc Patriam, parvosque Nepotes  
Sustinet, &c.*

What can be said in excuse of such Verse as this, were it from the lowest Writer, with *Virgil* before his Eyes?

P. 47. *Nor rests the Year, but still with Fruit abounds.]*

*Nec requies; quin aut Pomis exuberet Annus.*

It seems as if *anno* was understood in this Place, *nec requies Anno*, in the same manner as, *Urbem quam statuo vestra est*, in the *Æneid*. It is very poetical to apply Labour to the Year, but if *Nec requies* be applied to the Husbandman, as it is by Mr. *Dryden*, and others, this would make the Fertility of the Seasons to depend upon the Husbandman, which, I dare say, *Virgil* never thought of.

*A Storm*



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